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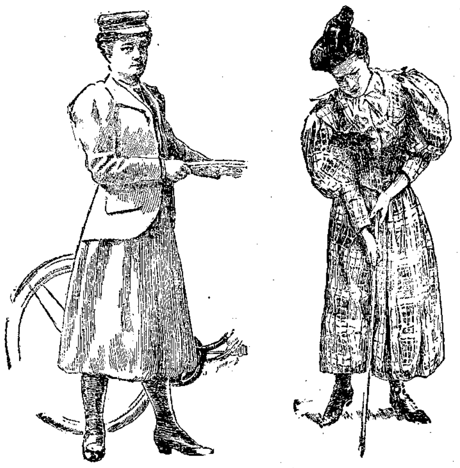

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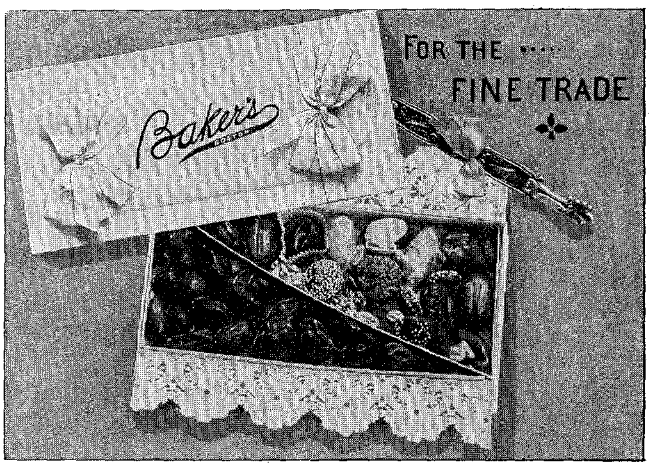

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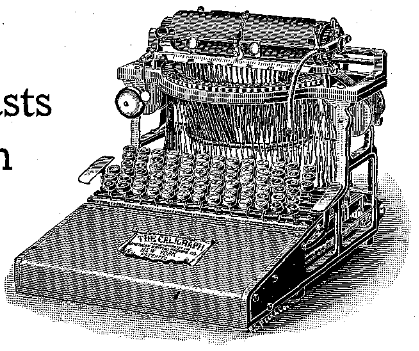

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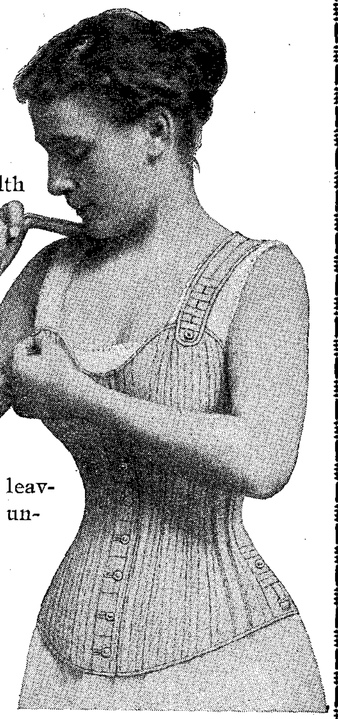

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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Volume 53 Saturday, 25 April, 1896 Number 17

MOST important among the political conventions last week was that of the Maine Republicans, whose platform places Speaker Reed before the party as the leader of the anti-silver forces opposed to further compromise or evasion upon the currency issue. The entire platform was a characterization of Mr. Reed, and its important clause ran as follows:

> "He is opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, except by international agreement, and until such agreement can be obtained he believes the present gold standard should be maintained. He has always been uncompromisingly for the maintenance of the highest National credit by the utmost good faith towards the public creditor, not for the creditor's sake, but for the Nation's sake, for the sound reason that the most valuable possession of any Nation in time of war or distress, next to the courage of its people, is an honorable reputation. Whoever pays with honor borrows with ease."

This declaration is in sharp contrast with the currency plank adopted by the Maine Republicans two years ago, explicitly indorsing "bimetallism," and demanding "a suitable currency, abundant for all wants." It is also in sharp contrast with the somewhat confused concessions to the advocates of silver made by Speaker Reed when the wave of silver sentiment swept over the Republican party after the repeal of the Sherman Act. It is certainly another striking sign of the general feeling that the time for compromise is past. The same feeling was manifested by the Republican conventions in New Jersey, Kentucky, and North Dakota. In the last two States the platform opposed the free coinage of silver until international co-operation could be secured, while in New Jersey no reference was made to so much as the possibility of international action. In the New Jersey Convention the McKinley element was surprisingly strong, but was unable to instruct the delegates at large to the National Convention to support its candidate. In Kentucky the supporters of Governor Bradley were slightly in the majority, the McKinley supporters having met with a series of defeats near the close of the campaign. In North Dakota the delegates were instructed to support Mr. McKinley. So also were they in Nebraska, where the platform was of the Ohio type. In the Democratic conventions which were held last week in Washington, Colorado, and Missouri, the free-coinage element was everywhere in the majority. In Missouri this element was even able to elect twenty-four of the twenty-eight delegates from St. Louis, and the Convention was practically unanimous. Mr. Bland was nominated for the Presidency. In the Prohibition Convention in Michigan the majority of the committee on resolutions reported a platform ignoring the silver question, but the minority report in favor of free coinage at the old ratio was adopted by an overwhelming majority.

⁂

The vote in the House Committee on Territories in favor of Statehood for Arizona is even more surprising than the vote a week earlier in favor of Statehood for New Mexico. It is true that Arizona is only half as illiterate as New Mexico, but, in spite of that, her percentage of white illiteracy is three times as great as the average for the rest of the Union. More than one adult out of five can neither read nor write, and a large part of those possessing the specified degree of education are Mexican in speech, in thought, and in sentiment. What makes the vote in favor of Arizona more surprising than the vote in favor of New Mexico is that her population is less than half as great. Upon the basis of population she would be entitled to only one-half of one Representative in the lower House of Congress; yet it is proposed to give her the same number of United States Senators as is possessed by the largest States. What is singular about the House Committee's vote is that the extension of the privilege of Statehood to Arizona as well as New Mexico received the support of representatives of New York, Pennsylvania, and Iowa. As was noted last week, these are the States of Platt, Quay, and Clarkson, and the signs multiply that these party managers have decided upon the admission of these two Territories as a piece of party strategy. As New Mexico would probably be a free-coinage State, and Arizona would almost certainly be one, there is some doubt as to the motive prompting anti-silver leaders to urge this policy. It seems possible, however, that some agreement has been reached as to the way in which the Representatives of the proposed States shall vote in case the choice of the next President is thrown into the House of Representatives.

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It is not often that a State official blocks a plan of his party colleagues to increase the amount of patronage at their disposal, but State Comptroller Roberts, of New York, has a second time rendered this inestimable service. After consulting four prominent lawyers, he has decided not to pay the salaries of subordinates of the State Excise Commissioners appointed without competitive examinations. The Constitution, Comptroller Roberts is advised, requires that appointments shall be governed by competitive examinations whenever practicable, and therefore the legislative act making appointments upon the excise force "confidential" was a violation of the fundamental law of the State. In order to avoid the difficulty presented by the Comptroller's public-spirited position, the party managers are urging a measure to take the payment of the Excise Commissioners' force out of the Comptroller's hands. It is to be hoped that this thoroughly vicious expedient can be defeated before the Legislature or through the Governor's veto; but, if not, the Constitution remains, and private citizens have power to appeal to the highest courts to prevent any public official from making the proposed payments. Reliance upon the courts, however, is not the general attitude to be assumed by Civil Service Reformers at the present crisis. Measures are being pushed to take the offices already classified as competitive out of the control of the general Civil Service Commissioners of the State and the principal cities, and place them under the control of special boards of examiners in each department of the service. This is simply the spoilsman's policy of divide and conquer. It is impossible for the public in State or city to watch the character of appointments to half a dozen different boards, and the examinations that would shortly be in use would let in every one whom the head of the department wished to let in, and keep out every one he wished to keep out. Civil Service Reform means the control of appointments by general qualifications as opposed to personal favoritism, and in case the appointing officer is allowed to prescribe the examinations to govern his appointments, personal favoritism becomes intrenched behind the supposed bulwarks of reform.

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The consolidation of the Astor and Lenox Libraries with the Tilden Library Fund will give New York City a magnificent reference library for the use of scholars, special students, and literary workers. So far as is known, however, this great library will not undertake the work of furnishing home reading for the general public. New York and Brooklyn are in this respect a generation behind Boston and Chicago. In both the former cities free circulating libraries exist, but they are wholly inadequate to supply the increasing demand, and they have been maintained by private enterprise and beneficence; while Boston is circulating nearly 2,000,000 volumes a year from its splendid Public Library, and Chicago about 1,000,000 volumes. The history of the New York Free Circulating Libraries shows that every facility for home reading which has been offered has been most eagerly improved. Judge Howland, in an address before a meeting lately held to present the needs of these libraries, pointed out that while sixteen years ago no one in New York could procure a book to read except by buying, stealing, or borrowing from a friend, last year 81,000 books were lent by the circulating libraries to 654,000 readers. Beginning with a slender collection of books, brought together by a few ladies who were trying to interest working-girls in reading, branch libraries, one after another, have been established in different parts of the city. Liberal gifts from Mr. Ottendorfer, Miss Catherine Bruce, Mr. George Vanderbilt, and others have made possible large extensions of the work. So great has been the popular demand for books that when the Harlem branch was started, Judge Howland tells us, "on one Saturday night there was nothing left on the shelves except a book on pickles, a dictionary and a directory, which one applicant said were wanting in interest and lacking in continuity of thought." In every way it is made easy for the common people to obtain the privileges of the libraries; and that the confidence shown has been justified is proven by the fact that last year only one book was lost by theft. Some assistance is given to the circulating libraries by the city, but there has been no fair and just recognition of the duty of the public to suitably maintain this form of educational work. The time has now come when this work must be radically extended by the formation of new branches and the improvement of existing libraries. The system of local branches is undoubtedly the correct one for circulating libraries, but a central organization and intelligent coöperation are imperative. It is of the utmost importance that the metropolis should no longer be distanced by many of the smaller cities of the country in the matter of a free public library. Whether in connection with the consolidated reference libraries or independently, provision must be made for an adequate system of furnishing books to be read at their homes by the people.

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Citizens of New York who care for the higher life of the city have now the opportunity of showing their interest in a practical way. Nearly four years ago a friend of Barnard College offered that institution $100,000 to be used in erecting a building for college purposes, on condition that the College should possess itself of an unencumbered property upon which to make its permanent home within the term of four years. In three weeks that term will expire. Meanwhile the College has purchased a noble property on Morningside Heights, in the neighborhood of Columbia College and of the other institutions which are to make that part of the city the crown of New York. The property was purchased advantageously, but it had to be taken at very short notice, and a mortgage of $100,000 was left upon it. This mortgage must be paid in order to secure the gift of the building. $65,000 remains to be raised within the next three weeks. Those who know how well Barnard has already done its work, how necessary it is to the completion of the educational opportunities of the city, how many girls have received at its hands a college education which would otherwise have been denied them, will find it hard to believe that the opulent city of New York will be deaf to this appeal. Barnard has long passed the experimental stage. It has demonstrated its right to live; first, by showing that its life is essential to the higher life of the city; and, next, by showing that it knows how to make the best of its life.

⁂

Austin Abbott, LL.D., Dean of the New York University Law School, died at his home in this city on Sunday morning last. He was the second of the four sons of Jacob Abbott, his brothers being the late Benjamin Vaughan Abbott; the Rev. Lyman Abbott, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and editor-in-chief of The Outlook; and the Rev. Edward Abbott, rector of St. James's Church, Cambridge, Mass., and editor of the "Literary World," of Boston. Aside from personal ties, he stood in a very close relationship to The Outlook. He was a frequent contributor to its columns, and his advice and counsel were often sought in the field in which his experience was so wide, his knowledge so ample, and his judgment so sound. Dr. Austin Abbott inherited from his father, Jacob Abbott, tireless industry, steadiness of will, a judicial temper, and a clear, simple, and unaffected style. Born in Boston in December, 1831, he received his early education in that city, in Roxbury, and in Farmington, Me., removing to this city in 1843. Here, under his father's direct supervision, he prepared for college, entering the University of the City of New York, and graduating from that institution in 1851. Two years later he was admitted to the bar of this State, and began the practice of law in partnership with his brother Benjamin Vaughan, Lyman joining the firm not long afterward. He had no sooner entered upon his active career as a lawyer than he began that work of annotation, digest, and comment in the department of jurisprudence which he kept up, almost without intermission, to the day of his death. He was an indefatigable student, and he kept himself thoroughly abreast both of the development of the law and of the practice by statute and by decision. His books on legal procedure have long been text-books in the hands of law students throughout the country. His unusual legal scholarship was constantly drawn upon in the active practice of his profession, and he was associated with the trial of many notable cases.

Five years ago he became Dean of the Law Department of the University of the City of New York, and gave himself to his new work with characteristic ardor and devotion. Under his direction the course at the University Law School was revised and enlarged, a graduate course was added, and other new features were introduced. Under his leadership the school came very rapidly to the front, and the number of its students was very materially increased. Dr. Abbott was active in reform and religious work. For more than a quarter of a century he was Deacon of the Broadway Tabernacle, and the progress and prosperity of the Congregational body were always dear to him. His interest in the cause of the Indian and in international arbitration was both ardent and practical. With him belief in a cause carried with it the compulsion of working for it, and the depth and sincerity of his religious convictions were evidenced by the continuity and ardor of his work for his fellow-men.

❀

Again this year the English Budget is in striking contrast with the budgets of other nations. Instead of the deficit so customary elsewhere, there is again a surplus, and one of unprecedented magnitude. As Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, stated in his speech before the House of Commons on Thursday of last week, the English public debt was reduced during the year ending with March by $40,000,000, and there still remained a surplus of $20,000,000 to be applied to increasing the nation's armament. A large part of the credit for these favorable returns belongs to Sir William Harcourt and the Liberals, whose revision of the inheritance taxes, making them sharply progressive, resulted in a revenue of $70,000,000 for last year, as against $40,000,000 two years ago. This new revenue, together with the $80,000,000 received from the income tax, comes entirely from the propertied classes, which now bear directly one-third of England's national taxes, besides sharing in the indirect taxes resting on the whole body of consumers. The revenues from these indirect taxes did not increase so much during the year just ended as those from the direct taxes. Nevertheless there was an increase even here, and it is not to be wondered at that the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech was an extremely boastful one. The speech was, however, too boastful. After stating with truth that the national credit was never so high, he exaggerated the progress made by declaring that the rate of interest paid upon English bonds was only half as great as a century ago. In one sense this statement was accurate, for a century ago was the period of the French wars; but a century and a half ago England's bonds sold at almost as low a rate as at present. After declaring with truth that the deposits in banks and in savings-banks had reached an unprecedented point, he went on to declare that the position of the working classes had never been so satisfactory. Upon this point his statement is directly refuted by the comprehensive evidence presented in the last issue of the "Labor Gazette," published by the Board of Trade, and edited by Mr. Giffen. In reviewing the changes in wages during 1895 in the trades covered, that journal reports that 82,000 persons gained a rise in wages, while 355,000 persons sustained a fall, and that the net change for the men affected was a fall of "over one shilling a week." As English wages for men average but twenty-five shillings a week, this means a decline of at least four per cent.; and as it took place in the most highly organized trades in Great Britain, it indicates that an immense number of workmen were out of employment, or the labor organizations would not have submitted to such reductions. It is true that the propertied classes in England have in a considerable degree been enriched by the fall in prices during the past three years, but the working classes in her cities have suffered from reduced employment only less than her farmers have suffered from reduced returns.

❀

The result of general elections in Spain can always be confidently predicted in advance, because the party in power has such complete control of the electoral machinery that it never fails to secure for itself a large majority in the Cortes. The election held two weeks ago is a striking illustration of this state of things. The Cortes contains about 430 Deputies. Three years ago, in March, the Liberals seated 338 representatives in that body, and the Conservatives 48. In the recent election the Conservatives have secured a majority of about 270. This sweeping victory has apparently astonished the country, and the radical character of the change has awakened widespread suspicions of more than usual governmental interference, with cries of fraud and bribery on the part of the Liberals. The Conservatives, under the leadership of Canovas, have probably overdone the matter, and predictions are already thick that the Conservative majority is too great to be manageable. The Liberals, under the leadership of Sagasta, instead of being disheartened, are apparently encouraged by the unwieldy strength of their opponents. It is difficult to determine to what extent the question of governmental policy in Cuba influenced the votes of the people. If it entered into the struggle to any great extent, the result is a definite announcement that the Spanish people are behind the Spanish Government in upholding the general policy of the Government in Cuba.

❀

The Outlook has already commented upon the extraordinary diplomatic gains which Russia has made in the Far East during the past few months. Her influence in Constantinople is now supreme; it is also supreme in China, and in all probability it will soon be supreme in Korea. The fight in that country between Russia and Japan promises to be short and decisive. Last October the Queen was murdered, and there seems to be but little doubt that the officials of the Japanese legation were responsible for the crime, in the sense that they had suggested and instigated it. The murder of the Queen was not only a crime, but a diplomatic blunder of the first order. Up to the time of the death of the Queen the Japanese were rapidly gaining ground. Fortune changed instantly with the commission of that crime. It drove the King into the arms of the Russians. In February the Russian force entered Seoul, and no sooner had that force arrived than the King fled to the Russian embassy, issued a proclamation denouncing his ministers as traitors to the country, deposed them from office, and ordered their arrest. Two of these ministers were immediately killed. The others managed to escape. The King meanwhile remains with the Russians, and through their aid is the governing power of Korea; that is to say, he is the instrument through which Russia is now conducting the affairs of the country, a pro-Russian ministry having been formed, the King living at the Russian legation, a strong Russian fleet lying off the coast, and large Russian reinforcements of land forces being on the way to Korea. Under these circumstances there is apparently small chance for the Japanese to regain what they have lost by their mistakes. They are very rapidly building a powerful navy, but before they get it finished and are in condition to fight the Russians the latter will probably be firmly established in Korea, and that country will be a Russian province. If this happens, it will be a curious outcome of the war which Japan undertook in order to secure the independence of Korea. It looks very much as if the Japanese had pulled the chestnuts out of the fire in order that the Russians might enjoy them at leisure.

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Meanwhile Russia has made material gains in the Balkan States; what is ironically known as the "conversion" of Prince Boris having been followed by many infallible signs of the predominance of Russian influence in that country. The Bulgarian army is being rapidly officered by Russians, and laws are being modified to meet Russian wishes. Under a new arrangement Russia is to enjoy the practical monopoly of trade in Bulgarian markets, and the New York "Tribune," which summarizes recent events, predicts that the time is not far distant when a mysterious outbreak of some kind will occur in Bulgaria which Russian troops will be called upon to quell, with the usual result—that after the disorder is put down the troops, under various pretexts, will remain in occupation. While Russia is prospering in Bulgaria, she is receiving a good deal of annoyance from Roumania. That country, which commands not only one of the most thoroughly fortified cities in the world, and an admirable army, has now gone into the business of making battle-ships and cruisers. Such a navy would command the waterway between Russia and Bulgaria, and might build up a naval power on the Black Sea which would be a constant menace to the great Northern Empire.

⁂

The situation in South Africa has become more serious during the past week. There seems to be no doubt of the extreme danger which threatens Bulawayo. That town, which in the last two or three years has been transformed from an African kraal into a community of considerable size and great activity, with clubs and opera-houses and other signs of civilization, is guarded by a very small body of troops, and surrounded by a great number of hostile Matabeles, well armed, well trained, and apparently resolved to do all the mischief in their power. The attempt to deal with the situation with the local forces only has been given up, and Mr. Chamberlain has announced the departure of a battalion of the line and a body of mounted infantry to the Cape. It is assumed that this small force is to be followed by a larger one. Mr. Chamberlain has explained to President Kruger, of the Transvaal, that the reinforcements are sent for the purpose of protecting the dockyards and coaling stations of the Cape, but it is very doubtful whether the astute Boer leader will accept this explanation. So long as President Kruger refuses to come to London to formulate a scheme for reform in the Transvaal, and so long as the Boers continue to make active preparations for war, it is hardly to be expected that the English will delay to strengthen their own position. The present situation cannot be indefinitely prolonged. It is very clear that the Boers intend to secure in some way a modification of their present relations to England. That modification will not be made with the consent of the English Government, nor apparently with that of the English people.

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The next World's Fair, which is to celebrate the opening of the twentieth century, is taking hold not only on the practical energy but on the imagination of the French people. The Government has already committed itself to preparations of the greatest magnitude. In fact, the Exposition at Chicago has made it impossible to treat a World's Fair on anything less than the grandest scale. The Paris Exposition will invade the Champs Elysée, will include both sides of the Seine, and will absorb the Palais de l'Industrie. In area, therefore, the exhibition will far surpass its predecessor which commemorated the fall of the Bastile. Everything will be done to make the Exposition representative of the higher aspects of civilization, including, of course, religion, education, and art in all forms. Nothing better represents the real advance of the world than the difference in conception of what an illustration of the world's progress should be which exists between the first World's Fair in London and the World's Fair of to-day. The first fair was largely mechanical and industrial. At the middle of the century, in England at least, the industrial evidences were generally accepted as the highest evidences of progress. To-day, in spite of the dominance and almost tyranny of industrial interests, the real register of the progress of the world is seen to be spiritual. Hence the vast importance given to the phenomena of religion, to education, and to art. The Chamber of Deputies has decided to guarantee just conditions to the workmen employed on the coming Exposition, but has declined to commit itself to any of the specific promises which some of the Socialist leaders wanted. It has also very wisely refused to make French nationality a test of employment.

Distinctness of Individuality

The distinctive quality of original persons is sharp, clear, definite individuality—unmistakable integrity of type. Minds of the highest rank are characterized, not by immense acquirements, but by adequate self-development, and by complete adjustment to the life about them; by a connection with that life so vital and intimate that they gather it into themselves, and become, in a free and noble sense, its highest products. The man of genius is no more separated from his fellows than is the mountain peak from the earth; on the contrary, the higher the peak the greater the mass of earth which lifts it skyward. Genius involves not less but more humanity in its possessor; it implies, not separation from, but identification with, humanity. Homer stood on the shoulders of the Greek race; he was their debtor quite as much as they were his. But Homer did not annex to his own experience in any external way the experience of his race; he absorbed that experience and made it his own. Moreover, he took only what was vitally related to himself; he was a Greek to the heart—the great typical man of his race. If he had attempted to be also a Persian, an Egyptian, or a Phœnician, his would never have become the clear, resonant voice of all Greece, nor would his work be the common possession of all modern speech.

That which impresses us in writing of the highest order is not miscellaneous knowledge, but flavor, raciness, individuality, the tang of the race and the soil. A secondary writer may have scholarship, skill, talents of various kinds, but his words do not strike home to the imagination; they do not impress us as being inevitable; we are conscious that they might have been written in any climate, under any sky. Burns's songs, on the other hand, are as unmistakably a product of Scotch soil as the heather; and Scott's greater stories are indissolubly welded to local tradition, legend, and history. To take an illustration nearer home, the "Scarlet Letter" could not have been written outside of New England. Its roots are sunk deep in the deposit of centuries of Puritan thought and feeling. Writers of the order of Burns, Scott, and Hawthorne assimilate all the elements of the soil, the atmosphere, and the sky which are vitally related to their own natures and harmonious with their own genius, and perfect their personality by taking on the personality of their race. There is no loss of individuality in this process; on the contrary, there is a vast enlargement and clarification of personality. A notable and beautiful illustration of this clear and victorious development of a type by assimilating what was harmonious in its surroundings is furnished by the career and character of Lincoln, who was not only a complete individual type but a perfect national type as well—

> "New birth of our new soil,
> The first American."

He appropriated from his country, his people, and his time that for which his nature had an affinity, and he became original, creative, typical, by self-unfolding. A man of this temper and methods uses books and technical processes, but is never their product. Whatever he takes of discipline, training, or knowledge, he makes so completely a part of himself that the processes and materials are entirely lost in the final product. His discipline and training leave no trace save in his self-command, his skill, and his effectiveness. His knowledge is so blended with his experience that he completely possesses it, instead of being possessed by it as is the pedant; and when he gives it out in expression, it has taken some new form or received some fresh interpretation. He uses experience, knowledge, all the materials of power which surround him, not to efface the lines along which his nature craves development, but to emphasize them. In every form of expression he gives us, not his acquirements, but himself; and his acquirements return to us so merged in the final product that we cannot trace them. A nature which has this power of drawing upon all the sources of influence, intelligence, and vitality about it becomes clairvoyant and typical. It attains such profound and unconscious harmony with the life in which it is enfolded and by which it is nourished that it speaks at last out of the depths of that life, and reveals its secrets.

A man of this temper knows what is in the heart of his race. He feels every movement of its unconscious life; he divines its thought; and he becomes in the end, on a colossal scale, the man of his time and his people. He is simple, harmonious, individual. Such a man was Tourguéneff—in certain respects the most marvelous race-interpreter of modern times. An artist of subtle and splendid gifts, he seemed to know intuitively all the secrets of the Russian people; and in those compact and impressive stories of his, so free from all extraneous discussion, so concentrated in spirit and action, so swift and deep and powerful in sentiment and movement, the Slavonic nature breathes and suffers and acts. From this point of view a further reference to Lincoln is almost inevitable. Born and bred on the old frontier, with the scantiest formal education, uncouth in figure, he seemed to many, in the critical hour when he became President, fatally untrained for the responsibilities of the time and the place. When the news of his nomination was received in a certain university town, a teacher of high character and wide culture is reported to have said that the country would have a good man in the White House if only some better-trained man could write his messages and speeches for him! Yet those messages and speeches are, with the exception of a few lyrics, the only literature of the great struggle. At least three of these public utterances have already become classics, not only because of their elevation and nobility of thought and feeling, but because of their rare beauty of style. Among all the speakers of his time, accomplished orators, students of rhetoric, masters of the art of eloquence, Lincoln is the only one whose speeches are likely to survive.

This superiority, it is hardly necessary to say, was neither accidental nor spontaneous; like all superiority, it rested on a solid basis of preparation. Lincoln was, in some respects, the most genuinely educated man of his time; but his education was vital, not formal; individual, not academic. There is no antagonism between these two kinds of education; on the contrary, in the ideal training they must always combine and harmonize. There is a disposition, however, to assume that formal education is the only education. From this point of view men like Shakespeare and Lincoln are inexplicable. For every great work of art involves adequate education; chance is as finally barred out of the world of art as it is out of the world of nature.

The more one studies Lincoln's education the more complete is it seen to have been. In his own way he acquired a knowledge of his people, of his time, of himself, and of a few books, which, in its depth and thoroughness, made him the master not only of a great movement but of a great language. Men of the type of Gladstone and Sumner give the impression of having sought near and far for information and illustration. They impress us as having made large conquests in the field of knowledge; but we are soon aware that their gain has been more by conquest than by incorporation. They have annexed rather than absorbed. In the speeches of both these eminent men of affairs we oftener hear the voice of the student than the voice of the man. Lincoln, on the other hand, always gives us a single harmonious impression of himself. We are always in contact with the man. Whatever knowledge he has acquired and whatever training he has received are tributary to the original force of his own personality, and this is true of all men of the creative as contrasted with the secondary order; they are never, under any circumstances, eclectics; they are always, under all circumstances, intensely individual. They are never composite; they are always strongly marked types. Lincoln took the elements for which he had an affinity; all others he left alone.

The Passion for Publicity

In no direction does the average American newspaper sin so grievously as in its violation of the privacies of personal and domestic life. It is at this point that its fundamental irreverence, its disregard of the natural pieties of human existence, is most evident and most repulsive. It is no exaggeration to say that the wanton and unrestricted invasion of privacy by the modern press constitutes in certain respects the most offensive form of tyranny which the world has ever known. There is absolutely no shelter for the unlucky man or woman whose career or circumstances in any way furnish material for sensational report. Uprightness of character, unblemished reputation, eminent public services, great afflictions, appalling calamities—those unusual tragic happenings which used by their very awfulness to shield a man from public curiosity—the helplessness of childhood, the innocence of youth, the sacredness of womanhood, the consideration due to old age—all these appeals to the forbearance, the silence, the respect of men, are absolutely lost on a great number of American newspapers. On the contrary, the more urgent the appeal of the exceptional and tragic condition, the more eager the search for news, the more striking the head-lines, the more shameless the invasion by detective methods of the privacy of home, the more minute the detailed report. The sheer, unmitigated brutality of this invasion of privacy is so constantly illustrated in the columns of many newspapers that a large part of the American people have come to acquiesce in it as one of the fixed conditions of modern life—a tyranny from which there is no escape and against which no successful revolt can be made. A man with the instincts of a gentleman is sometimes tempted to think that nothing but a return to the primitive methods of redressing personal grievances will ever bring certain newspapers to their senses, and that decency will have to be horsewhipped into some newspaper editors and managers. A single incident will illustrate the extent to which this lawless invasion of personal rights is carried. A cultivated and refined woman living in a boarding-house was so unfortunate as to awaken the admiration of a young man of unbalanced mind who was living under the same roof. He paid her attentions which were courteously but firmly declined. He wrote her letters which were at first acknowledged in the most formal way, and finally ignored. No woman could have been more circumspect and dignified. The young man preserved copies of his own letters, introduced the two or three brief and formal notes which he had received in reply, made a story of the incident, stole the photograph of the woman, inclosed his own photograph, mailed the whole matter to a New York newspaper, and committed suicide. The result was a two or three column report of the incident, with portraits of the unfortunate woman and the suicide, and an elaborate and startling exaggeration of the few inconspicuous, insignificant, and colorless facts from which the narrative was elaborated. That a refined woman in American society should be exposed to such a brutal invasion of her privacy as that which was committed in this case reflects upon every gentleman in the country.

It remains to be said, however, and it ought to be said with the utmost frankness, that the passion for publicity which is illustrated in the columns of the American newspaper has also taken possession of a very considerable part of the American people, and that what one sees in the newspaper is the reflection of a very widespread social condition. The interest in other people's affairs in this country is almost measureless. The morning and evening papers make us feel as if we belonged to a great village, and as if what we call National news were nothing more than village gossip writ large; as if our chief interest lay in what is going on at the other end of the street, and our chief curiosity played, not about the great questions of life, but about the doings of people on the next block. This is the vulgar and discouraging side of the matter; but there is another side which the candid critic, who desires to take, not the short and easy, but the long and rational, view of the American newspaper, must take into account. A writer in the April issue of "Scribner's Magazine" puts this other aspect of the matter in the form of a question: "In reality, do we perceive what the vulgarities of the modern newspaper press actually represent? Do we realize that their personalities are the result of the desperate desire of the new classes, to whom democratic institutions have given their first chance, to discover the way to *live*, in the wide social meaning of the word? The hour belongs to these classes. Their ideals are becoming more and more the ideals of all masses of society, and what they are chiefly eager for is not ideas but palpable realities. What the man wants who newly finds himself with incalculably increased material opportunities before him is not, at first, thoughts that will strengthen his hold upon the eternal verities. No. It is information that will put him in direct touch with the actualities of the passing hour; information that will teach him all about his environment, and what he is to do there, and how he is to conduct himself in order to keep the place that he has got, and to extend it, to push himself farther on." There is unquestionably a great deal of truth in this interpretation of one of the most depressing facts in our life to-day.

There are a host of people under the easier and larger conditions of that life who are stepping out of their old places to find the horizons of comfort and intelligence broadening about them, and who are eager to know how men live, what men are doing. Closeness of contact, by reason of railroads and telegraphs and telephones, has made what used to be local conditions practically National conditions. Every man is now a member of the National as well as of the local community. He is eager to know what is going on. In the exact measure in which his opportunities are new, he wants to know what other people in better conditions are doing. He has a passion for knowing how the other half lives. His interest is very largely instinctive, undiscriminating, and unmoral. He is indifferent to the significance of the things that are told him. He is as ready to see evil as good things. What he wants is facts—facts about life, facts about social habit, facts about individual character and experience. He has no sense of the relative value of these facts. He does not attempt to arrange them by any scale of comparative significance. He has not yet reached that point. What he wants is to get the contents of the drag-net. To his uneducated taste one fact is as good as another. The process is vulgar and has gone far to destroy the reverence which once guarded and fostered the higher and finer aspects of life in the family, the church, the college, and society, but it is not vulgar at the root; it is an instinctive desire to know what is in life. It is part of that democratic movement which is so much vaster in its scope and so much more radical in its spirit than our political fathers perceived, or than most of us understand or are willing to accept. The democracy which is fast coming in modern society is a very different affair from the old New England conception of popular government conducted by the town meeting—the rule of the best in the order of a natural aristocracy. We have, even in this country, a long way still to go before the democratic idea is completely worked out. It is not surprising that some of the most thoughtful students of affairs stand aghast at the changes which they see before society—changes more radical than those wrought by the French Revolution; changes as radical as those through which the transition from antique to modern life was effected. This stirring up of society from the bottom to the top brings many disagreeable things to the surface; but the end will justify the pain and loss by the way. We must be content to wait two or three centuries for the finer fruits of a real popular life. Meantime we may as well recognize the fact that publicity rather than reverence will characterize our life, and, in a rough way, protect and develop it. This is the bright side of the matter; there is another side which is not so bright, and that is the prominence of vulgar people in this country and the degree in which they affect all forms of expression. There is no more vulgarity in America than in Germany or France or Italy; but in Europe vulgarity is largely silent; here it is always in evidence. It flaunts and parades itself; keeps itself continually on the surface; thrusts itself forward as if it were *the* National characteristic. It is this aggressive vulgarity which dominates a multitude of newspapers, and many newspaper managers apparently assume that it is a National characteristic. We are not a vulgar people, but the vulgar among us are very generally permitted to represent us. The press is too largely edited for them; they explain that monstrosity of vulgarity, the sensational Sunday newspaper. And publicity is the very breath of their being. To be talked about is the end of their social ambition; to talk about others is at once their recreation and their occupation.

The Increase of Homicide

The clergymen of Charlotte, N. C., and the surrounding country took a step on a recent Sunday that may well serve as an example to clergymen in other districts where lynchings occur. As a result of the local discussion of the appalling extent of this form of lawlessness, they devoted their sermons to a denunciation of it. It would doubtless be well to give pulpit attention to the still more appalling prevalence of homicide in general throughout the whole country. The statistics of crime published by the Chicago "Tribune" every year, and the recent lecture of Dr. Andrew D. White, ex-Minister to Berlin and St. Petersburg, on the increase of murder, make it imperative that public sentiment should be awakened on the subject. Both of these authorities place the number of murders in the United States in 1895 at 10,500. The increase during the past seven years has been so great as to be almost incredible, the number in 1889 being 3,567. The total number during this period is 47,469, which is an increase from 58 to 155 in the million of population.

Taking these figures as a basis of a prophecy, Dr. White thus pictures the fate that awaits thousands of Americans the coming year: "To-day, this 10th of April, 1896, I announce to you that there are doomed to death in the United States, in the year which begins this day, over 10,000 persons, who will be executed murderously, cruelly, without opportunity to take leave of those they love, without opportunity to make provision for those depending upon them; and all of this multitude of persons, who have committed no crime, will be put to death without the slightest regard for the fearful distress and sorrow and, in many cases, beggary of their families. Fully two-thirds of these murders will be due to this easy-going, maudlin sentiment in the community at large, miscalled mercy, but really most fearful cruelty."

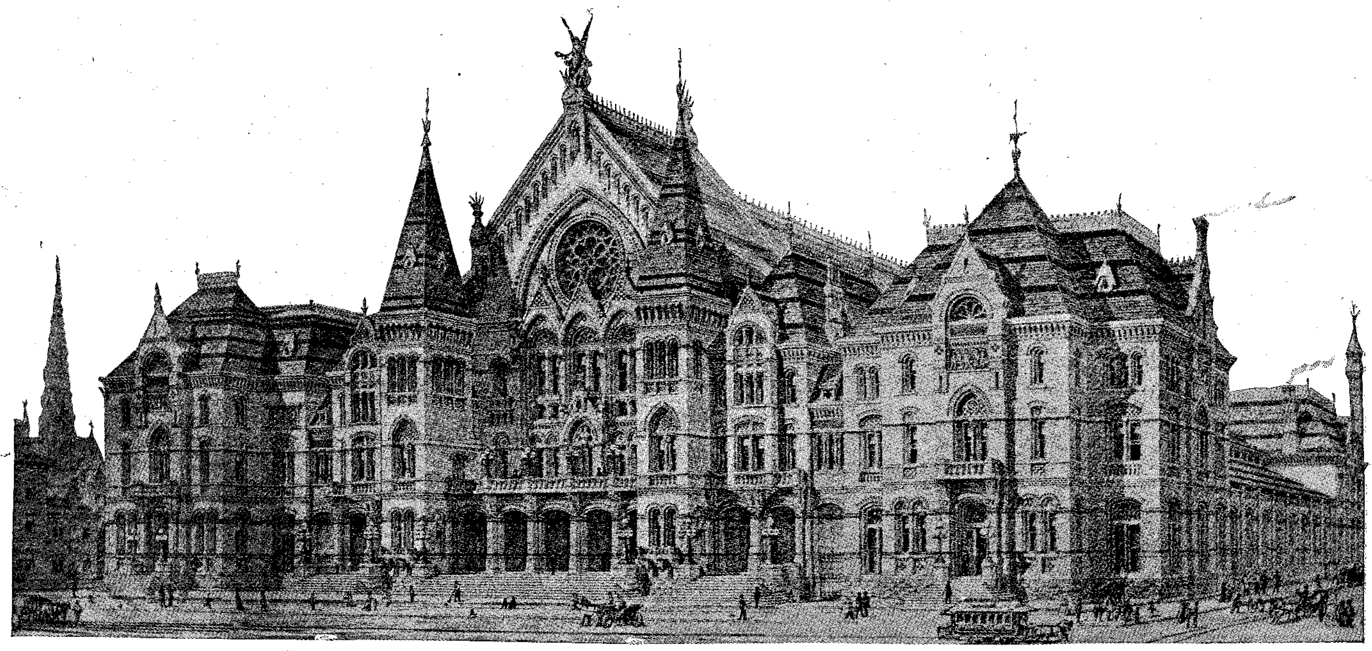
But, shocking as this presentation is, and adequate as it should be to evoke the most powerful sentiment against this prevalence of the spirit of murder, there are other figures that show with the same impressiveness the need of such sentiment. They relate to the inadequate punishment of homicides and the abnormal exercise of "executive clemency." While murders have shockingly increased, the number of legal executions has steadily diminished. In 1890 one murderer in forty-five was legally executed; in 1895, only one in seventy-four. At the same time there has been an increase of illegal executions, that is to say lynchings, which numbered 171 in 1895 against 132 legal ones. The aversion to capital punishment does not explain the immunity of homicides from all punishment. Of the 42,000 homicides that have escaped legal and illegal execution during the past six years, only 7,351 are in prison. The rest are at large, ready to repeat their crimes. Is it any wonder that some cynical judge once exclaimed that "the taking of life for the highest crime after due process of law seems to be the only way of taking life to which the average American has any objection"!

Even when murderers escape from the gallows to imprisonment for terms ranging from life to a few years, society has no assurance that they will be called upon to suffer the milder penalty pronounced against them. Owing to the lack of a powerful public opinion against the practice, Governors are too prone to accede to the request of the multitude of petitioners that any criminal, however odious, appears to be able to get presented in his behalf. Dr. White mentions the case of Governor Taylor, of Tennessee, who went out of office in 1892. One of his last acts was to pardon eighteen men, several of whom had committed willful and brutal murders. During the four years that he served as Governor he pardoned 801 men, the list of whose offenses "includes every crime in the calendar." But Southern Governors are not the only offenders. Dr. White cites acts of Governors of Illinois, Michigan, and New York. During the last month of Governor Hill's term of office he pardoned fifteen men from prison, and during the last day of his term, six, two of whom were murderers serving life sentences.

The creation of a proper public sentiment, a "deep, determined, fruitful indignation toward wrong and crime," such as President Woolsey sought to arouse in his sermon on "Righteous Anger," would produce the most beneficent results. In the first place, it would bring to an end that repulsive sympathy for murderers that takes the form of floral contributions to them and notes of maudlin sympathy. In the second place, it would make impossible the getting up of monster petitions like that in behalf of "Bat" Shea, which is said to have been signed by 25,000 persons. In the third place, the executive power would feel it incumbent upon it to exercise clemency very sparingly. In the fourth place, there would be a reform of judicial procedure that would make it impossible for men guilty of murder to escape upon technicalities. In the fifth place, the creation of a proper public sentiment would effect a general curbing of the homicidal instinct. And, finally, it would furnish a necessary basis for those preventive and reformatory measures which to be effective must always be founded on a righteous but not revengeful justice.

The Hem of the Garment

Very few readers of the New Testament probably ever stop to think how brief the biography of Christ is, and how much must have been omitted from the narrative. There must have been another history of the divine teacher, written, not by the hands of his disciples, but in the hearts of those whom he had cheered and helped and healed by the way. There must have been a beautiful unwritten gospel passed from mouth to mouth for many generations, the light of which faded very slowly as the night of barbarism and wandering came on. For a personality like Christ's, filled with divine compassion and love, must have poured itself out in a thousand unseen rivulets as well as in the great channels so definitely marked in the New Testament story. There must have been thousands to whom he spoke words which were not recorded; there must have been multitudes whose lives were renewed by his power of whom no mention is made. As this was true of the divinest personality known to men, so it is also true of every human personality. The most searching and influential power that issues from any human life is that of which the person himself is largely unconscious. It flows from him in every form of occupation, in every relationship, in rest or in work, in silence or in speech, at home or abroad. There are hosts of men and women who are healers and teachers and helpers almost without consciousness of the fact. Light shines from them and help flows from them at times when they are utterly unconscious that the hem of the garment is being touched. The real test of the possession of the highest power of character and the most perfect devotion to the noblest things in life is not the quality of the direct touch; it is the presence of the virtue even in the hem of the garment.



THE CINCINNATI MUSIC HALL

The Cincinnati Music Festivals

By H. E. Krehbiel

Theodore Thomas
Musical Director

For twenty years the music festivals which are held biennially in Cincinnati under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas have been looked upon as the most notable musical affairs in the United States. There are respects in which their reputation is justified only in part by their achievements; and, unhappily, as the present writer can testify, these are the things which force themselves upon the notice of a reviewer who chances to have another outlook than the merely local. But one who can stand the rebuffs with which all criticism that is not adulation is apt to be received when the people of Cincinnati put on their smart spring garments and surrender themselves to the enjoyments which their most cherished institution brings, can also see that when the balance is struck the credit side has so much the better of the debit that it is scarcely worth the while to store the faults up in one's memory. After all, the defects are only locally harmful, while the country at large has benefited wonderfully by the influence which has gone out from the festivals ever since they became established features of Cincinnati's life. That influence has been sound and wholesome and marvelously potent from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The May festivals began in 1873, and have been held every second year since, except when a year had to be added to the interregnum between the second and third festivals to allow time for the completion of the magnificent Music Hall, which is their proudest architectural monument. The stability exemplified in this record is one of the extraordinary phenomena connected with the Cincinnati festivals. The annual gatherings at Worcester, Mass., are older, but their genesis is very different, and their accomplishments, however praiseworthy in themselves, incomparably less significant.

The Worcester festivals grew out of the old New England musical conventions, which might be described without irreverence as musical "revivals." Professional teachers not being numerous, when one came to a town he held a "protracted meeting" with the choir singers of the vicinity, and finally united them all in a concert. Everything was amiable about these meetings so long as the peripatetic convention leader was intelligent and sincere, and it would be churlish to refuse recognition to the good which they accomplished; but they never could occupy the plane to which the Cincinnati festivals were lifted at the beginning, and on which they have remained ever since. In the Western city the highest possible results were striven for at the outset, as if the soil had been prepared by long and diligent cultivation on the most advanced lines. It was a union of German and American qualities in Theodore Thomas which was responsible for this, just as it has been a union of Mr. Thomas's devotion to a high ideal and the readiness of the people to advance his efforts that has made progress possible. Had Mr. Thomas been all German, he would in all likelihood have been impracticable in his first plans; had he been all American, he probably would have been satisfied with popular success, and so trimmed his sails to the shifting winds as to command that regardless of all else. He has not always produced results commensurate with the dignity and claims of the festival organization, but he has not yet lowered the standard set up at the beginning, and for that reason more than any other he has maintained the festivals as potent influences in American musical culture.

To appreciate how great the influence is which has gone out from these festivals one

Wm. H. Hobart
President Cincinnati Music Festival Association

Otto Singer
Assistant Conductor and Chorus-Master

Arthur Mees
Organist Music Festival

Lawrence Maxwell
Vice-President Festival Association

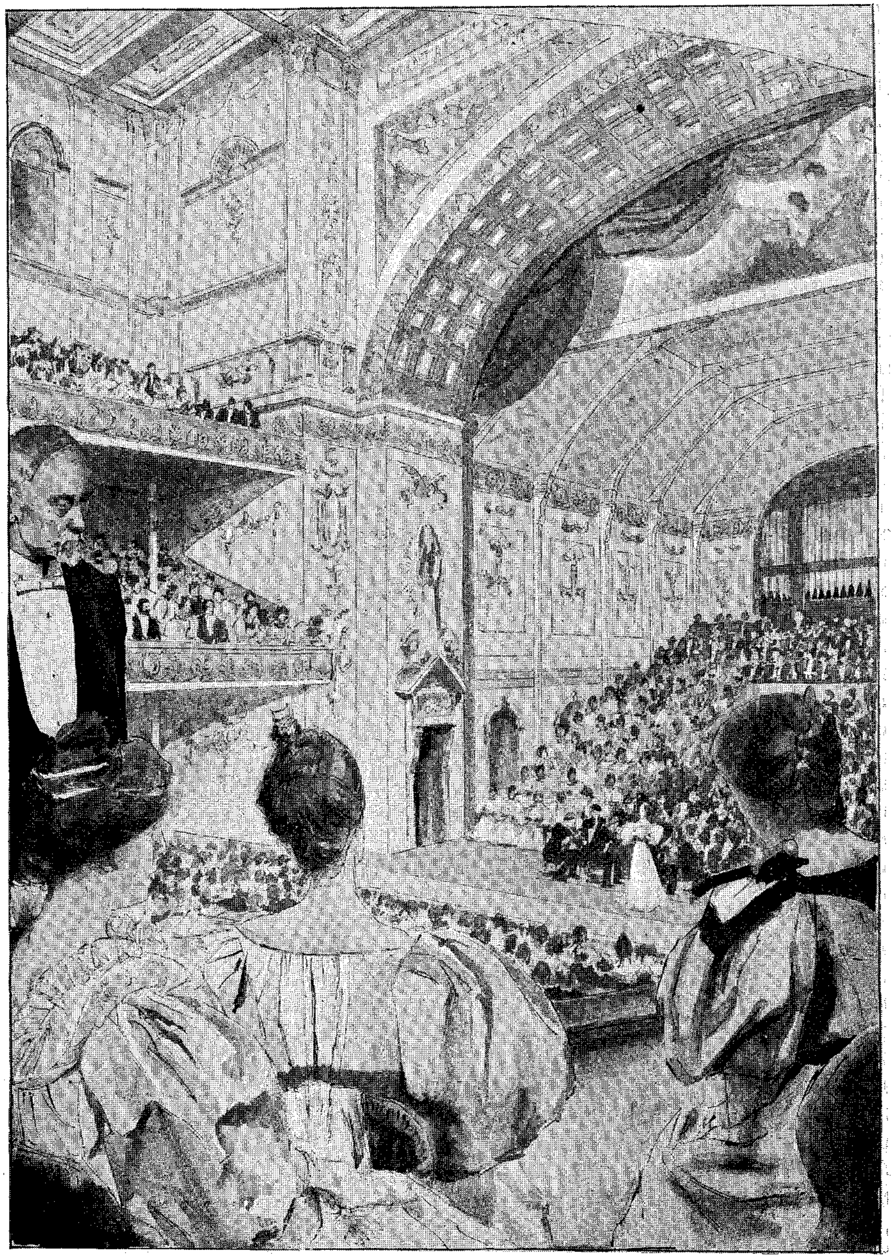
George Ward Nichols
Late President Cincinnati Festival Association

R. R. Springer
Founder of the Music Hall

Edgar Tinel
Composer of "St. Francis," to be sung this year

must know something of their origin. That their home should be Cincinnati is not mere chance, but a logical outcome of earlier strivings. Study of the history of music in the United States discloses that the impulses which were directed toward the development of its three principal phases went out from three centers of culture. Psalmody and the choral culture which came as its fruit had its home in Boston; instrumental music and the opera, in New York; the German *Männergesang*, in Cincinnati. For reasons which need not be curiously studied here, the psalmody of New England had less to do with the creation of the festival spirit illustrated in the Cincinnati gatherings than the fondness of the Germans for part-song singing. The two influences were complementary. If Cincinnati from its earliest days had not had a strong musical bent, which it derived from the excellent character of its settlers, Mr. Thomas would not have found such admirable soil when he came to develop his festival scheme in 1873; had Cincinnati not been the pioneer *Sängerfest* city in the United States, it is doubtful if the festival idea which has borne such lovely fruit would ever have originated. The first German *Sängerfest* ever held on this side of the Atlantic Ocean was held in Cincinnati in 1849. It was a small gathering in which only a few Western communities participated, but it was the parent of sturdy offspring. Soon the entire country was concerned in the meetings which were held now here, now there, and it was found necessary to divide the *Bund* which gave the festivals, because it had grown too unwieldy. Before these, however, a *Sängerfest* was given in Cincinnati (it was in 1870) in which two thousand German singers participated, and to accommodate which a hall had to be built. Though designed only for temporary use, it was a well-built structure, and the merchants of the city, who had got interested in the exposition idea, preserved it from destruction and dedicated it to exhibition purposes. Moreover, its acoustic properties were admirable, and when Mr. Thomas, on one of his concert tours in the spring of 1873, talked over the idea of a festival with a mixed instead of a male chorus, Cincinnati supplying the nucleus of the chorus and his orchestra the nucleus of the band, it was the existence of the hall that helped to make the enterprise feasible.

In another respect the history of the Cincinnati festivals is intimately bound up in that of the German *Sängerfeste*. Every one who is familiar with German customs knows that *Gemüthlichkeit*, or conviviality, is quite as assiduously cultivated in them as art—perhaps a little more assiduously—and there was a time, when the American element of our population was less tolerant of German things than it is now, that a strong prejudice existed against them on that account. When the first *Sängerfest* was held in Cincinnati, a newspaper charged that the "Dutch singers, with their intemperate jubilee, drinking the sour wine," had brought an epidemic of cholera upon the city. When the great *Sängerfest* was held, in 1870, an immense bar occupied the space under the stage. When the first festival under the new régime was held, the rehabilitation of the bar was not dreamed of. Other times, other peoples, other manners. The festival was musical, not Bacchic. A year later, in 1874, the effect of this good example—due, of course, to the fact that the choir consisted of men and women, not men


INTERIOR OF THE REMODELED MUSIC HALL
Drawn for The Outlook by Otto W. Beck

MADAME LILLIAN NORDICA

(From a recent copyrighted Photograph by Aimé Dupont, 574 Fifth Avenue, New York)

alone—was felt at the *Sängerfest* given in Cleveland. Thither Mr. Bergmann and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra had traveled to make music; but when the hours for rehearsal came, the singers were not to be found in the temple of Apollo, but in the groves of Gambrinus. Immediately a plan of reorganization was adopted which aimed to elevate the character of the *Sängerfeste* artistically and socially by admitting women to the festival chorus. The first experiment under the new régime was made in 1877 in Louisville, the second in 1879 in Cincinnati, with results that made much for music. Unfortunately, however, the notion of giving music a preference over *Gemüthlichkeit* is not popular with the majority of the members of German singing societies, and the high aims inspired by the first Cincinnati festival have not been pursued by them.

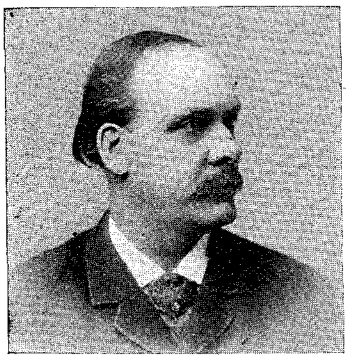
From the beginning the foremost business men of Cincinnati have charged themselves with the management of the business affairs of the festivals. This has been one cause of their success. The very first undertaking came so near meeting expenses that the directors made up the deficit out of their private purses. The second left a surplus in the hands of the treasurer, and evoked such an outburst of popular enthusiasm that it was resolved to build a permanent home for the festivals, and the industrial expositions which had grown with them. In this movement Mr. Reuben R. Springer, a retired merchant, took the lead with characteristic modesty and quietness. He began with an offer of $125,000 on condition that the citizens raise the same amount, and ended with giving between $250,000 and $300,000 toward the undertaking. The result was to stir up a local patriotism and enthusiasm in artistic things such as this country had never seen. The third festival, in 1878, saw the dedication of the Music Hall and its great organ. For more than a week the happy city was in gala dress. Arches spanned the streets; garlands festooned the house-fronts; bunting fluttered gayly everywhere; so numerous were the pictures of the great masters of music that every child could distinguish the features of Bach and Beethoven, Handel and Haydn. Visitors poured into the city from all the adjacent country, and men distinguished in musical circles came from New York and Boston. Mr. Thomas had widened the scope of the festival to make it worthy of so important an occasion. A dedicatory ode had to be written, composed, and performed. Mr. Dudley Buck had to come from the East to play upon the organ. The cost of the affair was enormous, but the receipts were more enormous still. When the treasurer made his report, the directors found themselves in possession of $30,000 profit. They paid the balance of $15,000 due on the organ, distributed $5,000 among the societies composing the chorus, and started a sinking fund with the balance. Like a galvanic shock the influence of this great achievement was felt throughout East and West. First, however, the continued fruition of the lovely enthusiasm in Cincinnati must be noted. A fund for music in one of the public parks established by the Hon. William S. Groesbeck, a College of Music sufficiently endowed to enable it to offer prizes and scholarships to deserving pupils, a superb Art Museum picturesquely planted in one of the parks on the hills overlooking the Ohio River, were the immediate fruit, after the Music Hall and Exposition buildings. As for the fruits outside of Cincinnati, the most obvious were the music festivals given in 1881 and 1882 in New York under the direction respectively of Dr. Leopold Damrosch and Theodore Thomas; festivals in Philadelphia, Chicago, Indianapolis, Buffalo, Cleveland, and other places, all patterned after the Cincinnati affairs and showing the same lofty ambitions. Finally, Music Halls and Exposition buildings erected in Indianapolis, Buffalo, St. Louis, Minneapolis, and elsewhere, some of which disclose their origin in their imitation of the lines and material of the Cincinnati building.

It would be glory enough for one city and one decade to have so thoroughly leavened the musical lump of the United States, had the Cincinnati festivals lived themselves out, as most of their imitators have since done; but instead of doing this they have gone on, maintained still on the high artistic level on which they were placed twenty-three years ago. It is plain only to one who is intimately acquainted with the men who are at their head, and the city which supports them, why this should be so. Under Mr. Thomas's inspiring guidance the policy of the directors has been energetic, uncompromising, and, in the best sense of the word, conservative. From 1873 to 1881 Mr. George

MADAME KLAFSKY

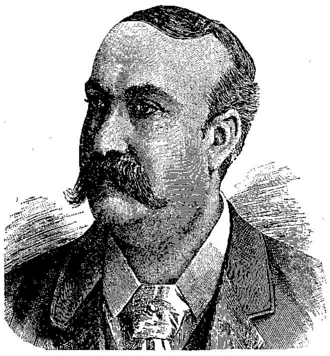
Ben Davies

Medora Henson



Myron W. Whitney

Annie Louise Cary



Edward Lloyd

Marie Brema

Ward Nichols, one of the hardest workers of the original coterie, a restless spirit who devoted himself wholly to it and kindred enterprises, was the President. He was the mentor and the executive officer of Mr. Springer, the founder of the College. The present President, William N. Hobart, has been in the Board of Directors since 1880, and it is to him, after Mr. Thomas, that credit is due for the fact that public interest, which flagged occasionally, was never permitted utterly to die. Mr. Lawrence Maxwell, Jr., the Vice-President, entered the Board of Directors with Mr. Hobart, but long before then he was a member of the chorus. During the first two years of President Cleveland's administration Mr. Maxwell was Solicitor-General of the United States, and probably the only official in the service of the Government at Washington who could, on a moment's notice, have left his pew and played the organ of the President's church. So, too, in the artistic department of the festival administration. Otto Singer, who had come to New York to join Mr. Thomas in carrying out a conservatory project on the recommendation of Liszt, became chorus-master in 1873, composed the festival ode in 1878, and continued his connection with the association till after the festival of 1880. Mr. Arthur Mees was organist of the first festival, and became chorus-master in 1882. At every festival since he has been Mr. Thomas's trusted assistant. Annie Louise Cary was as much a factor in the earlier festivals as Mr. Thomas, and when she declined to accept the regular

Adelina Patti

Lilli Lehman

R. Watkin Mills

Madame Nilsson

Plunket Greene

Madame Materna

engagement as principal solo contralto in 1884, because she had retired from public life to be Mrs. C. Munson Raymond, it was felt to be so necessary to have her present at the festival that the directors invited her to come and sit in the audience as their guest. Myron W. Whitney was just as intimately connected with the festivals. He sang at every one from 1873 till his retirement in 1890, except the festival of 1884.

The artistic significance of the Cincinnati festivals has rested upon the magnitude and dignity of the musical schemes planned for them by Mr. Thomas and the forces enlisted in their exposition. At the first meeting a large number of choirs took part, some coming from such distant cities as Des Moines and Milwaukee. At the second, half a dozen cities and towns in Ohio joined Cincinnati in providing the choral contingent, but since 1880 the festival chorus has been an organized body whose affairs are administered all the time by the Festival Association. The orchestra generally numbers about one hundred and fifty men; the chorus, five hundred voices. With these masses are always associated the best solo talent obtainable. When the enthusiasm inspired by the festivals in other cities was at its height, Mr. Thomas found it possible to bring the three representative singers of Wagner's music from Vienna—Madame Materna, Herr Winkelmann, and Herr Scaria; and, as if this were not enough, Madame Nilsson was also enlisted. By this means communities never visited by traveling opera and concert singers have been enabled to hear the greatest singers of the age—Lehman, Nilsson, Materna, Cary, Eames, Lloyd, Whitney, Winkelmann, Scaria, and many others. The same policy has characterized the preparations for the twelfth festival, to be held from the 19th to the 23d of May this year. The German prima donna Frau Klafsky, the American Nordica, the Englishwoman (by courtesy so called—as a matter of fact she is half German and half American) Brema, and the Englishmen H. Plunket Greene, Ben Davies, Ffrangcon Davies, and R. Watkin Mills, will all take part, besides a number of singers of local fame. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which had its first performance in the United States just fifty years ago this month, and was introduced to the West at the first festival in 1873, will be repeated. The other choral works will be "St. Francis," by Edgar Tinel, a young Flemish composer; Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah" (an opera that is oftener given in oratorio form than operatic), Handel's "Judas Maccabæus," and a dainty secular cantata, "The Swan and the Skylark," by A. Goring Thomas. The Music Hall, which till now has been serviceable only for festival, convention, and exposition uses, has been remodeled in its interior arrangements and changed into a large theater, comparable with the Metropolitan Opera-House in New York and the Auditorium in Chicago.

Our Travelers' Club

By Lucy A. Martin

The autumn days had come, the winter would soon be upon us, and how were we to make some of its evenings profitable and enjoyable? Our village was a small one, and, though near New York, its country store and post-office combined was the chief center of trade, with but one rival a little way down the road, opposite which stood the blacksmith shop with its "spreading" elm.

The houses and homes were much scattered, but each of the two churches brought its part of the inhabitants together on Sunday, and the Library, down the hill by the river—it was the noble Hudson on whose banks we were nestled—was an important element in the week-day life of the village. Here, four years ago, was started the "Travelers' Club." We met every three weeks on Monday evening, and, gathered about the long reading-table, took our imaginary trip to Europe. Our Secretary, together with our President and Treasurer, planned each meeting, and we first made a truly American trip abroad, traveling hurriedly through England, France, Germany, and Italy, and at the close of the eight meetings we had each done our part in contributing a short paper on some given place or topic—country, town, city, or some point of interest in one of these.

The second winter we traveled more slowly, and at the beginning of the season voted to spend our time in Scotland. We all remember with especial pleasure our evening with Robert Burns, when we renewed our acquaintance with the literature of the country. Our club, now numbering twenty, bought a good oil lantern and a screen, which, with the slides, procured as we required them, added greatly to the pleasure of the evenings. These slides we hired at a place in New York City where they have a large collection, at a cost of one and a half cents apiece for one evening. Thirty pictures, accompanied by our papers, made us feel as if we had really visited the place described. The slides were selected from a catalogue, and were called for and returned by one of the Club who goes to town daily—an advantage for which we are grateful, since economy is with us a necessity. Each member pays a tax of five cents a meeting to cover the expense of the slides. Our lantern we bought by a special entertainment.

Last fall, when we gathered again to talk over plans for the winter, we decided to make this year's meetings and travels more simple and popular, and to admit some of the younger persons who would enjoy the trips; and with this end in view we adopted a plan for a journey in our own country. First we took "A Summer Pilgrimage," and spent the evening with the views and descriptions of New England watering-places—Bar Harbor, Newport, etc.—closing with an appropriate "Afternoon Tea." Our next programme consisted of papers on "The Hub of the Universe and Her Literary Men," with views, a reading, and a song: menu, Boston brown bread. For our "New England Fireside" we went to the parsonage, where papers were read on "Customs and Home Life" and "Rural Scenery and Outdoor Life," a selection read from "Cape Cod Folks," and we had a merry time popping corn before the open wood fire, closing the evening by singing in concert "Home, Sweet Home." "Our Wedding Trip" found us at Washington, and the views of that city, together with those of Philadelphia and Baltimore, which we were supposed to pass through *en route*, were fine. A paper on Baltimore and a selection on Social Life in Washington filled our evening, and we closed the meeting with some "truly" wedding-cake—of which, to be sure, there was only a square inch for each of us—from two boxes brought by one of the members from a large wedding in New York. The boxes, which were unusually pretty, were given to the two brides of the Club. The evening was opened by the Wedding March, played by one of the members, and this simple feast completed a harmonious programme. "The Orange and Palmetto" took us to Florida, and the slides gave us an excellent idea of the palatial hotels and the quaint town of St. Augustine and the weird river scenery of that region. Some of the golden fruit from that State served as a light refreshment with which to close the evening. The subject for the next meeting, "'Way Down in Dixie," gave an opportunity to consider New Orleans and the Creole, the Negro, the "F. F. V.'s," and to hear a reading from "Uncle Remus" and the song "Dixie Land." Menu, peanuts.

The programme for the rest of the year includes "The Blue-Grass Region," and an evening studying the historic Hudson, preparatory to the celebration by the Club of the close of its season by taking an actual trip up the river on Decoration Day.[1]

Sunset

By Mary Laura Mason

The west is a mass of color,
A glow of golden light,
That resolves like a chord of music
The day into the night.

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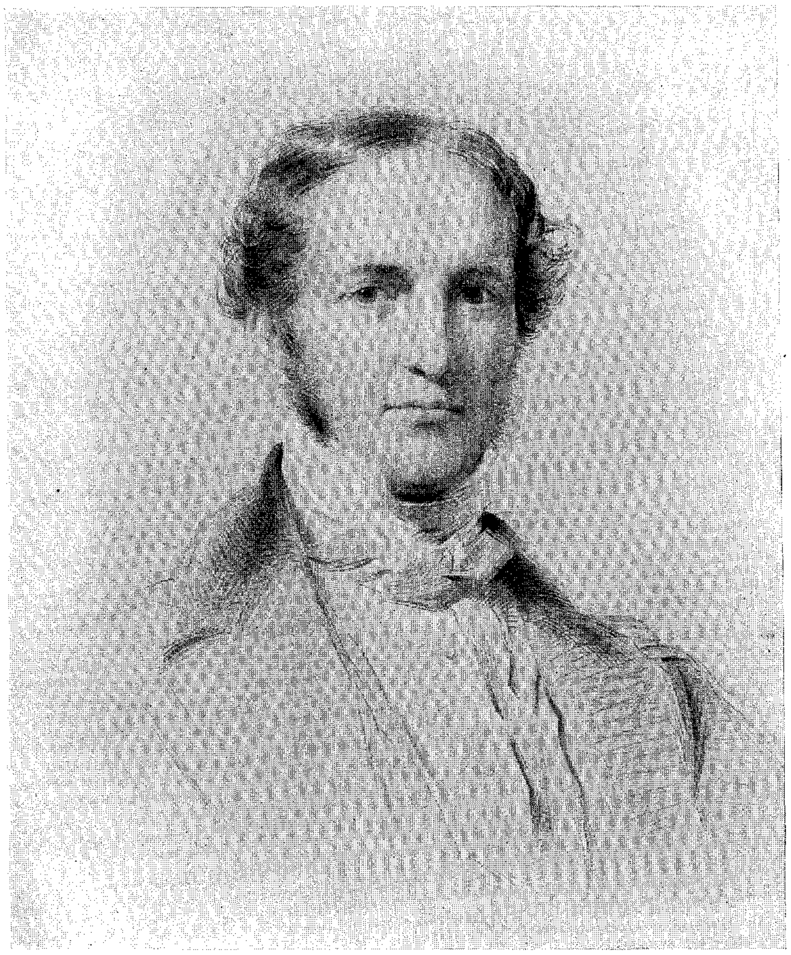
[1] The Outlook is glad to furnish through its *Recreation Department* circulars, descriptive pamphlets, time-tables, and other printed information which will enable members of Travelers' Clubs, like that described in this article, to put themselves in close personal touch with places to be visited and routes to be traversed.—THE EDITORS.



WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

From the Crayon Drawing by George Richmond, R.A. Done in 1850. Now in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle

William Hickling Prescott[1]

By Kenyon West

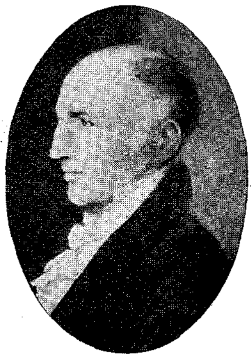
ON the 4th of May occurs the centenary of a man who has not only won a high place in American literature, but who challenges comparison with the very greatest historians of the world. Not without justice did a famous English critic assert that Horace Walpole's prophecy that the next Augustan age would dawn on this side of the Atlantic had been verified, "for Mr. Prescott's 'History of Ferdinand and Isabella' may rank among the first in the English language."

In one of Keats's delightful letters he wrote these significant and stimulating words: "I must think that difficulties nerve the spirit of a man; they make our prime objects a refuge as well as a passion." To the career of no man of letters are these words so applicable as to that of William Hickling Prescott. His life affords a striking example of enduring work achieved in spite of overwhelming odds. The gift of genius is a marvelous thing! Seldom can its ancestry be traced, more seldom is it possible to understand how it flourishes under certain conditions. I can understand how a poet, amid suffering, poverty, even darkness, can give magic expression to the beautiful forms which throng before his inner vision, giving out from his own sad heart his sweetest songs. I can imagine a romancer, sitting in darkness and alone, weaving his tales of love or of chivalry to thrill and charm the great world. A musician, too, can, even in darkness, have his solitude vocal with divine harmonies, and embody them in enchanting creations which will live after he himself has passed beyond the whirl and stress of time. But a historian, who must depend upon facts, not upon his glowing creative imagination, whose material is drawn from out-of-the-way sources of information, not from ideas current in his own age, from ancient records which must be studied and compared, upon conflicting authorities whose claims must be weighed—how is he to do his appointed work without the blessing of sight?

We are told by Johnson that Milton felt obliged to abandon a cherished plan of writing a history of England, as he found it scarcely possible for a man without eyes to pursue a historical work. Prescott said: "This remark, although discouraging at first, in the end stimulated me. If my ears are spared me, I will disprove the assertion that no man can compile a history who is blind."

PRESCOTT'S MOTHER

From the Picture taken for Mr. Arthur Dexter and never before published



JUDGE PRESCOTT

From the Portrait by Gilbert Stuart

The interest of Prescott's work is undoubtedly much enhanced by a knowledge of the difficulties in his path. Admiration for the magnificent products of his genius is blended with admiration for the indomitable spirit of the man. In this brief tribute to Prescott's memory I can enter into no critical exposition of the distinctive features of his genius, nor have I space to even allude to much which is of value and interest in his life; but I wish to lay especial stress not only upon the winsomeness, the

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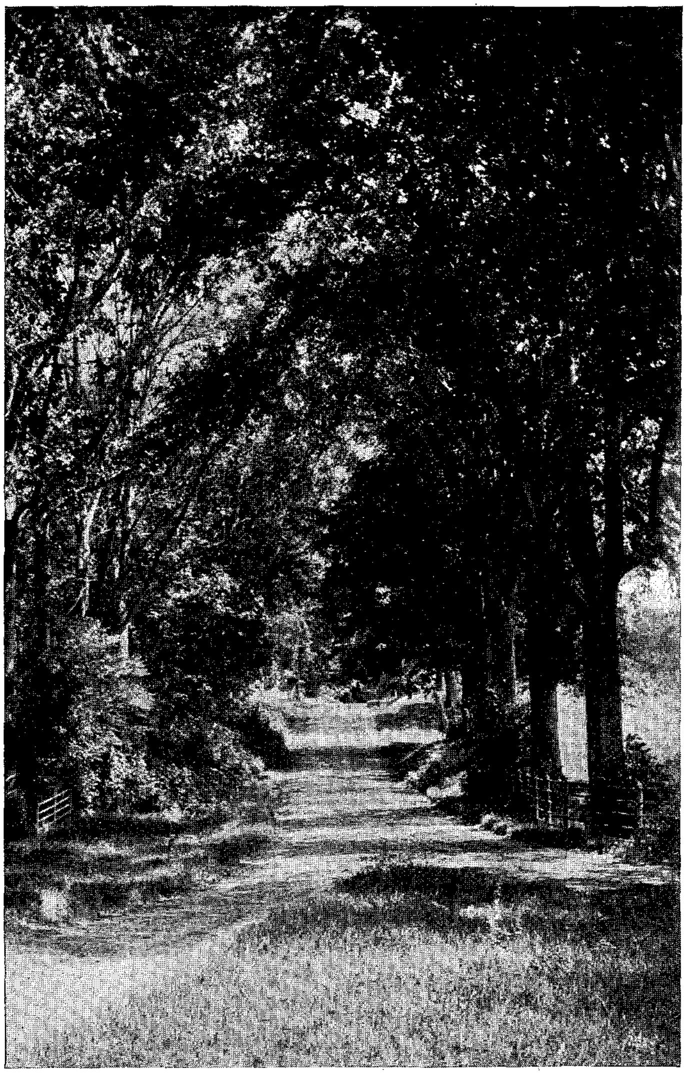
[1] For the illustrations to this article The Outlook is especially indebted to Mrs. Roger Wolcott and Mr. Arthur Dexter, of Boston, who have been most kind in lending to the author of the article many valued treasures. Of these the rarest have been selected—some never before published, and all comparatively unknown. There are many other portraits of Prescott, beautiful though not so rare. The drawings are done by kind permission of Miss Ticknor.



APPROACH TO THE ANCESTRAL HOUSE AT PEPPERELL

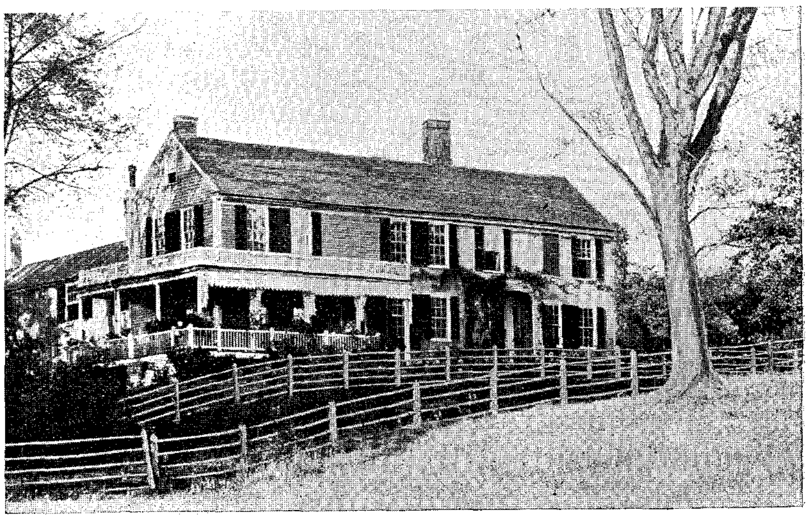
beauty of his character, but upon his victory over those difficulties which beset him on the very threshold of manhood. Prescott, in character and in achievement, belonged, indeed, to that race of great men of whom Hector Berlioz spoke—men who by their struggles and their pain purchase light and movement for humanity.

It is not alone as a faithful chronicler of events which were momentous in their influence upon civilization, it is not as the painstaking gleaner in a field hitherto untrod, that Prescott has won so great a fame. Accuracy, trustworthy statement, sanity of view, are of inestimable value in a historian; but if his work is to have perennial vitality, to be a source of delight as well as instruction, it must have charm. At the meeting of the Historical Society of Massachusetts held just after Prescott's death, Edward Everett applied to him the words of the Greek poet: "Greatly the Muse loved him, and she gave him both good and evil: she deprived him of his eyes, but she gave him the gift of sweet song."

Whatever may be the opinions of scholars in regard to certain aspects of Prescott's work, one thing is certain: his histories have this magnetic and indispensable quality of charm. If we attempt to analyze the secret of his peculiar fascination, we will find it to consist partly in the grace, the richness, the sonorous beauty of his language, and partly in his picturesque power. Prescott is a painter—he has that pictorial quality characteristic of the artist; and, possessing, in addition to this, the swift penetration, the vivifying imagination, characteristic of the poet, he makes the events of which he treats live before our entranced eyes. Where else do we read more vivid descriptions of battles, painting of scenery, of costume, of all the countless details which made up the pageantry of the romantic times of which he writes? Prescott has also a swift and usually unerring insight into character. He shows the depth of his research by his wonderful portraitures. No one without wide and careful study could so thoroughly enter into the very spirit of a man, in fact, know him as if he had been a daily companion, see his motives, his weaknesses, his bold, courageous virtues. If some students of Prescott are disposed to think he shows partisanship, that he too readily sees the excuses for some of the criminal excesses of his conquerors, we must attribute it to that habit of looking at events in the large and catholic spirit which takes into consideration the times in which these men lived, judges them more by the ideas prevalent in those times than by the more humane civilization of the nineteenth century. Prescott's portraitures are, as a rule, clean-cut, direct, vivid, admirably well drawn, the lights and shadows truthfully disposed.

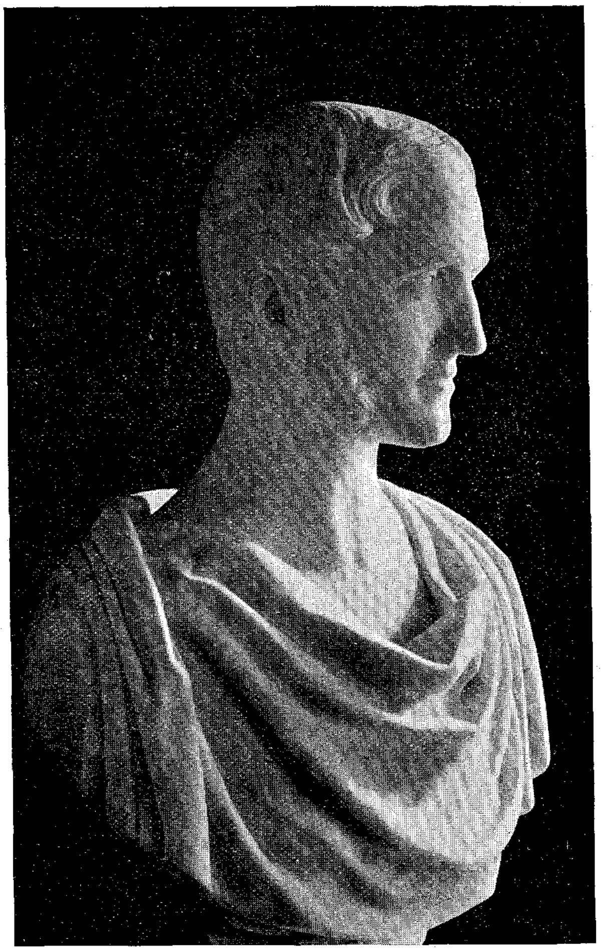
The genius of Prescott was, in fact, creative. It enabled him to mold into a homogeneous and harmonious whole many diverse elements—evolve a new world out of chaos. Thus we can see that not alone because of his charm did he prove that the Muse dearly loved him. And his charm is due not only to his brilliancy and felicity of style, his imaginative insight into the spirit of a far-off time, but to his unwavering enthusiasm. His histories live because he himself was all on fire with life and enthusiasm. It was this divine energy of genius which enabled him to undertake and bring to perfection plans of work which might daunt the spirit of any man, much more one who was hampered as he was.

The touching pathos of Prescott's life should not make us forget how really kind the gods were to him. Aside from the great misfortune of impaired sight—to a man of his tastes and ambitions perhaps the greatest which could befall—his life was happy. He was endowed with a hopeful, vivacious temperament. He was blessed with affectionate parents, and was rich in friends, who did all possible to help him in his privations. He never felt the stress of poverty, never felt the sting of dependence, the stern necessity to work for a mere livelihood. His ample means gave him the best medical advice, and every appliance for the relief of his suffering, for the furtherance of his work. Unlike many other toilers in the field of literature, he won recognition and appreciation by his first book. After that he had something to depend upon besides his own solitary enthusiasm. His home life was beautiful and serene; he had charm of manner, was rich in every personal attraction—in fact, he seemed to have everything but the blessing of sight! It is perhaps idle to speculate what Prescott's life would have been had this misfortune not overwhelmed him. His very joys and his advantages might have been to him a perilous temptation. A study of his childhood and early manhood, of his temperament, of his environment, go far to prove



HOUSE AT PEPPERELL, MASS., BUILT BY COLONEL PRESCOTT, THE HERO OF BUNKER HILL

Now in the possession of the Prescott family



THE BUST OF PRESCOTT BY GREENOUGH

that had this misfortune not overtaken him we might never have had these marvelous histories. He might have shone in society, been a brilliant man of the world, won distinction as a lawyer, written a few critical articles for the reviews; but would he have had the patience to devote himself to the strenuous and exacting study of history? As it was, the loss of his sight seemed to change the whole current of his intellectual energy; it brought out the inherent resources of his genius, gave direction and purpose to many vague tendencies.

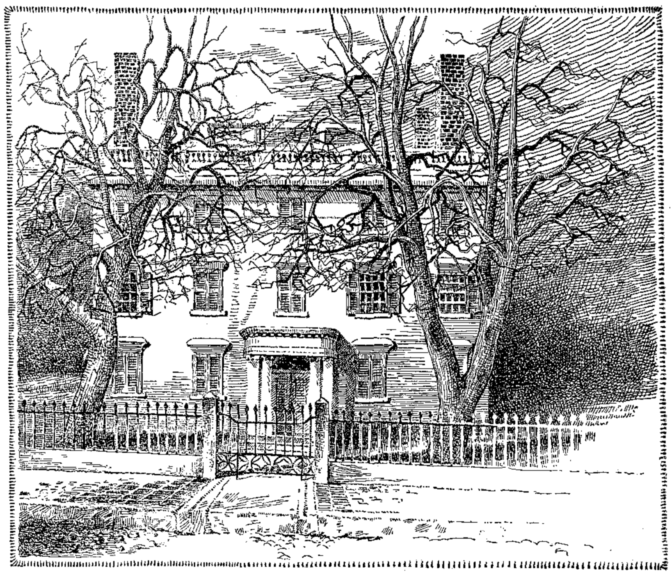
The Prescott family was of Puritan stock, and in his sterling virtue, his sensitiveness of conscience, his obedience to high ideals of duty, Prescott proved himself worthy of his lineage.[1] He was unusually happy in his parents; his father, Judge Prescott, was a man of wealth and of distinction in his profession, and was one of the most affectionate of men. His mother had energy and ability and a tender grace of character which endeared her to all. Resembling both his parents in some respects, Prescott gradually developed many traits for which no ancestry can be traced, and which were a manifestation of his own genius—a genius in which temperament formed as much a part as intellectual strength. The house in Salem where, on the 4th of May, 1796, Prescott first opened his eyes is no longer in existence, though an excellent sketch has been preserved.

The boy's childhood was a very happy one. One of his first teachers records that he was bright and merry, with an inquisitive mind, quick perceptions, and a good memory. He was a thoroughly human little fellow; loved play more than books, as every healthy child ought; and of the books he read he preferred those which appealed strongly to the imagination. Sincerity of character distinguished him from the very first; this, in spite of his capacity for friendship, proved often very inconvenient in his relations to other children. A few years more and this characteristic became one of his greatest charms.

In 1808 the Prescotts moved from Salem to Boston. A friend has paid many a tribute to the charm and beauty of their home life; he speaks of the frankness and sincerity of the father and mother, of the love they showed to their son, of his proud and happy position in the home, of how much he was trusted, and how well he bore the test.

At school William plunged into his studies with zest and appreciation; and he soon began to show decided taste for romances and tales of adventure. Nothing very unusual in this, for every bright boy has the same experience. Like many other boys also, Prescott loved in his amusements to represent battles, going over again in imagination the struggles before the walls of Troy, or, coming nearer home, enacting scenes in our Revolution. Had Prescott never become the vivid describer of battles, the writer of histories which are like romances, we might pay little attention to these early tastes; but they are significant in their prophecy of his future.

In 1811 Prescott entered Harvard. He matriculated with honor, though it is well to remember that in neither his school nor his college course did he show any tendency to study more than was required. It was in Prescott's junior year at college that the accident happened which was to change the aspect of the whole world to him, and serve as a cruel spur to drive him into a course of activity which was to tax every intellectual faculty. Turning one day to see the cause of a disturbance among some students at dinner, he received a blow from a large, hard piece of bread, thrown at random. It struck the open eye—a rare occurrence, for the lid usually closes at any approach of danger. But here "the missile, thrown with great force, struck the very disc of the eye itself." Prescott fell at once to the ground, and then was immediately taken home and placed in the care of a physician. The first symptoms were like those of concussion of the brain; then came complete physical prostration, and he had to remain in bed for a time. As the system recovered gradually from the shock, it was found that the sight of the eye was gone. It was a case of paralysis of the retina, and was, of course, incurable. After a few weeks he returned to college and cautiously resumed his work. There was a magnanimity, a noble simplicity in the character of Prescott, and he nowhere revealed it more admirably than in his relations to the young man to whose carelessness his misfortune was due. He never referred to him except in the kindest terms, never allowed others to blame him, and in later life rendered him a most substantial and unostentatious service. This is noteworthy, because the young



HOUSE IN SALEM WHERE PRESCOTT WAS BORN

Drawn by H. S. Howland, New York

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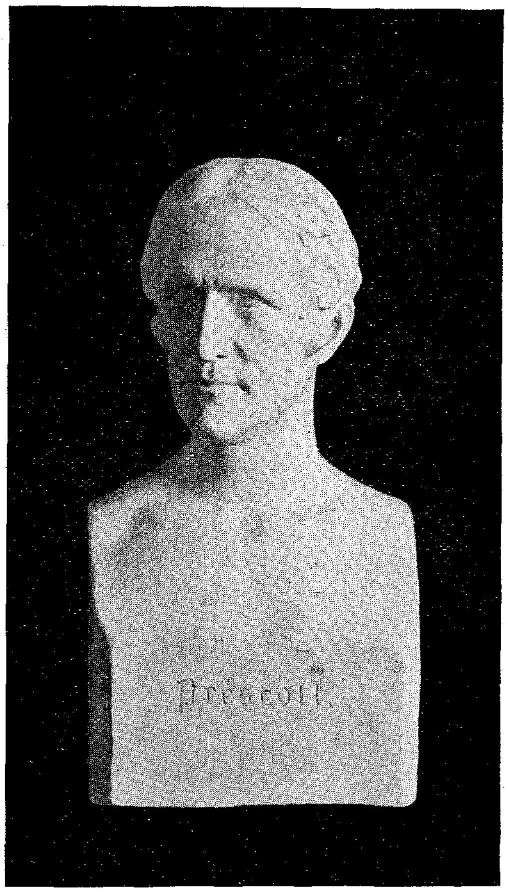
[1] Prescott's grandfather, Colonel Prescott, fought so bravely at Bunker Hill that Washington said he had rendered safe the liberties of the country.

The grandfather of Prescott's wife was Colonel Linzee, who at the time of the Battle of Bunker Hill commanded his Majesty's ship Falcon. The swords which had been worn by the American soldier and the British sailor on that memorable day came finally by inheritance into the possession of the historian. When Thackeray visited Prescott in 1852, he noticed these swords hung over one of the book-cases in the library, and when he wrote "The Virginians" he alluded to them in his opening chapter: "On the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America hang two crossed swords which his relatives wore in the great War of Independence. The one sword was gallantly drawn in the service of the King, the other was the weapon of a brave and honored Republican soldier. The possessor of the harmless trophy has earned for himself a name alike honored in his ancestor's country and in his own, where genius like his has always a peaceful welcome." George Ticknor spoke of this singular trophy, "if trophy that can be called which was won from no enemy, and which is a memento at once of a defeat that was full of glory, and of triumphs in the field of letters more brilliant than those in the fields of war." These swords were given after Prescott's death to the Historical Society of Massachusetts. "There, we trust, they may rest in peace so long as the two nations shall exist—trophies indeed of the past, but warnings for the future."



THE BUST OF PRESCOTT BY BALL

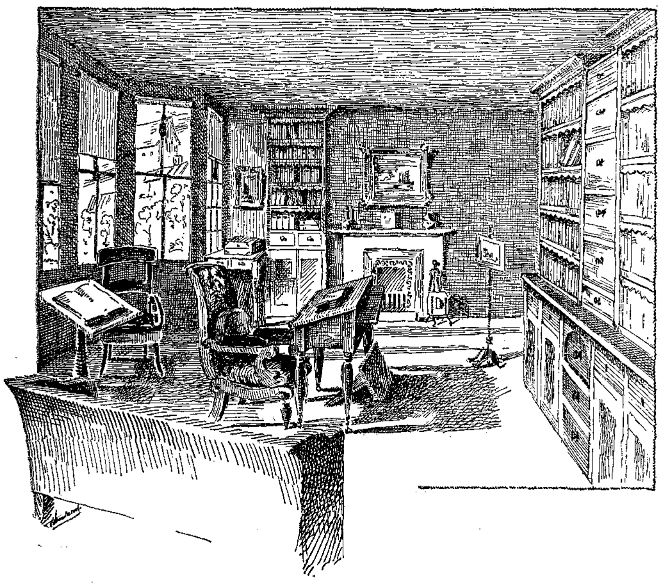
man himself never expressed regret for his act, nor sympathy with Prescott's suffering.

Prescott graduated with flying colors; and all his classmates were sorry to part with this vivacious, generous-hearted, winsome youth, and they showered upon him every mark of their esteem.

He became at once a law-student in his father's office, and he began his work with ardor and many bright hopes for the future. At the same time he kept up his classical studies. But in a few months the dark clouds began to obscure for him the brightness of the days. A malignant inflammation of his uninjured eye set in, and no remedy, however desperate or painful, seemed to relieve it. “ But nothing was able,” says Ticknor, “ to affect the natural flow of his spirits—neither pain, nor the sharp surgical remedies to which he was repeatedly subjected, nor the disheartening darkness in which he was kept, nor the gloomy vista that the future seemed to open before him. His equanimity and cheerfulness were invincible.” His mother, in speaking of his suffering and his seclusion, said then and often afterwards, “ I never, in a single instance, groped my way across the apartment to take my place at his side, that he did not salute me with some expression of good cheer—not a single instance—as if we were the patients, and his place were to comfort us.”

That Prescott bore with so much fortitude and equanimity the tedium of dark rooms, and the suffering which was soon to be almost his daily companion, was undoubtedly owing largely to this gift of the gods—a hopeful spirit. And yet it is well not to underestimate the effort which Prescott put forth. His patience was consciously exerted, in obedience to a high and noble ideal. Then, too, it was the result of his deep and tender love for others. His natural vivacity helped to tide over many a depressing hour and to cheer his solitude with many bright and happy thoughts; but we must not forget that such cheerfulness is apt to be severely taxed in the presence of constantly recurring disappointments and privations, and at last ceases to be spontaneous.

When somewhat better, Prescott went to spend the winter at the Azores with relatives; but the inconveniences of the voyage soon made his eye worse, and from November to February, 1815, he had to be in a dark room, “ six weeks of the time in such total darkness that the furniture could not be distinguished.” The history of these weary months is like that of all his subsequent life. The trouble seemed to be rheumatism of the eye, and any carelessness would usually bring on intense pain and inflammation. One of the few times in which he spoke of his privations was in 1847, when he was contemplating writing the history of Philip II.: “ Now that I have discharged Peru, I feel like an idle tar whose ship is laid up in ordinary. But time is a bitter drug, and I feel I shall soon be afloat again on board the good ship ‘Philip II.,’ though I am but a blind pilot, and have not half an eye to steer her with.” Then again, months after: “ Here I am with the richest collection that ever fell to a history-monger, scarce old books and manuscripts without end all lying around me, and, alas! without an eye to look at the title-pages. The physicians agree that if I would save it for the vulgar purposes of life, I must wholly abstain from using it in books.”



PRESCOTT'S STUDY IN BEDFORD STREET, BOSTON, WHERE “ FERDINAND AND ISABELLA ” WAS WRITTEN

Drawn by H. S. Howland

Prescott left the Azores in April, 1816, for London. A sojourn there for the sake of treatment from eminent physicians was not of much benefit. He had to be so careful that he saw little of the artistic treasures of the great city, but he made good use of his few chances of enjoyment. Paris gave him scarcely more opportunity, but in Italy his eye was stronger, and hence he was able to enjoy things as only a man of his temperament can enjoy. But a return at Paris of his old trouble made him hasten home. Here he found every comfort to help him; the colors of his walls and carpets made to suit his sensitive eye; a devoted friend who spent hours reading the classics with him; a loving sister who insisted upon spending the greater part of every day reading aloud poetry and history![1] Prescott was now twenty-two. He had been obliged to give up all his plans for the profession of law, and many letters testify how hard the struggle was. Prescott's marriage at the age of twenty-four was, however, a cause of great happiness. “ At the time of his marriage,” says Ticknor, “ my friend was one of the finest-looking men I have ever seen. He was tall, well formed, manly in his bearing, but gentle, with light-brown hair that was hardly changed or diminished by years, with a clear complexion and a ruddy flush on his cheek that kept for him to the last an appearance of comparative youth, but, above all, with a smile that was the most absolutely contagious I ever looked upon.” And Bancroft said Prescott's voice was like music, and one could never have enough of it.

It was shortly after his marriage that the indecision in regard to what he was going to make of his life changed to a deliberate purpose. His literary tastes, which had been deepening and strengthening ever since he left college, influenced him largely, but at first he had no definite plan as to writing history. He felt that the first thing was to gain a broad and varied culture. He therefore began a systematic course of study, at the very foundations of literature and of language. From English he went on to French, and then to Italian. That Prescott's faculty of literary criticism was well developed is shown by his brief analysis of Dante in one of his letters. In spite of its brevity, it is one of the best criticisms he ever wrote. He scores a good point when he says he wishes Dante had made more of the mind as a means of suffering, instead of dealing almost exclusively with physical horrors. Prescott entered heart and soul into Dante's sublime poem. "Every canto," he said, "blazes with a new and increased effulgence. The very reading it by another pained my poor eyes." As a trial of his powers Prescott now began the writing of some critical articles for the "North American Review;" the writing of these extended over a number of years. His estimates of Molière, Scott, Cervantes, show poetic sympathy, wise judgment, discriminating insight. We cannot say that his originality is striking, nor does he often show brilliancy of coloring. But he has none of the poisoned arrows with which critics often fill their quivers. He is calm and impartial, always genial, and most suggestive. Stirling thought that Prescott would have attained great eminence as a critic and essayist had he pursued that path of letters.

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[1] Since writing this about Prescott's sister, Mr. Arthur Dexter, her son, has sent me a quotation from an unpublished article of his own in relation to his mother. Of Prescott's sufferings, he says, “ a great deal has been said and printed. I have sometimes thought it would have done no harm to say a little more about his sister's affectionate care. I doubt if many beautiful young girls would make light of sacrificing almost all their time to nursing a brother.”

PRESCOTT AT WORK

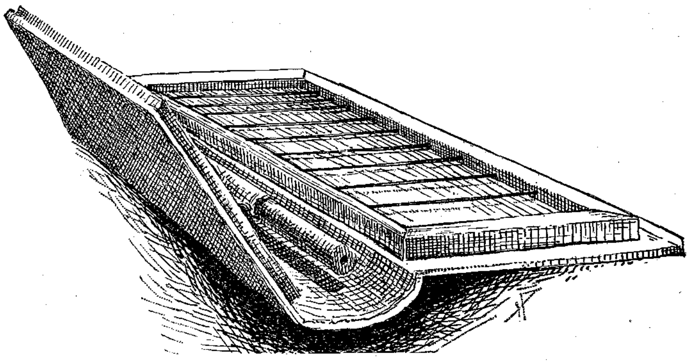
"The contraction of the brow," says one of his relatives, "shows his usual concentration of thought when writing."

It is always of interest to know to what particular influence is due a great man's decision to devote himself to that particular work in which ultimately he excels. Prescott listened with rapt attention to the reading of Mably's "Étude de l'Histoire." This, more than any other one book, tended to give the final direction to his already strong feeling for history. A half-indefinite plan of writing a history of Italian literature led him gradually to narrow his thoughts to that "untried ground," and, in his opinion, "a rich one," the age of Ferdinand. The plans for the study of his materials for "Ferdinand and Isabella" were stupendous, enough to test the courage of any student, much more one hampered as he was. During these studies he spoke of traveling at a very lame gait, and yet even he miscalculated his strength. It took twice as long as he anticipated to bring his labors to a brilliant close. At first it seemed utterly impossible to get a reader who understood Spanish. He therefore had a secretary who read volume after volume without knowing a word of the language, and the awkwardness and constraint can well be imagined. Later, however, his work progressed more happily. A sad bereavement in the winter of 1828 delayed his work. He lost the elder of his two children, a dear little daughter of four, to whom he had been devoted. Unlike many literary men, to whom their work is so important as to shut out from them some of the dearest and sweetest pleasures of life, Prescott had allowed this little child to come into the study and interrupt whatever work was going on there. Many years after, when Prescott was writing to a friend who had just suffered the loss of a child, he referred to his own unforgotten sorrow in simple but pathetic words.

With even tenderer words Prescott spoke of his father, when the loving tie of years was finally broken by death. He had the joy of keeping his mother with him to within five years of his own death. Seldom has there been a happier household than this of the Prescotts in their different homes, especially in the old ancestral house at Pepperell.

"Ferdinand and Isabella" was published in 1837. It met with instantaneous success. The reviews of the book were able and discriminating, and in every case most gratifying.

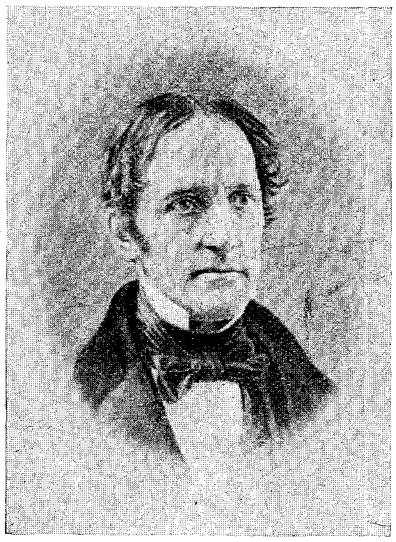
The history of the composition, the publication and public reception of "Ferdinand and Isabella" is very much like that of "The Conquest of Mexico," of "The Conquest of Peru," of the "Sketch of Charles V.," and of the unfinished "Philip II." The condition of Prescott's eye varied, so that he was enabled to use it sometimes more frequently, but towards the latter part of his life he had to give up even this moderate indulgence. He so cultivated his memory that he could compose sixty pages of printed text and hold it in his mind till he came to write it out on his noctograph. When, in writing "Philip II.," he found that he could remember perfectly only about forty pages, he felt discouraged at the failure of his memory! His style grew continually more flexible, freer, more sustained and beautiful. He never grew careless in his search for truth, never relaxed his vigilance, never made a statement without being sure that, as far as he was able to weigh evidence, that statement was right and just. What this devotion to a high ideal really meant can be understood only by remembering his natural temperament. There was no cant about William H. Prescott. He seldom spoke the word duty, but after he had decided on his literary course his whole life was molded according to the dictates of what he conceived to be the obligations imposed by his worldly advantages and the intellectual gifts bestowed upon him. He often worked when he did not want to; indeed, there was a constant struggle with a natural tendency to desultory pursuits—to, as it were, drift with the tide rather than stem the current. Prescott was a man of genius, for without that inspired and magnetic quality his



PRESCOTT'S NOCTOGRAPH

Now in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Drawn by H. S. Howland work could not have its perennial vitality, but his genius largely showed itself in what George Eliot called an infinite capacity for taking pains.

Prescott's home life during these busy years when he was working for this immortal fame was most beautiful and noteworthy. There was perfect concord and sympathy between him and his wife, between him and his father and mother, and all the others who made up this joyful household. Prescott's winsomeness of character endeared him to all his friends, while his social attractions, his vivacious conversation, made him much sought by the world. A man of wealth and of intellectual eminence who has a town house in Beacon Street, and a country house at Pepperell, and a house by the sea at Nahant or Lynn, is not apt to be neglected by the world! Prescott saw these things clearly; he took the good the gods provided with hearty thanks, but no success had power to spoil the lovely sincerity of his nature. He showed his friendship and his hospitality the most freely to those who lived obscure lives or to whom fortune had not been kind. His acts of charity were frequent, unostentatious, munificent; sometimes to perform them he gave up some of his cherished plans. Prescott's social instincts were strong, and therein lay one of his temptations. His infirmities and his literary purposes changed his life greatly, but he never allowed them to "shut him from his kind." He dined out frequently, he made many friendships with men of rank and literary eminence, he was the charming playmate of children, the boon companion of young men and maidens.



PRESCOTT

From an unpublished Portrait made towards the end of his life

A visit to England in 1850 was most congenial to one of his temperament. It was, says Ticknor, the most brilliant visit ever made to England by an American citizen not clothed with the prestige of official station. Prescott was the literary lion of the hour, fêted by men of letters, flattered by the nobility, made much of by the Queen and Prince Albert. The letters he wrote home show most delightfully his vivacity, his descriptive powers, and his keen zest of life.

As for Prescott's religion, it lay deep at the very root of his character. "To do well and act justly," he wrote once after he had been passing through some intellectual conflicts, "to fear and to love God, and to love our neighbor as ourselves—in these is the essence of religion. . . . For what we can believe we are not responsible, supposing we examine candidly and patiently. For what we do we shall indeed be accountable. The doctrines of the Saviour unfold the whole code of morals by which our conduct should be regulated. Who, then, whatever difficulties he may meet in particular incidents and opinions recorded in the Gospels, can hesitate to receive the great religious and moral truths inculcated by the Saviour as the words of inspiration? I cannot, certainly. On these, then, I will rest, and for all else

> "Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore."

The great Unfolder of mysteries came to Prescott suddenly and mercifully on the 28th of January, 1859. But it came as a blow to friends on two continents. Not only the friends who loved him, but the different societies of America and Europe which had distinguished him with their highest honors, the faculty and students of Harvard College, all who cherished Prescott's work even when they had never seen his face, bore their part in the common mourning. "There was no division of opinion. There was no dissentient, no hesitating voice on either side of the Atlantic. All sorrowfully felt that a great loss had been sustained, that a brilliant and beneficent light had been extinguished."

In an article like this no justice can be done to a man like Prescott. But I have purposely dwelt more upon his character than upon his work, because at this centennial time it seems as if our tributes should be paid more to what Prescott was than to what he did. His work is imperishable; but as the years pass we are perhaps too apt to lose sight of the man in his work, to forget in the splendor of the fame he has won the peculiar value of the message which his beautiful life has for us. That message could be summed up in Carlyle's significant words, "Work, and despair not." Prescott's spirit was indomitable. It gave him power over suffering, it made him the conqueror of his fate. He had that grace of genius which transmuted a lifelong misfortune into a bright and beautiful blessing.

Very truly yours,
Wm H. Prescott

PRESCOTT'S AUTOGRAPH

St. Michael the Weigher

By James Russell Lowell

Stood the tall Archangel weighing
All man's dreaming, doing, saying,
All the failure and the pain,
All the triumph and the gain,
In the unimagined years,
Full of hope, more full of tears,
Since old Adam's hopeless eyes
Backward searched for Paradise,
And, instead, the flame-blade saw
Of inexorable Law.

Waking, I beheld him there,
With his fire-gold, flickering hair,
In his blinding armor stand,
And the scales were in his hand.
Mighty were they, and full well
They could poise both heaven and hell.

"Angel," asked I humbly then,
"Weighest thou the souls of men?
That thine office is, I know."
"Nay," he answered me, "not so:
But I weigh the hope of man
Since the power of choice began,
In the world, of good or ill."
Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place
All the glories of our race,
Cups that lit Belshazzar's feast,
Gems, the lightning of the East,
Kublai's scepter, Cæsar's sword,
Many a poet's golden word,
Many a skill of science, vain
To make men as gods again.

In the other scale he threw
Things regardless, outcast, few,
Martyr-ash, arena sand,
Of St. Francis' cord a strand,
Beechen cups of men whose need
Fasted that the poor might feed,
Disillusions and despairs
Of young saints with grief-grayed hairs,
Broken hearts that broke for Man.

Marvel through my pulses ran
Seeing then the beam divine
Swiftly on the hand decline,
While Earth's splendor and renown
Mounted light as thistle-down. —*Selected.*

Bicycling for Women

The Puzzling Question of Costume

By R. L. Dickinson, M.D.

THERE are four critics before whom woman's dress must pass—fashion, fitness, health, and artistic beauty. The first is at odds with all the rest. As for art in personal adornment, it cannot be said to exist in a nation tolerating our masculine evening dress, or the deformed woman of our fashion journals. Yet the principle at the foundation of the dress question seems simple. Is it not—shaped clothes for work, draped dress for leisure? For muscle-play, freedom is the first requisite, whether in skating or in scrubbing a floor. It would seem that the principles said by Veblen to govern modern dress, conspicuous expensiveness, novelty, and ineptitude — waste and unfitness in order to prove wealth and leisure—need not apply at all to our subject. But they do, and we shall have to try to adapt them and to secure, notwithstanding, the greatest possible good from this fine exercise. The physician willingly studies details to understand any treatment. He is met with no problem that troubles him more than the prescription for outdoor exercise for woman; for her chances for physical development outside her household duties are limited to a degree that would be ridiculous if it were not pitiable. For instance, in the Greater New York there is no opportunity for a woman to swim in the cooler months except in a poor little tank of very cold water in the cellar of a Turkish bath. House habits, dress habits, and resignation have brought it about that the demand for body-building facilities is small. It is supposed to be sufficient exertion for the sister to wave her handkerchief from the grand stand. With growth comes weakness instead of strength. The physical director tells us that the girls of fourteen can jump one foot higher than the girls of eighteen. The gymnasium, with all its games, is voted dull; the bowling-alley means broken corset-bones under one-sided, sudden strain; dancing is done in a close atmosphere, in wrong dress, during sleep-hours; and horseback riding, especially at a trot or with the close seat, involves a certain jouncing within the snug corset that the tailor-made basque demands. Only the summer presents opportunities that attract, but most of these require much time, and the cost of long vacations. So we turn to wheeling.

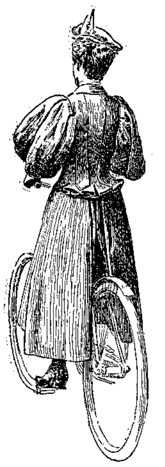


FIG. 1

Skirt smooth over hips; pleats front and back. Tam, with brim.

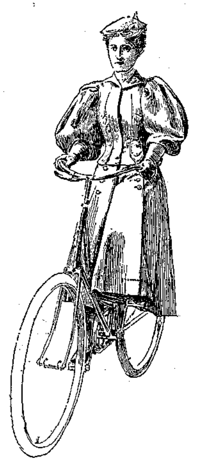


FIG. 2

The Silvia, with front flap half turned back and buttoned.

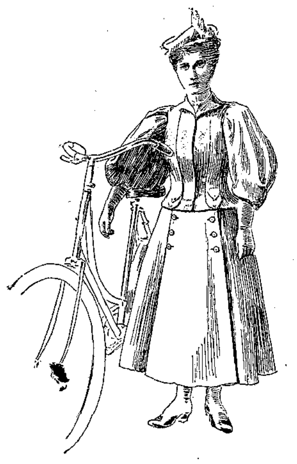


FIG. 3

The Silvia: divided skirt with front flap that can be folded back. A jacket loose in the front is better than the shaped form.

There are four types of bicycling costume for women—the full knickerbocker, resembling the regulation wheelman's suit; the fuller, longer bloomer; the short skirt with leggings; and the skirt to the top of the shoe.

The last is the one decreed by fashion. For the woman who is too thin, for the leisurely rider on level roads in fair weather, and for the woman shy of comment, it gives a suitable garb, together with that comfort which conformity brings. Its convenience at present is that the cyclist can step off her wheel into the shop or house and be clad as her uniformed sisters are.

Even though the skirts measure no more than two and one-half to three yards about the bottom, there is some danger of catching in the rear sprocket; there is always the discomfort of the knee that must tug to lift forward and upward one-half of the garment; and whether there is wind or not, there is with all skirts a certain flop or swing hardly pleasing to the eye. All these difficulties are overcome in some measure by the cut of the skirt falling in two equal pleats, box or folded, on each side of the rear wheel (Fig. 1), by the satin or silk knickerbocker underneath, or by a slippery lining, and by certain recent improvements in the hang of the skirt and the fit in front. Moreover, a broad band of leather or rows of stitching help to keep the skirt down, and lessen the chance of accident.

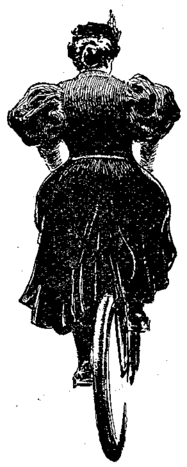


FIG. 4

The stout rider emphasizing her defects by wide sleeves and horizontal lines.

The skirt, the separate jacket, and the shirt-waist form the best combination for comfort. The body-covering that can be taken off on hot rides is hygienically desirable. Here the stout rider, who must shun the horizontal lines that emphasize breadth, and whose success in all costume lies in lines carrying the eye from shoulder to heel, encounters difficulty. For cooler weather it may be overcome by the princesse idea, with the long perpendiculars behind, where breadth most shows, and by a false jacket in front to conceal abdominal prominence (Fig. 5). With these riders it is especially important that no fullness of the skirt should be placed over the hips, but that it should lie in pleats front and rear. The low position of the waist-line of usual street dress has resulted in a figure that is disproportionally short from hip to heel, as shown by the impossible length of leg and skirt in every fashion-plate (Fig. 9). Now, if the skirt is curtailed, the result is a squareness of effect disastrous to the stout woman. The root of the difficulty is that nature ran no horizontal division across the body, and all our attempts to do it result in cutting the dress into parts that cannot be fitted together or designed alike. For the thin woman, however, the skirt stitching and the cross-line of a longish jacket make a broader appearance, and the baggy shoulders are allowable.

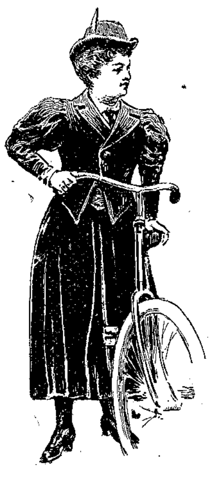


FIG. 5

The gown in one piece, with false jacket for stout woman.

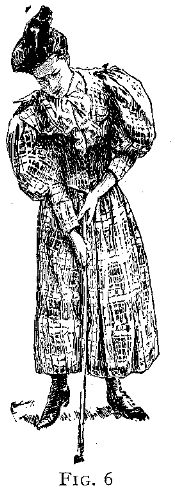


FIG. 6

The long bloomers.

(By permission of the "Metropolitan Magazine").

Many devices are pictured in the cycling columns of the papers and "The Wheelwoman" for changing the long into the short skirt, and for converting the skirt into bloomers by means of tapes or cords running through eyes. In some the lower edge of the skirt is gathered in at the bottom, and a front piece unbuttoned and removed. In others the center of the lower edge, front and back, may be drawn together. The latter practice, however, produces an undesirable bagginess.

The bloomer falling to the top of the calf, well hung, moderately full, with leggings or stockings below—is not this modest, well adapted to its use, and, to the right women, rightly designed, also becoming? Our standards will shift in that direction, it is safe to predict, and we shall see, as we have not often seen in the past, a happy adaptation of color and design, in this as in all other dress, to increase and set off the beauties of the wearer while masking her defects. It is simply out of artistic question that all women be arrayed after the same pattern or style. Indeed, the writer believes that with the right honor to the body that is sure to come with the lessening of prudery, the closer-fitting clothes for arduous work or play will find their natural place, and that at no distant day.

How long a time will pass before we shall laugh at the idea of baggy sleeves on the wheel? The Eton jacket is not ungraceful, but hardly as useful as the longer jacket fitted at the back but loose in front. Coat-tails falling below the saddle, on the other hand, blow in the wind.

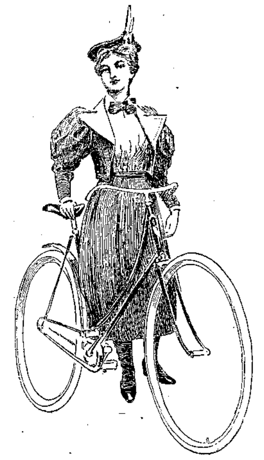


Fig. 7
Tam, Eton jacket, shirt-waist, and short skirt.

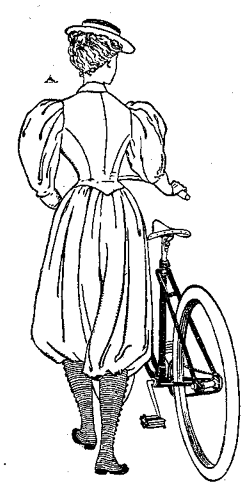


Fig. 8
Well-designed bloomers with ugly waist lines.

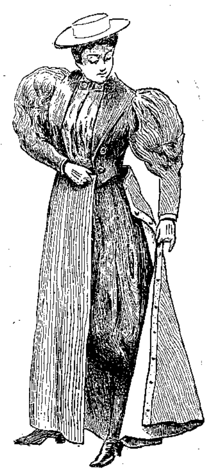


Fig. 9
A removable skirt.

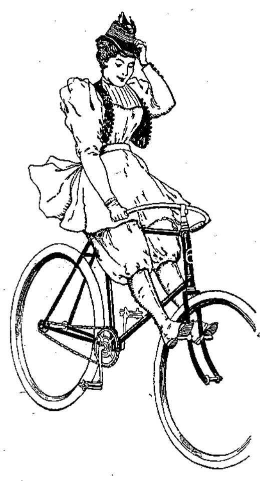


Fig. 10
Short skirt over bloomers flies up.

As for the head-covering, a doctor makes but one point. He speaks for protection for the eyes. The so-called "bicycle face" is mainly a sun-glare scowl. A variety of brims offer sufficient choice: the Alpine hat, the Tam O' Shanter with visor, or with soft, stitched brim all around like the "Beefeater's," or the plain "Tam;" the narrow-brimmed felt often seen with hunting costumes; and, if one dared to say it, the golf cap, and the forbidden yachting cap. Only the usual feminine street hat, compounded of nothing and feathers and flowers, is artistically and practically unsuitable. For sensible foot-coverings there is need of less and less pleading. The high shoe is warmest, and keeps out sand and wet, but its top makes an ugly line. The low shoe with a gaiter fits the need and looks well, and now one can buy high-reaching shoes with long cloth tops. The foot is our one deformed feature, and it claims room. Corns and blisters belong to wheeling as well as to walking.

You know what I am going to say about corsets? Doctors and artists tell the same old tiresome story? True enough. For in the end the glory and beauty of health will turn all doctors into artists, except for the sanitarians and surgeons, the preventers of disease and menders of accidents. Meanwhile, we who are told that our medicines (without fresh air) and our operations (with no regular muscle-training following) do not cure, are smiling to see the general adoption of a body-swaying exercise that will do more to break corset-bones than all our preaching. To wheel far one must breathe. One-fifth of the breathing capacity is done away with by the loose corset or health waist; the sweep of the diaphragm with each breath, that is wrongly said to belong only to men, is nearly stopped, with all the sluggish action and circulation that follows. Better clothing will develop in civilized women what all savages or animals of either sex practice, and that is like habits of respiration and muscular activity.

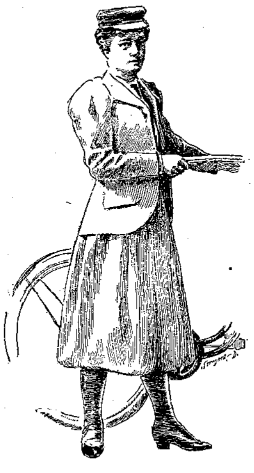


Fig. 11
Shorter bloomers.

Practically, the steps of the change are, when taken gradually, these: Loosened corset, waist-bands, and basque; health waist, union undergarments, and substitution of equestrian tights for the woolen petticoat; and, lastly, abolition of waist-bands except for light skirts, though leaving the hips a certain share of weight to carry, by the general princesse or Empire form for heavier dresses, or a gown-form for every heavy skirt, the dress lining being carried up into a skeleton basque, and the breasts being supported from above, not from below.

Abroad, both in England and on the Continent, the short corset is in general use. Redfern says he can persuade no woman to wear them in New York. It may be noted here that at a meeting of prominent specialists at the New York Academy of Medicine, in the discussion of bicycling for women by men who rode themselves, each speaker had words of strong commendation for this exercise, but each emphatically added his warning against riding in corsets and tight clothing.

My random sketches are chiefly from photographs. Therefore they look stocky beside the woman in "Life" and the "Bazar," whose figures are often drawn nine heads high (Figs. 8, 10) instead of six.

We must see ourselves as the camera sees us before we shall demand art in dress, and we must know ourselves as the trainer and physician know us if we care to grow vigorous, comely, and free from disease, defect, and deformity.

A New Philanthropy

By Frank A. Hutchins

The free traveling libraries which have grown to be very successful branches of the State libraries in the cities and villages of New York and Michigan are being developed in a somewhat new line in Dunn County, Wisconsin. Senator J. H. Stout, of Menominee, Wis., is now putting into operation a system of free traveling libraries intended to give each rural resident of the county something of the same library privileges which residents of the cities enjoy. He has purchased a library which will be subdivided into sixteen smaller libraries of thirty volumes each. Each small library will be put up in a strong, substantial case, with doors, shelves, lock and key, a library record, and, with all its equipments, will be ready to be set up anywhere and managed independently as a complete library.

To secure one of these libraries the people of any neighborhood in Dunn County have only to organize a local library association of responsible people, who will agree to care for the library and return it safely. Each association will pay a fee of $1, and Mr. Stout will bear the expense of transportation both ways. This fee may be paid by an individual, by a round-up of neighborhood nickels, by a society, or in any convenient way; but the books of the library are to be free to all individuals of the community who use them properly, whether they contribute or not. A library will remain in a neighborhood for four months, and will then be exchanged for another.

In putting the scheme into practical operation, Mr. Stout asked the counsel of the Wisconsin Free Library Commission, which sent the writer as its representative to Dunn County. He spent some time traveling about the country districts to find out whether the people were willing to do their part of the work, what books were most wanted, and what were most commonly found in the school and home libraries. He found everywhere an intense book-hunger and an eagerness for the libraries. Nearly all of the country schools have libraries, but the volumes are mainly for children and for reference in school work. Only a few volumes are added each year, so that the books have not the attraction of novelty. Adults rarely go to the schools, which are closed part of the year, and are not open on Saturday or available for library distribution during school hours. These school libraries have, however, sent out young men and women with a desire for good books which they cannot gratify. The canvass showed a general consensus of opinion that in isolated farming neighborhoods and in the smaller hamlets the post-offices would be the most convenient places for keeping the libraries, and the postmasters themselves were willing to accept the responsibilities without extra compensation. It is probable, therefore, that the most of the traveling libraries will be looked after by the postmasters.

In New York and Michigan the avowed purpose of the traveling libraries is to cultivate a taste for good reading that shall lead to the establishment of permanent libraries. Mr. Stout's main purpose is to go to communities so small that they cannot have large permanent libraries, and to give them access to the best books with the least possible cost. He is attempting an experiment which, if successful, will put the rural world into much closer relation with the outside world of thought and action, and solve a problem that has perplexed many philanthropists. Many permanent libraries have been bought for rural communities in New England and New York, but they have failed to hold the popular interest because so few new books are added from time to time.

The books for these libraries will be chosen mainly from those great volumes which the experience of all libraries shows are read with avidity by all classes of people. Something there will be for the occasional student, but the main purpose will be to cheer, amuse, uplift, and instruct the average man and woman whose waking hours are mainly given to work. The books of a sample library may show better than a general description the plan upon which these libraries will be made. They are as follows: "Ivanhoe," "John Halifax," "Twice-Told Tales," "Charles O'Malley," "Wreck of the Grosvenor," "Ramona," "A War-Time Wooing," "A Singular Life," "Old-Fashioned Girl," "The Jungle Book," "Cruise of the Ghost," "Little Jarvis," "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "A Flock of Girls," "My Arctic Journal," "Lost in the Jungle," "Mountains of California," Parkman's "La Salle," "Norway" (Story of the Nations), "Famous American Statesmen," Ball's "Starland," "First Principles of Agriculture," "Cyclopædia of Games and Sports," "Boston Cook Book," "Ivory King," "American Citizen," "Franklin Square Song Book No. 1," "College Songs," "St. Nicholas" (two bound parts).

While each library has only a few of the old-time favorites, and while many of the best children's books are omitted because they are found in nearly all the school libraries, it will readily be seen that a number of such libraries will include a very wide range of the best popular books on all subjects of general interest. The library which follows the idea of the one described will probably include a volume of Dickens, one upon an ancient statesman, and one upon hygiene or botany, and one, probably, upon some popular phase of social science.

Mr. Stout has also a plan for circulating magazines, which city readers have read through, among the country patrons of the traveling libraries. He thinks it possible to pick up enough comparatively new periodicals in his city to send out a good supply of the "Harper's," "Century," "Scribner's," "McClure's," "St. Nicholas," "Youth's Companion," and similar publications with each case. These and some other possibilities are only mentioned to show that much is hoped for from the new plan. Already three little hamlets in Dunn County are preparing to establish reading-rooms in connection with their new libraries.

The Broad View

By Lucy Elliot Keeler

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light.
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward look, the land is bright.

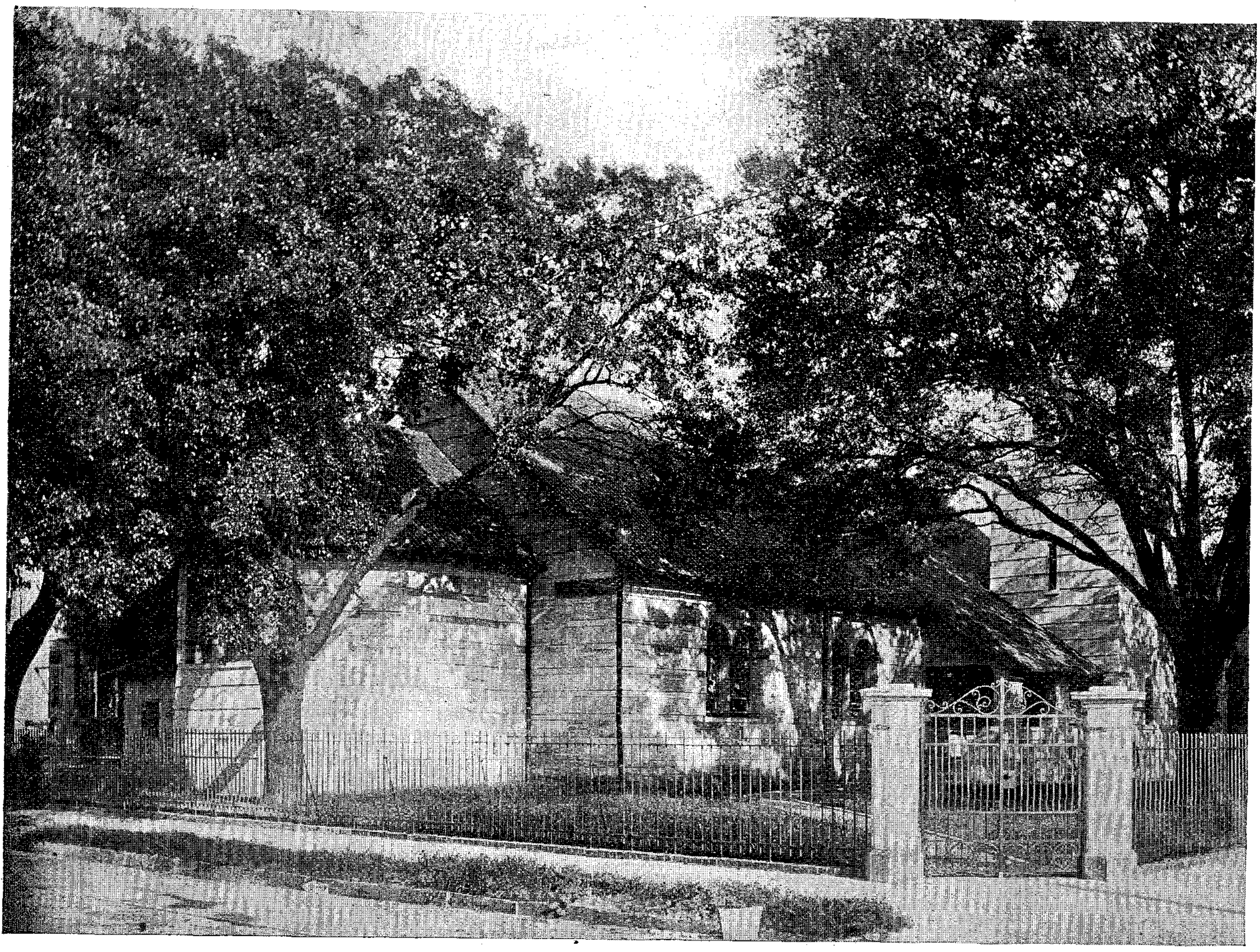
What does it mean, this something in Clough's lines which beyond rhythm and picture appeals to us? And to what does Carlyle refer when he talks fiercely of respectability with its thousand gigs? and Matthew Arnold when he asserts that the occupant of every gig is a Philistine? Is it not a warning to get out of the cramped narrowness of our daily lives? to open more than one outlook on life—else we shall catch but faint and tardy glimpses of the radiance that floods it?

When Honorius was told at Ravenna that Roma was lost, he gave signs of the deepest distress, believing that a pet bird of his called Roma was alluded to; and was greatly consoled on discovering that it was merely the capital of the world! "*Rien*," wrote Louis the Sixteenth, because it chanced that day there was no hunt; and while he wrote, Paris surged on to storm the Bastile. But emperors and kings are not solitary in their narrowness.

All of us know the woman who, after a journey to a distant city, comes back to tell us the minutest details of the room in which she was quartered, the situation of the bureau, the number of shelves in the closet; what she thought about the paper on the wall, and what her husband thought about it, and what her sister to whom she had written thought about it. If we ask concerning the music which we ourselves longed to hear, she is reminded that, returning from a certain concert, her husband slipped and fell, and she had to call a carriage, and how it took them to the wrong hotel, and the exact remarks which she made thereon to the driver; and then follows a list of remedies, the order of hot compresses and cold arnica, until you feel you could perform it all yourself backward and in the dark. If you ask about the university settlement work in which her friends were engaged, she is reminded of her own children, and recounts the number of garments she has made for them and the number of ruffles on each; and offers to send you their photographs and locks of their hair. She tells what carpets she is going to take up at the next house-cleaning, and makes you guess how long they have been down, and floods your brain with her petty concerns until you are irritated and exhausted and her presence becomes intolerable.

We may not all err along this line. Our especial window may not face the domestic side. It may be that philanthropy magnifies the importance of some Borrioboola Gha to the exclusion of our own development or the interests of those about us; it may be even books and self-improvement which narrow our vision to the little strip of sky which we think monopolizes the sunshine of life.

Broad views do not depend upon environment. Go where you will, have what you crave, you can never be anything but what you are. The great question for each of us is, What horizon shall I draw about my life? Because we do not shine in society shall we therefore avoid its softening and enlarging influences? Because we appreciate that we shall never be skilled pianists or painters, shall we therefore hesitate to study harmony and form? Because our acquaintances are uncultured, shall we therefore neglect the quickening atmosphere of books? Because our youth has flown, shall we fall behind the times we are in?



THE H. SOPHIE NEWCOMB MEMORIAL CHAPEL

The Higher Life of New Orleans[1]

By Grace King

THE life of New Orleans for the past thirty years has been, in brief, first a struggle for existence, then a struggle for reform. The ten years following the close of the Civil War were consumed in what was felt by both political parties to be a life-and-death contest for the possession of the State Government. The installation of Francis T. Nicholls as Governor of Louisiana, in 1877, put an end to the revolutionary period of the State's post-bellum history, and opened the way to its financial rehabilitation, to the payment and not repudiation of the debt contracted by its carpetbag government. New Orleans rebounded at once from its tense defensive position into the wholesome activity of its normal commercial pursuits. In 1879 the construction of the jetties guaranteed its future as one of the great ports of the country. In 1882 Paul Tulane, by his endowment of a university in the city, assured its future as an educational and civilizing center. Since then the chronicle of the city's reform is practically the chronicle of its natural growth, its progress through the apparently inevitable obstacles of local conditions and, broadly speaking, human nature, away from the old, worn-out standards of the past, to those necessary for the higher and more complicated requirements of the present.

A glance at the census will assist us in clearly defining both the advantages and disadvantages of New Orleans in its civic evolution, in comparison with other cities. It has not been swamped by foreign immigration. By 1890 the population had crept up only to 242,000. Taking it by vote, however, we find this significant distribution of the working force of the city (in round numbers): Native whites, 29,000; foreign-born whites, 15,000; negroes, 15,000. These are the human elements which practically determine the height of life in New Orleans.

From whatever point of view one regards the city, Tulane University forces itself upon the eye and the

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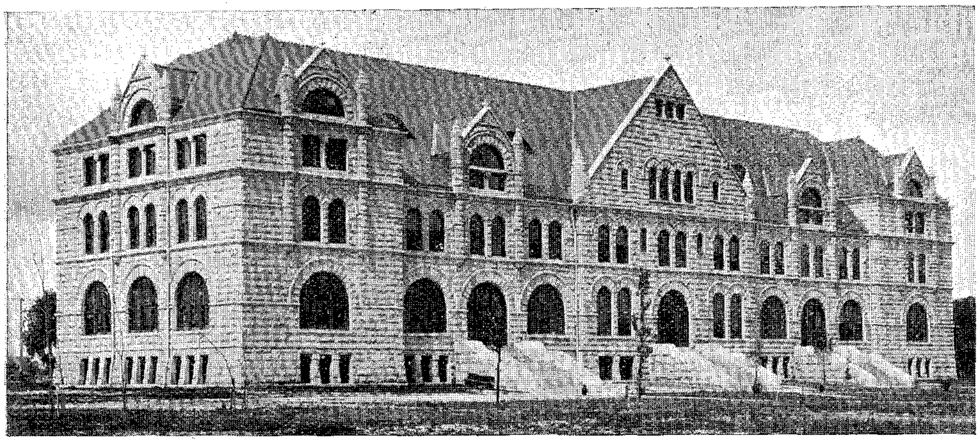
[1] Previous articles in this series have been: "The Higher Life of American Cities" (introductory), by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt (The Outlook for December 21, 1895); "The Higher Life of New York City," by Albert Shaw (The Outlook for January 25, 1896); "The Higher Life of Chicago," by Melville E. Stone (*The Outlook* for February 22), and "The Higher Life of Boston," by Edward Everett Hale (The Outlook for March 28). Other articles will be on Philadelphia, by Mr. Talcott Williams; on St. Louis, by the Rev. John Snyder; and on Buffalo, by the Rev. William Burnet Wright, D.D.

Francis T. Nicholls
Ex-Governor of Louisiana. Chief Justice Supreme Court of Louisiana

James Dillard
Dean College of Arts and Sciences Tulane University

Brandt V. B. Dixon
President H. Sophie Newcomb College

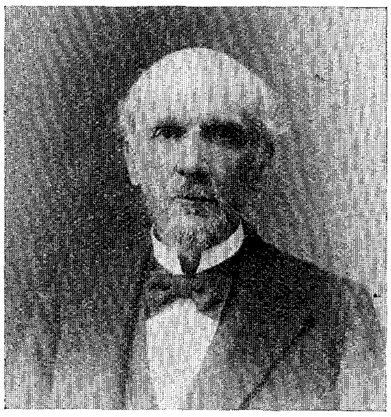
Rev. B. M. Palmer
Pastor First Presbyterian Church



ARTS AND SCIENCE BUILDING, TULANE UNIVERSITY

mind with all the realism and with all the symbolism of a pharos. Its endowment of one million and fifty thousand dollars came from Paul Tulane, a retired merchant of the city, but its foundation is that of the old University of Louisiana, whose School of Medicine dates from 1834, and its Law School from 1847. So quietly has the new University taken its place in the social and civil life of the community, so imperceptible has been the growth of its influence, that there seems as yet but a vague realization of its directing hold upon the city.

Within the decade, therefore, since the University began its active work in the community, the whole framework of intellectual expression in society (or in societies) has received a new and healthy impetus. Scientific, literary, and art circles have sprung into being where before existed only desultory efforts, or, more accurately speaking, longings; old, neglected libraries have been rehabilitated and started on a fresh career of usefulness, new ones have been created; extension lectures have been given, free drawing classes maintained. Four years ago there was no free reading-room for workingmen in the city; now there are four. The old State Historical Society, roused from a seven years' slumber, has gone to work again, with Professor Fortier as President, and Professor Ficklen (of History and Economics) as Secretary. Professor Fortier had already organized a local Folk-Lore Society. Professor Dillard is the President of a Lyceum Lecture Association. The University's free post-graduate courses in English and Latin for teachers, directed by Dr. Sharp and Professor Dillard, have led to the formation of English and Latin Clubs and given the inspiration to other associations among the teachers for self-improvement. And there are besides, stringing out indefinitely all over society, innumerable amateur groups; small classes for specific reading and study; while in the very center of the beau-monde two large literary clubs have taken root and are flourishing. The mere summary of this extra-mural work suggests what must be the personnel of the University. To hasten over details, the selection of Colonel William Preston Johnston as its first President has furnished an endowment of precedent and example to the University as genuine as that given in money by Paul Tulane. That he should be the first President of an institution so charged with the care of the future, not only of a State, but of a vast section of the country, fits into the converging essentials of time and place with that nice adjustment which human fallibility is glad to accept as providential. And, as it has already passed into the consciousness of Tulane students, and become with them a point of honorable pride, that not one cent in the dowry of their Alma Mater has to be apologized for or explained into good morals by the too prevalent end-justifies-the-means argument, so do they feel that an exceptional privilege has been accorded her in starting her presidential lineage with one to whom even in this day can be applied, with all the force and sincerity of original meaning, the old device: *Sans peur et sans reproche.* Clearly foreseeing the difficulties of organizing the institution demanded within safe limits of its endowment, and determined that lack of wealth should stimulate effort rather than militate against usefulness and prestige, President Johnston, following the example of the Great Napoleon, has chosen his marshals from men in the freshness of youthful vigor and close to the enthusiasms and inspirations of their day. There are few, if any, of his professorial corps who, after ten years of work under him, have passed the meridian of life. These men have brought to the service of the University an amount of volunteer force and warmth which youth only can give, and which money cannot buy. It needs not to be said that the University is progressive in its actions, and perfectly untrammeled in its thought and expression. The academic work has been organized into two colleges—Arts and Sciences and Technology. The former, as has been seen, has widened its scope until it has practically taken in the whole city as a mission field. The College of Technology, which covers all departments of engineering, represents fifteen years of steady devotion by its dean, Dr. Ayers. Recognizing that the great need of the South was the training at home of young men along lines that would fit them to develop the latent possibilities of their section of the country, his aim has been to frame an engineering college on the most approved modern lines, but with features of plan and detail especially suited to the industrial conditions and prospects of the South. The success of the college has more than justified his perspicacity and rewarded his labors. Its graduates are filling important positions, not only in the city and State, but throughout the whole country.



COLONEL WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON
President Tulane University

MOST REV. FATHER JANSSENS
Archbishop of Louisiana (R.C.)

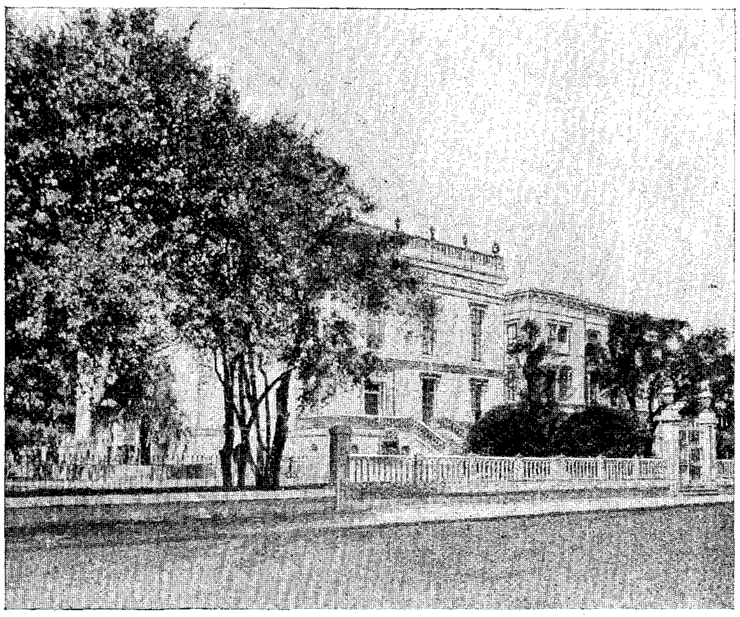
The most popular recognition of Tulane's services comes from hearty appreciation of the great change it has wrought in students' life outside the class-room; in the impetus it has given to open-air sports and athletic exercises as means of recreation. The wholesomeness of this change to general life can be appreciated fully only by those whose experience covers a time when the semi-tropical climate of the city was held sufficient warranty for a semi-languorous state of inactivity even in the young.

The H. Sophie Newcomb College for the higher education of women was founded by Mrs. Josephine Louise Newcomb, as a memorial to her daughter, in 1886, and made a department of Tulane University—a signal and important event in the history of the city.

The location is a happy one, a square in the beautiful garden district; where the college buildings are grouped fraternally with the majestic old oaks, whose wide-spreading, moss-hung branches shade the walks and courts. The contiguous Art Building and Chapel form one of the most picturesque corners in the American portion of the city—that in which architecture and nature more often disagree than harmonize.

Pursuing the same mission as its suzerain Tulane, the Newcomb has been the means of reforming and reorganizing the whole system of female education in New Orleans. The task of remolding the old ingredients of education into the new form, and of leading the requirements of the past up to the standard of the present in a community petrified with feminine conservatism, was one that exacted rare tact, judgment, and skill, and a marvelous amount of patience. This task was confided by the Tulane administrators to Dr. Brandt V. B. Dixon. The Newcomb as it stands to-day, complete in its organization, flushed with life and inspiration, is practically his creation—his answer to the call made upon him, and the result of nine years of concentrated effort towards his ideal.

Graduates from the Newcomb are admitted to the university courses of study in Tulane on the same conditions as young men graduating from the College of Arts and Sciences or Technology. The development of the art department has furnished one of the most gratifying successes of the College, and one of the best, if not the best, testimonials to the correctness of Dr. Dixon's estimate of the latent capabilities of his material. The response he has evoked from the art instinct of women, hitherto limited to music for expression, has been spontaneous and genuine. The conversion of this response into an art movement, free, strong, natural, and painstaking, is due to the genius and single-hearted devotion to art of the professor of drawing and painting, and the director of art instruction of the college, Ellsworth Woodward. In exigencies (as such circumstances in education might be called) where so much depends on the union of individual force and personal character with superior scientific qualifications, it is easier to be prolix than succinct, when the man and the exigency meet, as in this instance. In addition to the usual four years' normal course and special post-graduate classes, a course in ceramic art has been provided, with complete instruction in pottery manufacture and ornamentation. Newcomb has revolutionized the student life of the girls, as Tulane has done with the boys. The old conventional rules and regulations hitherto prevailing have been forced to yield to a generous freedom for both mind and body. Physical training and open-air recreation are now provided by every girls' school in the city.


H. SOPHIE NEWCOMB MEMORIAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

In the chronicle of the city's benefactors, three other women follow close after Mrs. Newcomb in good work for the advancement and betterment of their fellow-citizens. The medical department of Tulane now occupies a handsome building, erected and furnished by Mrs. Ida A. Richardson as a memorial of her late husband, for many years Dean of the Medical Department.

The Howard Memorial Library, an invaluable benefaction to scholar and student, is the gift of Miss Annie Howard to the city, and the noble tribute of a daughter to the memory of her father. Limited by its foundation to a reference library, and as such seeking its development in the acquiring of the complete bibliography of Louisiana, there seemed a danger of a serious narrowing of its original philanthropic ideal. An ideal, however, is hard to bind. A surplus library has accumulated around the reference library, formed from its natural pruning and weeding out. These books, numbering many thousands, are being portioned out in small collections, which it is proposed to loan *en bloc* to the country towns, to be enjoyed by them as circulating libraries.

Mrs. J. L. Harris maintains a free kindergarten in one of the poorest and most populous districts of the city—the first institution of its kind in the city, and as such the parent of a zealous progeny of women's missions among women, children, and factory-girls (the latter a comparatively new class and an increasing one, and one which is obtruding itself more and more on the serious consideration of the community). The Christian Woman's Exchange stands at the head of the unendowed philanthropic associations in the city. It was organized in 1881, to aid the large number of gentlewomen in the community who, by the Civil War, had been deprived not only of means of support, but of their protectors as well. The local situation and circumstances called for working methods somewhat different from those adopted by the first Woman's Exchange of New York. The adoption of these methods, their slow and tactful adjustment, and the consequent fair and safe progress of the Exchange, through all obstacles, to success, is attributed to the steadfast resolution and brilliant executive ability of its President, Mrs. Robert M. Walmsley. At present the Exchange owns its building, a valuable piece of property, and owes not a cent of debt. Besides its regular exchange business, it maintains an art embroidery department, which awards annually a gold medal for decora-

Justice E. D. White
Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court
A Leader in the Anti-Lottery Movement

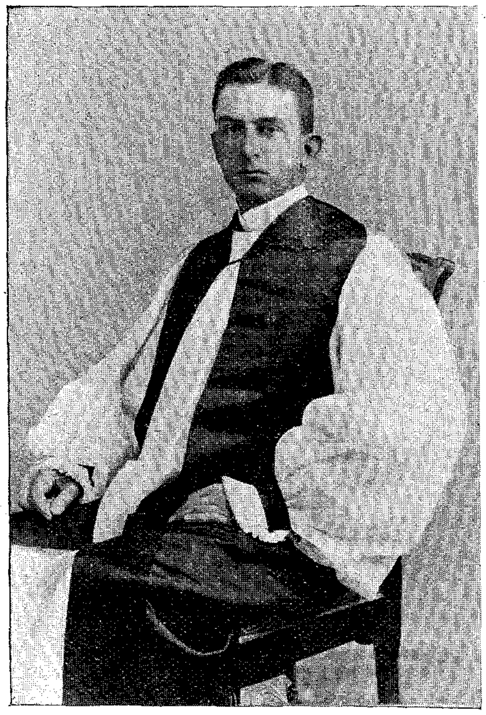
Hon. Murphy J. Foster
Governor of Louisiana

Jefferson Bloom
House Surgeon, Charity Hospital

Alcée Fortier
President Louisiana State Historical Society

Stanford E. Chaillé
Dean of the Medical Department
Tulane University

Brown Ayres, B.Sc., Ph.D.
Dean of College of Technology
Tulane University



THE RT. REV. DAVIS SESSUMS
Bishop of Louisiana

tive designs, competed for by local artists; and carries, as a necessary adjunct, a restaurant and lunch-room (with reduced rates for shop-girls and workingwomen), and a lodging department for single ladies. During the first thirteen years of its existence it has paid to gentlewomen, for their work, over two hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars. The Woman's Club, with its strong membership and steadily growing influence in all directions for the advancement of women and the civil and social betterment of their condition as wage-earners, stands shoulder to shoulder with the Christian Woman's Exchange. The "Business Woman's Exchange," W. C. T. U. restaurants and lunch-rooms, and those charitable congeners, the "Hospital for Incurables," "Home for the Homeless," Sophie C. Hart "Day and Night Nursery," the "Memorial Home," a rescue mission, are but a few, and the easiest enumerated, of an infinitely ramifying series of civic responsibilities—duties they may well be called—which women have undertaken in New Orleans within the last decade.

In any such enumeration by a native of the city, pains is always taken to recall the fact that the first statue to a woman in the United States was erected in New Orleans to Margaret Haughery, the humble laundress, milkwoman, and baker, who, although she could not read or write, made fortune enough to build and sustain orphan asylums during her lifetime, and to leave at her death legacies to every asylum in the city, Catholic and Protestant, white and black, alike.

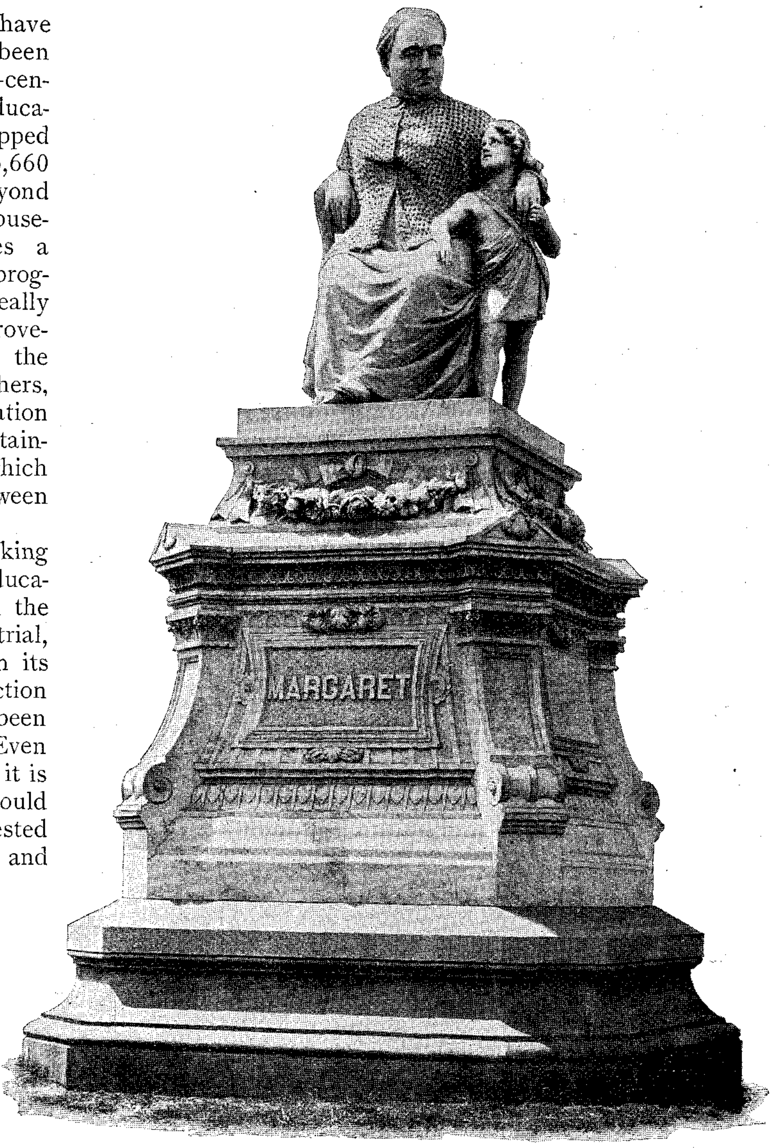
The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children furnishes a striking illustration of the irresistible manner in which a vitally needful charity makes itself known and forces its way into an efficient position. It was not until five years ago that the Rev. Alfred E. Clay, of the Methodist Church, in his ministrations among the poor, was brought face to face with a growing phase of unspeakable misery and evil in the community: the utterly unprotected and unpoliced condition of child life among the lawless and vicious poor. He had but to publish in the daily papers one or two of the cases personally known to him; a society well provided with funds immediately sprang to his assistance; the requisite investment of legal authority was obtained from the Legislature, and from the city full police co-operation and assistance. A Waifs' Home was established, and, to quote the sequel from the fourth and last annual report, the number of children rescued, protected, and otherwise cared for during the Society's existence is 8,879. A "Fresh-Air Outing," inaugurated last summer, gave 340 children an excursion to the seacoast, near Biloxi; and arrangements are now being made to erect on the land given the Society in this locality a number of cottages sufficient to lodge "outing" children during the summer, and to serve as a sanitarium for sickly children and mothers during the winter. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals antedates the former society by several years. In New Orleans, as in other new fields, it has had to struggle—almost to affront persecution, at first for popular toleration of its merciful mission, and then for popular encouragement in carrying it out. Thanks to a small band of indomitable members, the Society has at last conquered its territory, planted its flag, obtained from State and city full and unreserved powers of action, has enrolled in the city alone over a thousand children in Bands of Mercy, and is working its way into a permanent place in the budget of every humane person's necessary expenditures.

Rev. A. Gordon Bakewell
Rector of Trinity Chapel. A Worker among the Poor

M. Ernest Kruttshmitt
Chairman Anti-Lottery League
President of Board of Directors of City Schools

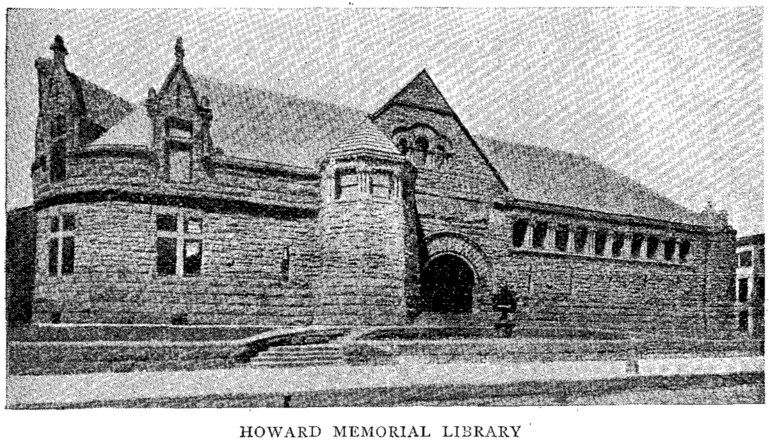
COLONEL WILLIAM G. VINCENT
President Anti-Lottery League

One of the best uses of adversity in the city (and it has had many good uses) has been its equipping the public schools with a class of teachers such as perhaps no other city in the Union possesses. The turning of the best blood in the city to the best use of good blood—teaching the children of the people—is the primary reason that the periodical reports of the public schools of New Orleans, in comparison with those of other large cities, read more like the hopeful theories of superintendents than their sober realities. Over these providentially sent teachers, as they may be termed, is a School Board whose organization may reasonably be considered the best in the United States. Practically withdrawn from politics since 1888, and thus assured of continuity as well as continuance of system, the directors, through their able and zealous Superintendent, the Hon. Warren Easton, have been enabled to push steadily forward, advancing the grade, until the curriculum offered has at last reached the old standard of 1860, the standard that was then cited with pride as the best in the United States—an achievement ranked locally with that of State bonds attaining a standard above par. Kindergartens have been established in the elementary departments of all but a few districts, which are in process of being supplied. Music has been added in all the schools (French has always been required in all high schools). Numerous scholarships open free Newcomb College and University courses to graduates from the high schools. The constant increase of attendance has more than taxed the accommodation. Indeed, in the bankrupt condition of the public-school fund, brought on by the carpetbag government of the State, the free education of its children would have seemed a hopeless effort for the city had it not been for the remnants saved of the legacy left a half-century ago by the philanthropist McDonogh for the education of the poor. This has built, bought, and equipped thirty handsome school-houses, whose capacity of 16,660 represents annually just so many children who, beyond peradventure, would otherwise have been school-houseless. Within these bare and hurried outlines lies a world of patriotic activity and zealous devotion to progress and reform—or progress with reform, as it really is: the various teachers' associations for mutual improvement or literary exercises and for assistance or relief; the annual courses of pedagogy from distinguished teachers, and lectures; and that most inspiring work, the formation of public-school libraries, purchased entirely by entertainments and enterprises of teachers and scholars (which exemplifies the thorough *entente cordiale* existing between them).


STATUE OF MARGARET

The great problem of the city's health has been working its way towards solution in a parallel line with the educational and industrial problems—starting always from the nominal zero which represents the educational, industrial, and hygienic condition of the city thirty years ago. In its organization the Board of Health shares the distinction claimed for the School Board. It also has practically been withdrawn from partisan or spoils politics since 1888. Even in this era of political pessimism, if not skepticism, it is hard to conceive how a humanly organized board could have performed more faithfully patriotic and disinterested service, or accomplished a more steadily progressive and reforming administration of its official functions. Of its two departments, the Quarantine and the Sanitary, the former, through the vital necessity of circumstances, was forced into a predominance over the latter. Although the wisdom of this predominance has never been questioned in the past, there is a growing restlessness and impatience among the citizens to have the sanitation of their city brought up to the same standard of efficient completeness which the Quarantine Department has finally attained. The biennial reports of the Presidents of the Board of Health, covering the history of the quarantine service of Louisiana, give in detail the slow steps of experimentation and trial by which the theory of quarantine against zymotic diseases fought its way through an obstinate and, as it now seems, criminal opposition into that practical application by which yellow fever is no more expected now in a New Orleans than in a New York summer.

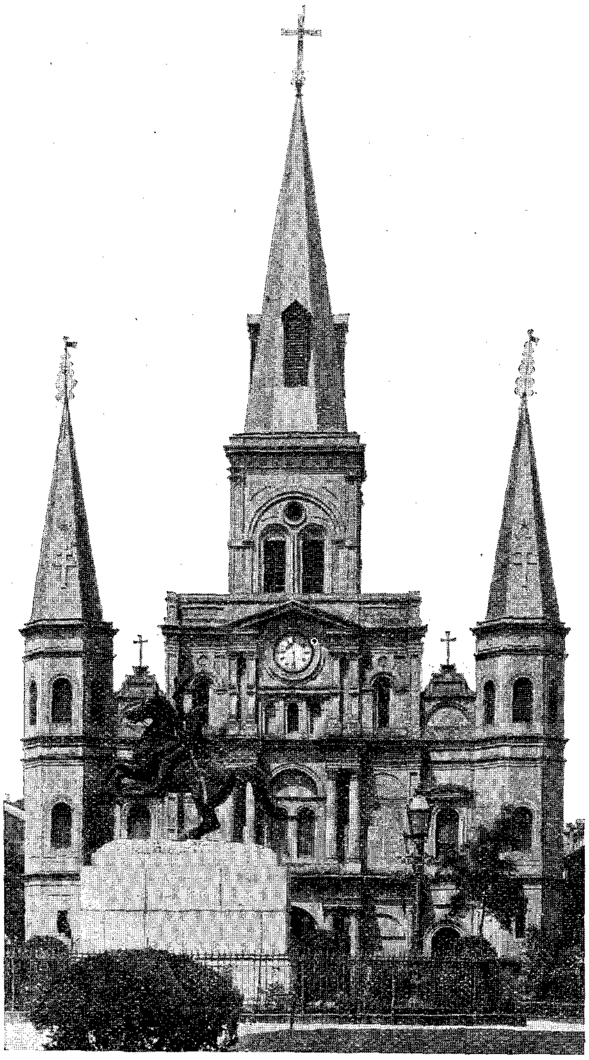
The Louisiana quarantine apparatus and methods of disinfection, perfected under the present President of the Board of Health, Dr. Samuel R. Oliphant, have been adopted generally by all the ports of the Gulf and Southern Atlantic coasts, and the value of this efficient quarantine service to the whole country is incalculable. The moral effect of certain safety against foreign contagious diseases has been as marked as the industrial activity that has resulted from it. And, furthermore, the prompt application of efficient disinfection at infected points inland has put an end to those panics and the barbarities of impromptu quarantine which were as demoralizing to a people as the epidemics were. The steady reduction of the death list, and its comparatively insignificant proportion in comparison with the old ante-bellum mortuary reports, has had the effect of throwing the citizens into the most optimistic sense of security in the city's general superiority of healthiness over other cities in the country. This delusion, as it undoubtedly is, presents one of the most serious obstacles which the Board of Health meets, even in the limited and (for want of means) restricted work of its sanitary department. The upper classes tolerate, at best, with indifferent carelessness the prying and domestic interference of health officials; while police reinforcement is needed for the elementary precautionary measures of house, water, milk, food inspection, vaccination, disinfection of premises, removal or isolation of contagious cases in the overcrowded negro and low white (generally Italian) districts—always the centers and distributing points of moral and physical disease in the community.


HOWARD MEMORIAL LIBRARY

There is a vast and discouraging difference between the State and city officials in regard to the health problem. Visitors are so unanimous in pronouncing New Orleans the dirtiest and most foul-smelling city in the Union that it seems surprising that the city administrators should not be a little shaken in their determined conviction of the contrary. Not that there has not been some attempt to adopt the standard of order and cleanliness which civilization has imposed upon cities of far lesser degree elsewhere; there has been more than one such attempt, but it was always the spasmodic effort of a slatternly housewife under the lashing of an irate husband's tongue, promising herself the while the consolation of a reaction into viler laziness than before. A city is no more incurably slovenly than a woman; at least husbands and citizens are not easily brought to

WOMEN'S WARD, CHARITY HOSPITAL

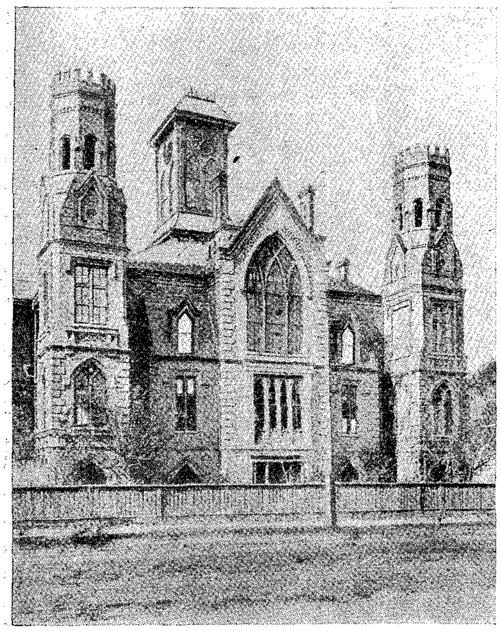
believe so. But it must seem at times a desperately despairing undertaking in either husbands or citizens to force a superior standard of decency and cleanliness upon natures (be they in wives or city fathers) in obstinate and obtuse revolt against it. The citizens of New Orleans, year in and year out, seesaw between the heights of desperation and depths of humiliation over the condition of their streets, and here, as elsewhere, a demand for the ordinary cleanliness of life necessary to the comfort of people above the civilization of Hottentots is made a political issue. During the past four years, however, there has been made a record of improvements unsurpassed in any similar period since the war. Miles of streets have been paved—but they are still bordered by reeking gutters of stagnant water; and the elevation of streets and sidewalks in certain localities has condemned others to an amphibious and semi-overflowed condition. A system for the removal of garbage has been adopted, but for want of sufficient police it has not been enforced upon the districts most needing it; a few blocks back from the main thoroughfares one would suppose a system for the non-removal of garbage had been let out by contract. The police force has never in the history of the city received more earnest attention; footpads, however, infest not only every suburb, but the fashionable streets of the garden district, waylaying ladies and children; and the inefficiency of the police in the last labor strikes, as is known, disgraced the city throughout the whole country. There will be opened shortly in the city a Free City Library—the wise consolidation of two small libraries, the Fisk and the McDonogh. Handsomely housed, generously equipped, and to be administered in the widest and most cordial spirit of solicitude for the public good, it must undoubtedly throughout the future of the city evoke the gratitude of all good citizens. Yet grog-shops have so multiplied that, unless counteracting measures can be taken, in that same future of the city a hundred men, and perhaps women, will be found taking a drink, to one taking a book out of the library. Electric cars have been substituted for mule cars, and in architecture there has not been, since the flush days of the fifties, so many notable additions to the number of handsome buildings in the city; and there is every prospect of obtaining (since the jetties) that crowning industrial benefaction to the city as a port, free wharfage.



JACKSON MONUMENT AND ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL

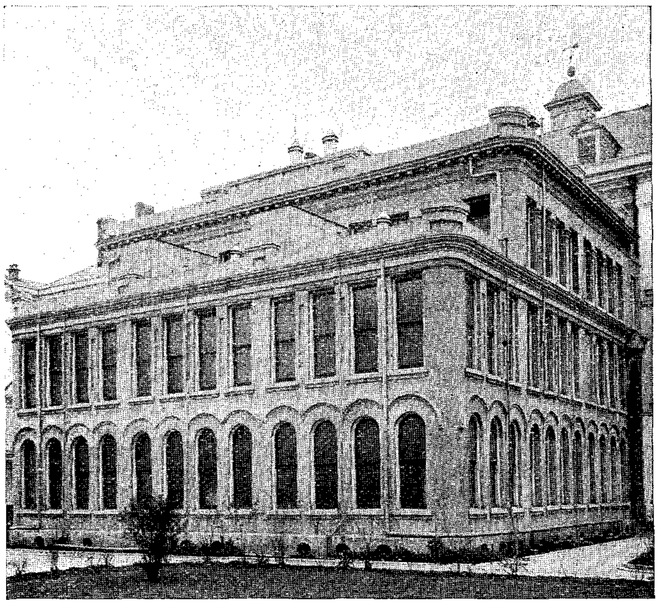
That the city has not suffered more from its official neglect, if not utter defiance, of the laws of civic hygiene is due not only to its practically all the year round open-air climate, but to its admirable hospital system, and, first and foremost, to its Charity Hospital. Charitable in the broadest sense of the term, it receives and cares for, without distinction, white and black, foreign and native born. Over twenty thousand patients a year receive treatment in it. Like that of the School Board and Board of Health, the administration of the Charity Hospital is a branch of the public service of which the people of the State speak only with proud satisfaction. The Hebrew Charity Hospital, the Tours Infirmary, which treats over sixteen thousand a year, admirable also in its organization and administration, has been an able assistant in relieving the city in the care of its sick.

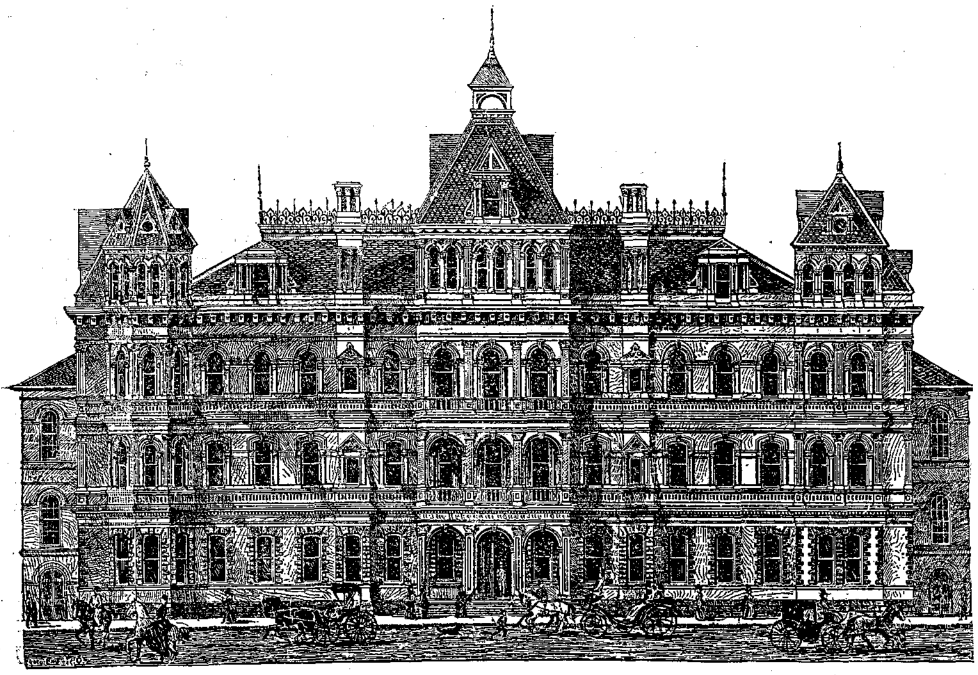
As we have seen in this hurried summary, the history of New Orleans during the past thirty years has been the history of a healthy convalescence, the natural recovery of a strong constitution after a painful and dangerous accident. The recovery, as we see it now, was so evident; the progress in every department, industrial, educational, and charitable, so unmistakable, and the city so filled with recuperative energy, that it seems incomprehensible that the ability of the State and city to provide for and maintain their institutions could have been seriously doubted by any considerable number of its population. Nevertheless, it was only four years ago that a powerful faction was formed in State politics in favor of an amendment to the Constitution whereby a recharter of twenty-five years should be given to the Louisiana State Lottery in consideration of the sum of one million dollars annually to be expended on levees, schools, charities, pensions, and drainage. The episode of the struggle of the Lottery party to bring this amendment to the vote of the people is one of the curiosities of the political history of the United States. The resistance of the Anti-Lottery party against readopting the ethical standard of the negro and carpetbag Legislature which incorporated a lottery company into the body of the State, and regiving it the State's name, was heroic. From the vantage-point of after-knowledge one can see that the issue, like all great moral issues, had been silently enlisting its partisans years in advance. When an impassioned divine in the Methodist Church, with language and emotion not to be withstood, preached against the recharter of the Louisiana Lottery Company by the approaching Legislative Assembly, the congregation blazed like tinder under a spark. The sermon was printed and circulated widely. In the city its effect was that of an alarum. A few citizens met together in private and determined to form an Anti-Lottery League. Colonel William G. Vincent, an old soldier and unimpeachable citizen, was chosen President. From the original five members the League grew until it spread all over the State, and counted in its ranks every prominent divine and educator in city and State. The official notice that the amendment was to be proposed was followed by Governor Nicholls's public pledge that he would veto it. Then the campaign opened—if an uninterrupted hand-to-hand struggle can be called a campaign. Each detail of it seemed momentous. The vulgar estimation of the forces was that the Lottery had the power of money, its opponents the power of morality; and it must be frankly confessed that there was very little doubt in the majority of the minds of the citizens—the plain, practical business minds, as they were called—which power would, under these circumstances, gain the victory.

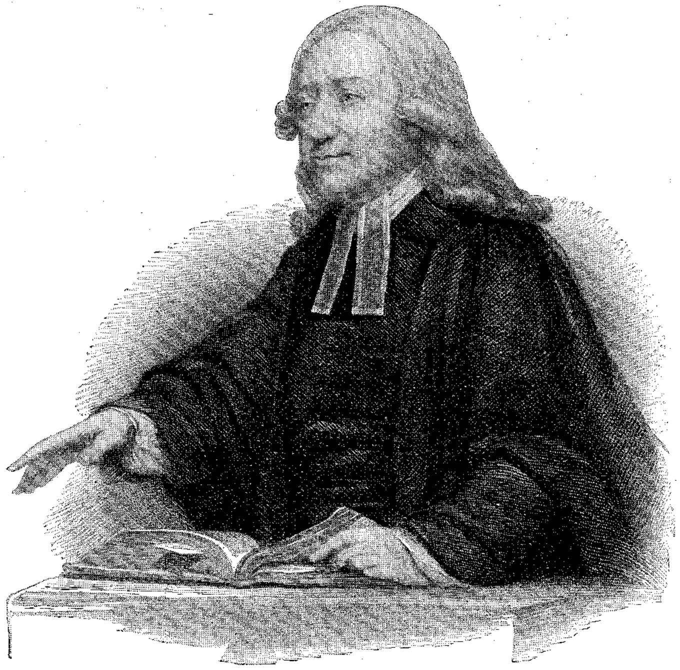

M'DONOGH SCHOOL NO. 14

The Legislature met. The amendment was passed. Governor Nicholls returned it with a ringing veto. The struggle to pass the bill over the veto commenced. The President of the Lottery Company, domiciling himself in Baton Rouge, personally marshaled his forces and directed his campaign. Over against him was Governor Nicholls in the Executive Mansion, and the young Senator from St. Mary, Murphy J. Foster, whose brilliant display of leadership and indomitable courage and integrity made him conspicuous as a fitting successor to Nicholls in the gubernatorial chair. The country press, with only one or two exceptions, was unanimously in favor of the Lottery. In the city not a sheet could be obtained for the Anti-Lottery side. In order to have one organ of communication in the city, and from it to the outside world, a small paper, the "New Delta," was established by private subscription. The vicissitudes of this little privateer journal form one of the most interesting episodes in the great struggle. Twice the requisite last one vote was gained, but before it could be used it was lost—death interposing once, once sudden and no less fearful illness. To sustain the courage of their little phalanx in the Capitol, the Anti-Lottery League crowded meetings upon meetings, taxing themselves over and over again to fill depleted coffers. Judge Edward D. White (now of the United States Supreme Court) made a series of speeches unsurpassable in eloquent denunciation of the proposed scheme. The venerable and beloved Dr. Benjamin M. Palmer, before an august assembly in the Grand Opera-House, gave the most memorable address of the campaign (perhaps the most memorable of his life). Bishop Sessums addressed a similar assembly shortly afterwards. Archbishop Janssens from the first threw the whole force of his personal and official influence against the Lottery.

A Woman's Anti-Lottery League was one of the notable features of the little revolution, and with the women such a cause could not but be a religious, perhaps fanatical, crusade. Their contributions of money were a timely relief to the always struggling but plucky "New Delta." The career of the question of the rechartering of the Louisiana State Lottery through the Union outside of Louisiana, its appearance in Congress, in journals, in magazines, in conclave and debate, in pastoral letters, the famous interposition of Cardinal Gibbons, form another and not less interesting chapter in the history. The dramatic withdrawal of the proposition of recharter terminated the Lottery's official connection with Louisiana, and put an end to its vast traffic in New Orleans. Lottery shops were closed, drawings (grand, golden, annual, semi-annual, monthly, weekly, daily), with their picturesque advertisements and alluring promises of fortune, passed out of the existence of the place; and, for the first time in twenty-five years, the passing eye looked in vain for the white-chalk figures which gave the lucky numbers of to-day and the fluttering blue paper tickets which held the lucky numbers of the morrow. Life in New Orleans had risen above it.


A. B. MILES AMPHITHEATER, CHARITY HOSPITAL


JEWISH ORPHANS' HOME



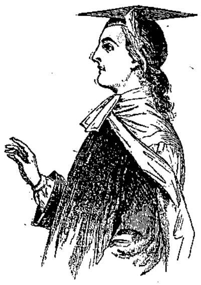
JOHN WESLEY

John Wesley[1]

Prophets of the Christian Faith Series—VII.[2]

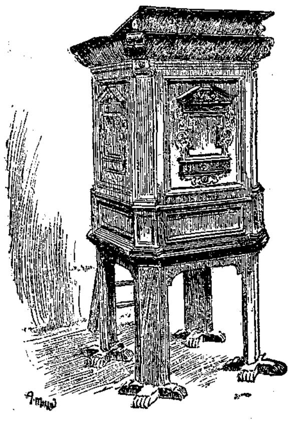
By the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D.

Dean of Canterbury

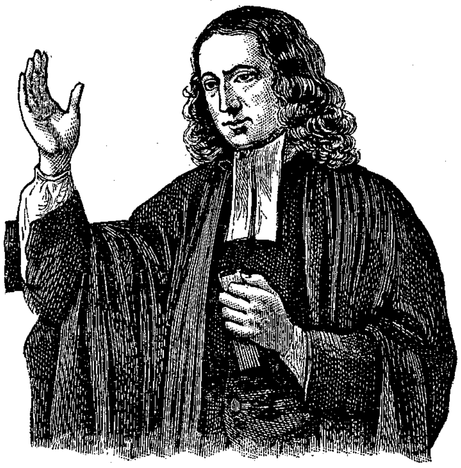


JOHN WESLEY AT THE AGE OF 23

It has often happened that the most memorable revolutions or reawakenments in the moral and spiritual world have been achieved by men who were not remarkable either for learning or for genius. St. Francis of Assisi awoke the Church of the thirteenth century from its gorgeous dreams of dominion and luxury, and has eternized his name on the bright lists of sainthood; but the humble brown figure of the poor illiterate wanderer looks absolutely insignificant beside the purpureal stateliness of Pope Innocent III. There was something almost bourgeois in the plain homeliness of St. Vincent de Paul, yet in founding his sisterhoods of mercy he inaugurated the chief movements of social philanthropy. Thomas Clarkson and John Howard were simple country squires, with no remarkable endowments of any kind except the genius of goodness and the sensibility of compassion, yet the one ended the slave trade and emancipated the slave, and the other—traversing Europe, as Edmund Burke said, "to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt"—purified the prisons of the Christian world from their enormous abuses and dehumanized loathliness. There were many noblemen of the last generation who towered over the late Earl of Shaftesbury in the splendor of their attainments and their oratory, yet none of them, not one of the Archbishops, Bishops, and great ecclesiastics of his day, effected one tithe of his mighty work of beneficence for the poor women of the mines and collieries, for the factory children, for the little "climbing boys," for the waifs and strays and gutter-children of London, for the costermongers, for maltreated lunatics, and for hosts of the oppressed. To this order of men, though he was superior to them in learning, belonged John Wesley. He found a Church forgetful and neglectful of its duties, somnolent in the plethora of riches, and either unmindful or unwisely mindful of the poor. He found churches empty, dirty, neglected, crumbling into hideous disrepair; he found the work of the ministry performed in a manner scandalously perfunctory; he found in the ranks of the priesthood more than enow



WESLEY PULPIT AT OXFORD



JOHN WESLEY

(1765) From the Painting by Hone

> " of such as, for their bellies' sake,
> Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold.
> . . . .
> And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
> Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
> The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
> But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
> Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
> Besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw,
> Daily devours apace, and nothing said.

Doubtless in his day, as in Milton's, it might have been said,

> But that two-handed engine at the door
> Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

But John Wesley, becoming magnetic with moral sincerity, flashed into myriads of hearts fat as brawn, cold as ice, hard as the nether millstone, the burning spark of his own intense convictions, and thus he saved the Church, which at first had nothing for him but sneers, hatred, and persecution. Wesley never was an enemy to the Church of England. He loved the Church which hated him. He included her name in his daily "grace before meat." He died in her full communion. He would have said, as sincerely as Edmund Burke, "I wish to see the Church of England great and powerful; I wish to see her foundation laid low and deep; I would have her open wide her hospitable gates by a liberal comprehension; I would have her a common blessing to the world, an example, if not an instructor, to those who have not the happiness to belong to her; I would have her give a lesson of peace to mankind, that a vexed and wandering generation may be taught to seek refuge and toleration in the bosom of her maternal charity." And he distinctly saved the Church of England from the Nemesis of just retribution, which but for him would sooner or later have overwhelmed her in indiscriminate collapse, and might not improbably have buried under her heaps of ruin all that was best in the great heritage of English religion. He set her the example of indefatigable activity, of immense and ungrudging self-sacrifice, of that true beauty of holiness which shines in the life of every Christian who "makes his moral being his prime care," and gives the actual, not the merely nominal, sovereignty to the beliefs which he professes to regard as supreme. He saved the Church of England, though at first she so angrily and contemptuously rejected him, and, just as from the mouth of Socrates issued forth

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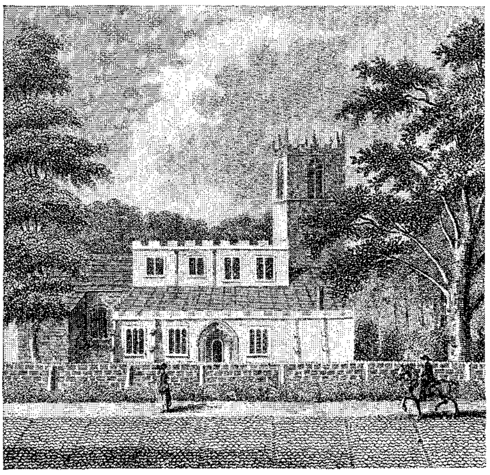
[1] Previous articles in this series have been: "What is a Prophet?" by Lyman Abbott (The Outlook for December 14, 1895); "The Apostle Paul," by the Rev. George Matheson, D.D. (December 21, 1895); "Clement of Alexandria," by the Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D. (January 4, 1896); "St. Augustine," by the Rev. A. C. McGiffert, D.D. (February 8); "Wycliffe," by Dean Fremantle (March 14); and "Martin Luther," by Adolf Harnack (March 28). Following articles in the series will be by Principal Fairbairn, the Rev. A. V. G. Allen, D.D., and the Rev. T. T. Munger, D.D.

[2] The illustrations in this article are reproduced by permission of the Methodist Library, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

> Mellifluous streams which watered all the schools
> Of Academics old and new, with those
> Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
> Epicurean, and the Stoic severe,

so, from the impulse which Wesley gave, originated almost every form of special religious enthusiasm since his day. Thus he became one of the most disinterested of those benefactors of mankind who "have raised strong arms to bring heaven a little nearer to our earth."



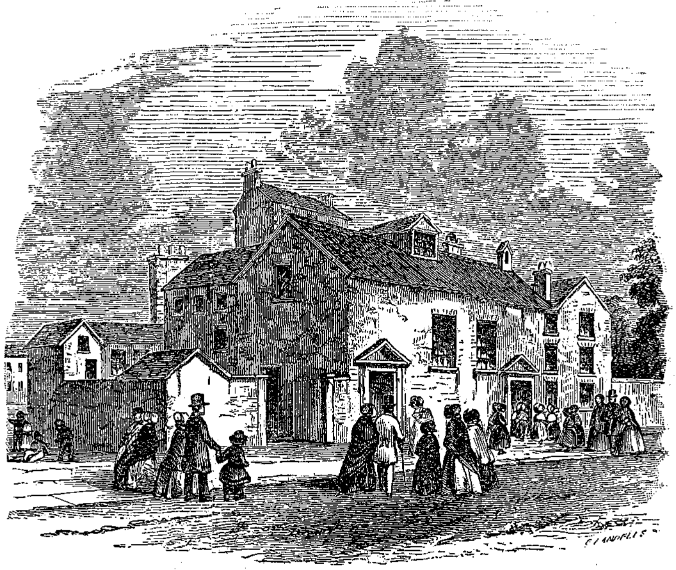
EPWORTH CHURCH

One great virtue in his character was that sovereign religious tolerance which is so infinitely rare amid the divergences of religious shibboleths. In the first century the heathen said, "See how these Christians love one another;" but, long before the third century, the *odium theologicum* had culminated in those execrable forms of religious virulence which, if "love" be indeed the fulfilling of the law, are the very antithesis of the Christlike spirit, at which all *profess* to aim who take Christ for an ensample that they should walk in his steps. It is a splendid testimony to Wesley's moral insight and spiritual greatness that "no reformer the world has ever seen so united faithfulness to the essential doctrines of Revelation with charity towards men of every Church and creed." This spirit of John Wesley has been found, theoretically at least, only in the best and greatest Christians.

Bishop Sanderson pointed out to some of the narrowest of the post-Reformation sectaries that "the Church was not to be confined to the narrow pingle of a room in Amsterdam." William Penn uttered the great sentiment, so dear to the heart of Abraham Lincoln, that the meek, the just, the pious, the devout, are everywhere of one religion, and that when death hath taken off these masks they will know and love one another. The devout Dominican Henri Feyrrane saw, as Lacordaire also saw, that the worst possible policy is "to make the gate of the Church bristle with anathemas, as with razors and pitchforks." But too many nominal Christians have forgotten that all these words and actions tend to reduce the Church to the same deplorable chaos of mutual hatreds and fierce disdain which Christ found among the Pharisees and Sadducees of Jerusalem, when he chose the hated and heretical Samaritan as his exemplary type of the goodness which loved its neighbor.

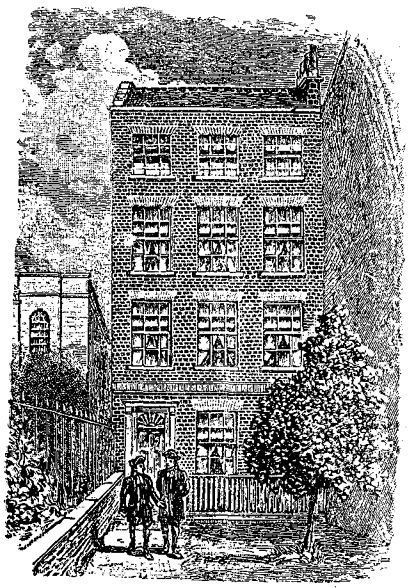
I dwell on this high virtue of Wesley because it is so exceptional, and because it was never more needed than in these days. Writing in advanced age to the Bishop of Lincoln, he said: "Alas! my Lord, is this a time to persecute any man for conscience' sake? I beseech you do as you would be done to. You are a man of sense; you are a man of learning; nay, I verily believe (what is of infinitely more value) you are a man of piety. Then think and let think." Again, how wise are the remarks in the preface to his Sermons: "Some may say I have mistaken the way myself, though I have undertaken to teach others. It is very possible that I have. But I trust, whereinsoever I have been mistaken, my mind is open to conviction. I sincerely desire to be better informed. What I know not, teach thou me. '*Da mihi scire,*' as says St. Augustine, '*quod sciendum est.*' If I linger in the path I have been accustomed to tread, . . . take me by the hand and lead me. . . . But be not discouraged if I ask you not to beat me down in order to quicken my pace. May I request you further not to give me hard names in order to bring me into the right way? . . . For God's sake, if it be possible, let us not provoke one another to wrath. Let us not kindle in each other this fire of hell. If we could discern truth by that dreadful light, would it not be loss rather than gain? For how far is love, even with many wrong opinions, to be preferred before truth itself without love! We may die without the knowledge of many truths, and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom. But if we die without love, what will knowledge avail? Just as much as it avails the devil and his angels!"

The ground for this wise and noble tolerance, which is one of Wesley's special lessons to this religiously distracted age, was his clear realization of the truth—demonstrated by all history—that while unity of spirit is attainable, uniformity of organization is not; that while there can be but one flock of the Good Shepherd, there always have been and to the end of time there will be many folds. Dean Stanley delighted in a story—I know not its source and will not vouch for its authenticity—which he called "Wesley's Dream." It told how Wesley dreamt that, wandering to the gate of Gehenna, he asked whether there were any Romanists, any Anglicans, any Baptists, any Calvinists, any Independents there, and was told in each case, "Yes, a great many," and was yet more deeply pained when, asking, "And are there any Wesleyans here?" it was still



THE FOUNDRY, MOORFIELDS

answered, "Yes, a great many." Then, returning to the gate of Heaven, he asked, "Are there any Romanists here?" "None whatever." "Any Anglicans?" "None whatever." "Any Baptists?" "None whatever." "Any Calvinists?" "None whatever." "Any Wesleyans?" Still none whatever. "Whom then have you here?" he asked in amazement. "We have none but Christians here," was the answer; "we know no other name." Whether the story was a pleasing allegory of the Dean's or not, I cannot tell; but this I know, that Wesley's sermon on the Catholic Spirit would have the honor of being thought shockingly lax by bigots of every denomination, yet all true Christians might well say with him, "I desire to have a league, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ. We have all not only one Lord, one faith, one baptism, but we are all also engaged in one warfare."

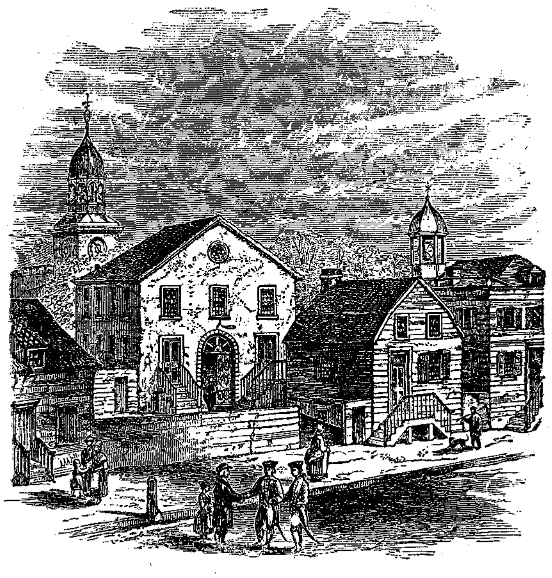


THE HOUSE IN WHICH WESLEY DIED
City Road, London

As another of Wesley's exemplary qualities I would single out his sovereign common sense, which is also an endowment much liable to overthrow by the violences of egotistical dogmatism. Though many have identified his teaching mainly with certain formulæ, Wesley had no faith in the bare reiteration of shibboleths. His idea of a "Gospel sermon" was not the narrowly ignorant one which supposes it to consist in the incessant repetition of phrases —phrases often originally meaningless to many of those who used them, or which have become stereotyped into mere inanity and fetichism. In his diary for November 20, 1785, he writes: "I preached in Bethnal Green, and spoke as plainly as I possibly could, on having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof. And this I judged far more suitable to such a congregation than talking about justification by faith." How free, again, from all hysteric excitability was the entire attitude of his religion! Some one had been talking in an exaggerated and fantastic way about death, and asking what he would do if he knew that he would die the next day. "What should I do?" he said. "Exactly what I shall do now. I should call and talk to Mr. So-and-so, and Mrs. So-and-so; and dine at such an hour, and preach in the evening, and have supper, and then I should go to bed and sleep as soundly as ever I did in my life." His feeling about death was that, so far from being terrible, it was man's great birthright; and he would say, with the poet:

To you the thought of death is terrible,
Having such hold on life; to me it is not;
No more than is the lifting of a latch,
Or as a step into the open air
Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shines through its transparent folds.

Again, it was no small matter that, in an age so corrupt and decadent as his, in which the dregs of sensuality and worldliness poured over the glorious England of Puritanism by the despicable epoch of the Restoration had reduced religion to a Dead Sea of torpid unreality, Wesley, like the great Hebrew prophets of old, should have stood forth as a preacher of righteousness. No preacher or reformer can effect great results unless he insists upon Christ's plain teaching that, if we would ever enter into the kingdom of heaven, we must keep the commandments. Late in his career he said: "Near fifty years ago a great and good man, Dr. Potter, then Archbishop of Canterbury, gave me an advice for which I have ever since had occasion to bless God. 'If you desire to be extensively useful, do not spend your time and strength in contending for or against such things as are of a disputable nature, but in testifying against open and notorious vice and in prompting real spiritual holiness.' Let us keep to this, leaving a thousand disputable points to those that have no better business than to toss the ball of controversy to and fro, and let us bear a faithful testimony in our several stations against all ungodliness and unrighteousness, and with all our might recommend that inward and outward holiness without which no man shall see the Lord."

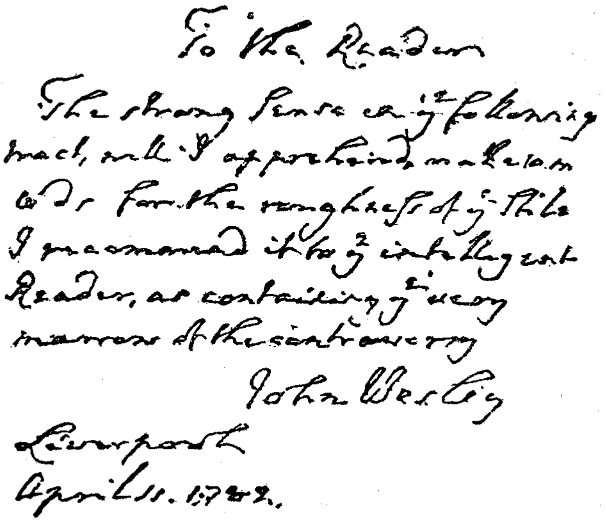


FIRST METHODIST CHURCH BUILT IN NEW YORK CITY
John Street

It may be, as I have said, that in talent, in imagination, in learning, in the pure and undefinable quality of genius, Wesley was not the equal of many of his contemporaries; but which among them all equaled him in versatility of beneficence, in zeal of self-sacrifice, in the munificence of his generosity, or in the luster of the example which he has left to all the world? Consider his supreme disinterestedness, his unparaleled courage, his indefatigable toils. How many have there been in all the centuries who made such an absolute offering of his money to God, and, living on less than many a curate's salary, gave away £40,000? Consider, again, his unparaleled courage. How many have shown equal undauntedness? Men admire the courage of the soldier who heads the forlorn hope through the cross-fire of the batteries, of the sailor or of the fireman who, at personal risk, plucks from destruction an imperiled life; but such physical courage is a million times cheaper and more common than that of the scholar, the gentleman, the clergyman, who, in that age, day after day, month after month, year after year, in England, in America, in Scotland, in Wales, in Ireland, even in the Isle of Man, could, voluntarily and out of the pure love of souls, face raging mobs and descend to what was then regarded as the vulgar humiliation of preaching in the open air. And higher even than this was the moral and spiritual courage which, in the calm of blameless innocence, could treat the most atrocious and the most persistent calumnies with the disdainful indifference of unblemished rectitude. When even Charles Wesley was thrown into a fever of agonized excitement by the scandal against his brother caused by his wife's publication of stolen, forged, or interpolated letters, and wanted him to stay in London and expose the slander, John Wesley remained perfectly calm, knowing that no real harm can befall

The virtuous mind that ever walks attended
By a strong-siding champion, Conscience.

"Brother," he said, "when I devoted to God my ease, my time, my life, did I exempt my reputation?" Then consider his indefatigable toils—those sixty-eight years of service; the 4,400 miles which he traveled yearly on the execrable roads of those days; the 225,000 miles which he traversed in his lifetime; the 42,400 sermons—sometimes as many as fifteen a week—which he preached even after his return from Georgia—preached mostly in the open air, and sometimes to as many as 20,000 souls; those endless meetings, those burdensome anxieties, those numerous publications, that love of so many communities, continued amid incessant attacks of the mob, the pulpit, and the press, and scarcely ever relaxed till the patriarchal age of eighty-eight. Could a clergyman of any denomination, amid the work which, in comparison to his toils, is but ease and supineness, think it anything but an honor to profess reverence for the memory of one who so heroically lived and so nobly died? Although the world and the Church have learned to be comparatively generous to Wesley now that a hundred years have sped away, and though the roar of contemporary scandal has long since ceased, I doubt whether even now he is at all adequately appreciated. I doubt whether many are aware of the extent to which to this day the impulse to every great work of philanthropy and social reformation has been due to his energy and insight. The British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, the London Missionary Society, even the Church Missionary Society, owe not a little to his initiative. The vast spread of religious instruction by weekly periodicals, and the cheap press with all its stupendous consequences, were inaugurated by him. He gave a great extension to Sunday-schools and the work of Robert Raikes. He gave a great impulse both to national education and to technical education, and in starting the work of Silas Told, the Foundry Teacher, he anticipated the humble and holy work of John Pounds, the Portsmouth cobbler. He started in his own person the funeral reform, which is only now beginning to attract public attention, when in his will he directed that at his obsequies there should be no hearse, no escutcheon, no coach, no pomp. He visited prisons and ameliorated the lot of prisoners before John Howard; and his very last letter was written to stimulate William Wilberforce in his Parliamentary labors for the emancipation of the slave. When we add to this the revival of fervent worship and devout hymnology among Christian congregations, and their deliverance from the drawling doggerel of Sternhold and Hopkins, and the frigid nullities of Tate and Brady, we have indeed shown how splendid was the list of his achievements, and that, as Isaac Taylor says, he furnished "the starting-point for our modern religious history in all that is characteristic of the present time."



To the Reader

The strong sense in ye following tract, will I apprehend make amends for the roughness of ye stile. I recommend it to ye intelligent Reader, as containing ye very marrow of the controversy.

John Wesley

Liverpool
April 11. 1782.

A PREFACE BY WESLEY

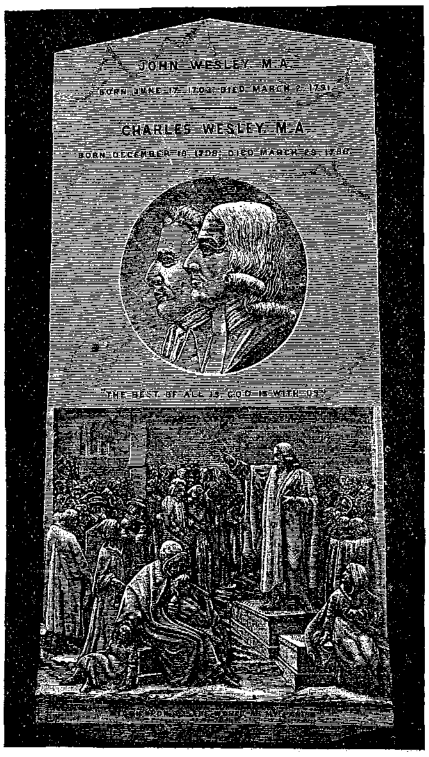
And yet, even in this long and splendid catalogue, we have not mentioned his greatest and most distinctive work, which was that through him to the poor the Gospel was again preached. Let Whitefield have the credit of having been the first to make the green grass his pulpit and the heaven his sounding-board; but Wesley instantly followed, at all costs, the then daring example, and, through all evil report and all furious opposition, he continued it until at last, at Kingswood, at the age of eighty-one, he preached in the open air, under the shade of trees which he himself had planted, and surrounded by the children and children's children of his old disciples, who had long since passed away. Overwhelming evidence exists to show what preaching was before and in his day; overwhelming evidence exists to show what the Church and people of England were before and in his day—how dull, how vapid, how soulless, how Christless was the preaching; how torpid, how Laodicean was the Church, how godless, how steeped in immorality was the land. To Wesley was mainly granted the task, for which he was set apart by the hands of invisible consecration, the task which even an archangel might have envied him, of awakening a mighty revival of the religious life in those dead pulpits, in that slumbering Church, in that corrupt society. His was the religious sincerity which not only founded the Wesleyan community, but, working through the heart of the very Church which had despised him, flashed fire into her whitening embers. Changing its outward forms, the work of John Wesley caused first the Evangelical movement, then the High Church movement; and, in its enthusiasm of humanity, has even reappeared in all that is best in the humble Salvationists, who learned from the example of Wesley what Bishop Lightfoot called "that lost secret of Christianity, the compulsion of human souls." Recognizing no utterance of authority as equally supreme with that which came to him from the Sinai of conscience, Wesley did the thing and scorned the consequence. His was the voice which offered hope to the despairing and welcome to the outcast. His was the voice which, sounding forth over the Valley of Dry Bones, cried, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live." The poet says:

Of those three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylæ.

And when I think of John Wesley, the organizer, of Charles Wesley, the poet, of George Whitefield, the orator of this mighty movement, I feel inclined to say of those three self-sacrificing and holy men, Grant but even one to help in the mighty work which yet remains to be accomplished! Had we but three such now,

Hoary-headed selfishness would feel
His death-blow, and would totter to his grave;
A brighter light attend the human day,
When every transfer of earth's natural gift
Should be a commerce of good words and works.

We have, it is true, hundreds of faithful workers in the Church of England and in other religious communities. But for the slaying of dragons, the rekindlement of irresistible enthusiasm, the redress of intolerable wrongs, a Church needs many Pentecosts and many Resurrections. And these, in the providence of God, are brought about, not by committees and conferences and common workers, but by men who escape the average; by men who come forth from the multitude; by men who, not content to trudge on in the beaten paths of commonplace and the cart-ruts of routine, go forth, according to their Lord's command, into the highways and hedges; by men in whom the love of God burns like a consuming flame upon the altar of the heart; by men who have become electric to make myriads of other souls thrill with their own holy zeal. Such men are necessarily rare,


JOHN WESLEY M.A.
BORN JUNE 17 1703 DIED MARCH 2 1791
CHARLES WESLEY M.A.
BORN DECEMBER 18 1708 DIED MARCH 29 1788
THE BEST OF ALL IS GOD IS WITH US

MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

but God's richest boon to any nation, to any society, to any church, is the presence and work of such a man—and such a man was John Wesley.

The bust placed in Westminster Abbey to the memory of John Wesley, more than twenty years ago, was a very tardy recognition of the vast debt of gratitude which England owes to him. It stands hard by the cenotaph of that other illustrious Nonconformist, Isaac Watts, and gives the beautiful presentment of the aged face of the evangelist and the fine features of Charles, his poet-brother. In the solemn aisle thousands of visitors to our great Temple of Silence and Reconciliation may read three of his great sayings—one, so full of holy energy, "I look on all the world as my parish;" another, so full of bright and holy confidence, "God buries his workmen, but continues his work;" the third, when, on his death-bed, uplifting victoriously his feeble and emaciated arm, he said: "The best of all is, God is with us." "Yes!" he exclaimed again, in a tone of victorious rapture, "the best of all is, God is with us."

KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.—A DAUGHTER OF DEBATE

They met under the arch of the gate, and Carmichael returned with the Carnegies, Kate making much of him and insisting that he should stay to luncheon.

"You are our first visitor, Mr. Carmichael, and the General says we need not expect more than six, so we mean to be very kind to them. Do you live far from here?"

"Quite near—just two miles west. I happened to be passing; in fact, I'm going down to the next parish, and I . . . I thought that I would like to call and . . . and bid you welcome;" for Carmichael had not yet learned the art of conversation, which stands mainly in touching details lightly and avoiding the letter I.

"It is very cruel of you to be so honest and dispel our flattering illusions"—Kate marveled at his mendacity—"we supposed you had come 'anes errand'—I'm picking up Scotch—to call on your new neighbors. Does the high road pass the Lodge?"

"Oh, no; the road is eight miles further; but the Drumtochty people take the near way through the woods; it's also much prettier. I hope you will not forbid us, General? two people a week is all the traffic."

"Forbid them—not I," said Carnegie, laughing. "A man is not born and bred in this parish without learning some sense. It would be a right of way case, and Drumtochty would follow me from court to court, and would never rest till they had gained or we were all ruined.

"Has it ever struck you, Mr. Carmichael, that one of the differences between a Highlander and a Scot is that each has got a pet enjoyment? With the one it's a feud, and with the other it's a lawsuit. A Scot dearly loves a 'ganging plea.'

"No, no; Tochty woods will be open so long as Kate and I have anything to say in the matter. The Glen and our people have not had the same politics, but we've lived at peace, as neighbors ought to do, with never a lawsuit even to give a fillip to life."

"So you see, Mr. Carmichael," said Kate, "you may come and go at all times through our territory; but it would be bare courtesy to call at the Lodge for afternoon tea."

"Or tiffin," suggested the General; "and we can always offer currie, as you see. My daughter has a capital receipt she wiled out of an old Hindoo rascal that cooked for our mess.

"You really need not take it on that account," as Carmichael was doing his best in much misery; "it is only meant to keep old Indians in fair humor—not to be a test of good manners. By the way, Janet has been sounding your praises; how have you won her heart?"

"Oh, very easily—by having some drops of Highland blood in my veins; and so I am forgiven all my faults, and am credited with all sorts of excellences."

"Then the Highlanders are as clannish as ever," cried the General. "Scotland has changed so much in the last half-century that the Highlanders might have become quite unsentimental and matter-of-fact.

"Lowland civilization only crossed the Highland line after '45, and it will take more than a hundred and thirty years to recast a Celt. Scottish education and theology are only a veneer on him, and below he has all his old instincts.

"So far as I can make out, a Celt will rather fish than plow, and be a gamekeeper than a workman; but if he be free to follow his own way, a genuine Highlander would rather be a soldier than anything else under the sun."

"What better could a man be?" and Kate's eyes sparkled; "they must envy the old times when their fathers raided the Lowlands and came home with the booty. It's a pity everybody is so respectable now, don't you think?"

"Certainly the police are very meddlesome," and Carmichael now devoted himself to Kate, without pretense of including the General; "but the spirit is not dead. A Celt is the child of generations of cattle-stealers, and the raiding spirit is still in the blood. May I offer an anecdote?"

"Six, if you have got so many, and they are all about Highlanders," and Kate leant forward and nursed her knee, for they had gone into the library.

"Last week I was passing the cattle market in Edinburgh, and a big Highland drover stopped me, begging for a little money.

"'It iss from Lochaber I hef come with some beasties, and to-morrow I will be walking back all the way, and it iss this night I hef no bed. I wass considering that the gardens would be a good place for a night, but they are telling me that the police will be disturbing me.'

"He looked so simple and honest that I gave him half-a-crown, and said that I was half a Highlander. I have three Gaelic sentences, and I reeled them off with my best accent.

"'Got forgive me,' he said, 'for thinking you to be a Sassenach body, and taking your money from you. You are a fery well-made man, and here iss your silver piece, and may you always hef one in your pocket.'

"'But what about your bed?'

"'Tuts, tuts, that will be all right, for I hef maybe got some six or five notes of my own that were profit on the beasties; but it iss a pity not to be taking anything that iss handy when a body happens to be in the south.'

"Capital!" Kate laughed merrily, and her too rare laugh I used to think the gayest I ever heard. "It was the only opportunity left him of following his fathers. What a fine business it must have been, starting from Braemar one afternoon, a dozen men well armed, and getting down to Strathmore in the morning; then lying hid in some wood all day, and collecting a herd of fat cattle in the evening, and driving them up Glen Shee, not knowing when there might be a fight."

"Hard lines on the Scottish farmers, Kit, who might be very decent fellows, to lose their cattle or get a cut from a broadsword."

"Oh, they had plenty left; and, seriously, dad, without joking, you know, what better could a Presbyterian Lowlander do than raise good beef for Highland gentlemen? Mr. Carmichael, I beg pardon; you seem so good a Celt that I forgot you were not of our faith."

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[1] Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

"We are not Catholics," the General explained, gravely, "although many of our blood have been, and my daughter was educated in a convent. We belong to the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and will go into Muirtown at a time, but mostly we shall attend the kirk of my old friend Dr. Davidson. Every man is entitled to his faith, and Miss Carnegie rather . . ."

"Forgot herself." Kate came to her father's relief. "She often does; but one thing Miss Carnegie remembers, and that is that General Carnegie likes his cheroot after dinner. Do you smoke, Mr. Carmichael? Oh, I am allowed to stay, if you don't object, and have forgiven my rudeness."

"You make too much of a word, Miss Carnegie." Carmichael was not a man to take offense till his pride was roused. "Very likely my drover was a true-blue Presbyterian, and his minister as genuine a cateran as himself.

"Years ago I made the acquaintance of an old Highland minister called MacTavish, and he sometimes stays with me on his way north in the spring. For thirty years he has started at the first sign of snow, and spent winter spoiling the good people of the south. Some years he has gone home with three hundred pounds."

"But how does he get the money?" inquired the General, "and what does he use it for?"

"He told me the history of his campaigns when he passed in March, and it might interest you; it's our modern raid, and although it's not so picturesque as a foray of the Macphersons, yet it has points, and shows the old spirit lives.

"'She wass a goot woman, Janet Cameron, oh yes, Mr. John, a fery exercised woman, and when she wass dying she will be saying beautiful things, and one day she will be speaking of a little field she had beside the church.

"'"What do you think I should be doing with that piece of ground," she will be saying, "for the end iss not far off, and it iss not earth I can be taking with me, oh no, nor cows."

"'"No, Janet," I said, "but it iss a nice field, and lies to the sun. It might be doing good after you are gone, if it wass not wasted on your mother's cousins twice removed in Inverness, who will be drinking every drop of it, and maybe going to the Moderate Kirk."

"'It wass not for two months or maybe six weeks she died, and I will be visiting her every second day. Her experiences were fery good, and I hef told them at sacraments in the north. The people in the south are free with their money, but it iss not the best of my stories that I can give them; they are too rich for their stomachs.

"'Janet will often be saying to me, "Mister Dugald, it iss a thankful woman that I ought to be, for though I lost my man in the big storm and two sons in the war, I hef had mercies, oh yes. There wass the Almighty and my cow, and between them I hef not wanted, oh no."

"'"Janet, you will be forgetting your field that iss lying next the manse, and the people will be thinking that it iss a glebe; but I am telling them that it iss Janet Cameron's, who iss a fery experienced woman, and hass nefer seen the inside of a Moderate Kirk since the Disruption."

"'Maybe you will be astonished, Mister John, but when Janet's will will be read, that piece of ground wass left to the Free Kirk; which wass fery kind and mindful of Janet, and I made a sermon about her from the text of the "elect lady."

"'It wass a good field, but it needed a dyke and some drains, and it wass not our people that had the money. So I made another sermon on the text, "The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it," and went down to the south. It wass not a dyke and some drains, but enough to build a byre and a stable I came back with. That wass in '55, and before sixty there will be a new manse with twelve rooms that iss good for letting to the English people. But it wass ten years the church needed, and a year for the porch to keep it warm, for I am not liking stoves, and will not hef one in Crianshalloch.

"'It iss wonderful how much money the bodies hef in Glasgow, and it iss good for them to be hearing sound doctrine at a time. There will be no Arminianism when I am preaching, and no joking; but maybe there will be some parables, oh yes, about the sheep coming in at the manse door for want of a fence, and the snow lying in the pulpit.'

"There is a cateran for you, and, mind you, a good fellow too. It's not greed sends him out, but sheer love of spoil. Would you like to see MacTavish next time he passes up with the cattle?" for Carmichael was emboldened by the reception of his sketch.

"Nothing we should like better, for the General and I want to know all about Scotland; but don't you think that those ministers have injured the Highlanders? Janet, you know, has such gloomy ideas about religion."

"There is no doubt, Miss Carnegie, that a load of Saxon theology has been landed on the Celt, and it has disfigured his religion. Sometimes I have felt that the Catholic of the west is a truer type of northern faith than the Presbyterian of Ross-shire."

"I am so glad to hear you say that," said Miss Carnegie, "for we had one or two west Catholics in the old regiment, and their superstitions were lovely. You remember, dad, the MacIvers."

"That was all well enough, Kit, but none of them could get the length of corporal; they were fearfully ignorant, and were reported at intervals for not keeping their accouterments clean."

"That only showed how religious they were, didn't it, Mr. Carmichael? Hadn't the early Christians a rooted objection to the bath? I remember our Padre saying that in a lecture."

"There are a good many modern Christians of the same mind, Miss Carnegie, and I don't think our poor Highlanders are worse than Lowlanders; but, Catholic or Protestant, they are all subject to the gloom. I cannot give the Gaelic word.

"What is that? Oh, a southerner would call it depression, and assign it to the liver, for he traces all trouble to that source. But there is no word for this mood in English, because it is not an English experience. My mother fell under it at times, and I saw the effect."

"Tell us, please, if all this description does not weary you?" and Kate shone on Carmichael, who would have talked on the Council of Nice or the rotation of crops to prolong his privileges.

"It comes on quite suddenly, and is quite a spiritual matter—a cloud which descends and envelops the soul. While it lasts, a Highlander will not laugh or sing; he will hardly speak, and he loses all hope about everything. One of our men has the gloom at a time, and then he believes that he is . . . damned. I am speaking theologically."

"The regiment must have been fond of theology, dad. Yes, we understand."

"Once he went out to the hill, and lay all night wrestling and agonizing to be sure whether there was a God. You know he's just a small farmer, and it seems to me splendid that such a man should give himself to the big problems of the universe. Do you know," and Carmichael turned to the General, who was smoking in great peace, "I believe that is the reason the Highlanders are such good fighting men. They fear God, and they don't fear any other person."

"I'll vouch for one thing," said the veteran with emphasis; "our men put off the gloom, or whatever you call it, when they smelt powder; I never saw a panic in a Highland regiment in more than forty years' soldiering."

"What's the reason of the gloom? I believe that I have a touch of it myself at times—don't stare at me, dad, it's rude—just a thin mist, you know, but distinctly not indigestion. Is it a matter of race?"

"Of course, but that's no explanation." Carmichael had fallen into his debating society style. "I mean one has to go farther back; all our habits are shaped by environment."

"One moment, please. I have always wanted to ask some clever person what environment meant. I asked Colonel MacLeod once, dad, and he said it was out of the new book on tactics, and he was thankful he had retired. Now Mr. Carmichael will make it plain," and Kate was very demure.

"It is rather stupid to use the word so much as people do now," and Carmichael glanced dubiously at Kate; "scientific men use it for circumstances."

"Is that all? then do pray say environment. Such a word introduces one into good society, and gives one the feeling of being well dressed; now about a Highlander's environment, is it his kilt you are thinking of, or his house, or what?"

"His country"—and Carmichael's tone had a slight note of resentment, as of one ruffled by this frivolity—"with its sea lochs, and glens, and mists. Any one who has been bred and reared at the foot of one of our mountains will have a different nature and religion from one living in Kent or Italy. He has a sense of reverence, and surely that is a good thing."

"Nothing more needed nowadays," the General broke in with much spirit; "it seems to me that people nowadays respect nobody, neither the Queen nor Almighty God. As for that man Brimstone, he will never cease till he has ruined the Empire. You needn't look at me, Kate, for Mr. . . . Carmichael must know this as well as any other sensible man.

"Why, sir," and now the General was on his feet, "I was told on good authority at the club last week by a newspaper man—a monstrously clever man—that Mr. Brimstone, when he is going down to the House of Commons to disestablish the Church, or the army, or something, will call in at a shop and order two hundred silk hats to be sent to his house. What do you call that, sir?"

"I should call it a deliberate—"

"*Jeu d'esprit.* Of course it is, dad," and Kate threw an appealing glance to Carmichael, who had sprung to his feet and was standing stiffly behind his chair, for he was a fierce Radical.

"Perhaps it was, lassie—those war correspondents used to be sad rascals—and, at any rate, politics are bad taste. Another cheroot, Mr. Carmichael? Oh, nonsense; you must tell my daughter more about your Highlanders. They are a loyal set, at any rate, and we all admire that."

"Yes, they are," and Carmichael unbent again, "and will stick by their side whether it be right or wrong. They're something like a woman in their disposition."

"Indeed," said Kate, who did not think Carmichael had responded very courteously to her lead, "that is very interesting. They are, you mean, full of prejudices and notions."

"If a Highlander takes you into his friendship, you may say or do what you like, he will stand by you, and although his views are as different from yours as black from white, will swear he agrees with every one. If he's not your friend, he can see no good in anything you do, although you be on his own side.

"In fact, he has very little judgment and no sense of justice; and I think you said," Kate went on sweetly, "his nature reminded you of a woman's?"

"You're sure that you like cheroots?" for the General did not wish this lad, Radical though he was, sacrificed on his first visit; "some men are afraid of the opium in them."

"Please do not interrupt Mr. Carmichael when he is making a capital comparison," and Kate held him to the point.

"What I intend is really a compliment," went on Carmichael, "and shows the superior fineness and sensitiveness of a woman's mind."

Kate indicated that she was sure that was his meaning, but waited for details.

"You see," with the spirit of one still fresh to the pulpit, "a man is slower, and goes by evidence; a woman is quicker, and goes by her instincts."

"Like the lower animals," suggested Kate, sweetly, "by scent, perhaps. Well?"

"You are twisting my words, Miss Carnegie." Carmichael did not like being bantered by this self-possessed young woman. "Let me put it this way. Would a jury of women be as impartial as a jury of men? Why, a bad-looking man would have no chance, for they would condemn him at once, not for what he did, but for what they imagined he was."

"Which would save a lot of time and rid society of some precious scoundrels," with vivid recollections of her own efforts in this direction. "Then you grant that women have some intelligence, although no sense of justice, which is a want?"

"Far brighter than men," said Carmichael, eagerly; "just consider the difference between a man's and a woman's speech. A man arranges and argues from beginning to end, and is the slave of connection. He will labor every idea to exhaustion before he allows it to escape, and then will give a solemn cough by way of punctuating with a full stop, before he goes on to his next point. Of course the audience look at their watches and make for the door."

"What would a woman do?" Kate inquired with much interest.

"A lady was speaking lately at Muirtown for an orphanage at Ballyskiddle, and described how Patsy was rescued from starvation, and greatly affected us. 'Patsy will never want bread again,' she concluded, and two Bailies wept aloud.

"Then she went on, and it seemed to me a stroke of genius, 'Speaking about Patsy, has any lady present a black dress suitable for a widow woman?' Before we knew that we had left Patsy, the people were in a widow's home, and the Bailies were again overcome. I mention them because it is supposed that a Bailie is the most important human being in Scotland, and he feels it his duty not to yield to emotion.

"No, a woman speaker never sacrifices her capital; she carries it with her from England to France in her speech, and recognizes no Channel passage. In fact," and Carmichael plunged into new imagery, "a man's progress is after the manner of a mole, while a woman flits from branch to branch like a—"

"Squirrel—I know," came in Kate, getting tired.

"Bird, I meant. Why do you say squirrel?" and Carmichael looked suspiciously at Kate.

"Because it's such a careless, senseless, irresponsible little beast. Have you met many women, Mr. Carmichael? Really, they are not all fools, as you have been trying to suggest for the last ten minutes."

"Highlanders are a safer subject of conversation than women," said the General, good-naturedly, as he bade Carmichael good-by. "And you must tell us more about them next time you call, which I hope will be soon."

Carmichael halted twice on his way through the woods; once he stamped his foot and looked like a man whose pride had been ruffled; the other time he smiled to himself as one who was thinking of a future pleasure.

It was dusk as he crossed Lynedoch Bridge, and he looked down upon the pool where the trout were leaping. Half an hour passed, and then he started off at high speed for Kilbogie Manse. "Please God, if I am worthy," he was saying to himself; "but I fear she is too high above me every way."

CHAPTER X.—A SUPRALAPSARIAN

Jeremiah Saunderson had remained in the lowest estate of a "probationer" for twelve years after he left the Divinity Hall, where he was reported so great a scholar that the Professor of Apologetics spoke to him deprecatingly, and the Professor of Dogmatics openly consulted him on obscure writers. He had wooed twenty-three congregations in vain, from churches in the black country where the colliers rose in squares of twenty and went out without ceremony, to suburban places of worship where the beadle, after due consideration of the sermon, would take up the afternoon notices and ask that they be read at once for purposes of utility, which that unflinching functionary stated to the minister with accuracy and much faithfulness. Vacant congregations desiring a list of candidates made one exception, and prayed that Jeremiah should not be let loose upon them, till at last it came home to the unfortunate scholar himself that he was an offense and byword. He began to dread the ordeal of giving his name, and, as is still told, declared to a household, living in the fat wheat lands and without any imagination, that he was called Magor Missabib. When a stranger makes a statement of this kind with a sad seriousness, no one judges it expedient to offer any remark, but it was skillfully arranged that Missabib's door should not be locked from the outside, and one member of the household sat up all night. The sermon next day did not tend to confidence—having seven quotations in unknown tongues—and the attitude of the congregation was one of alert vigilance; but no one gave any outward sign of uneasiness, and six able-bodied men collected in a pew below the pulpit knew their duty in an emergency.

Saunderson's election to the Free Church of Kilbogie was therefore an event in the ecclesiastical world, and a consistent tradition in the parish explained its inwardness on certain grounds complimentary both to the judgment of Kilbogie and the gifts of Mr. Saunderson. On Saturday evening he was removed from the train by the merest accident, and left the railway station in such a maze of meditation that he ignored the road to Kilbogie altogether, although its sign-post was staring him in the face, and continued his way to Drumtochty. It was half-past nine when Jamie Soutar met him on the highroad through our Glen still traveling steadily west, and, being arrested by his appearance, beguiled him into conversation, till he elicited that Saunderson was minded to reach Kilbogie. For an hour did the wanderer rest in Jamie's kitchen, during which he put Jamie's ecclesiastical history into a state of thorough repair—making seven distinct parallels between the errors that had afflicted the Scottish Church and the early heretical sects—and then Jamie gave him in charge of a plowman who was courting in Kilbogie and was not averse to a journey that seemed to illustrate the double meaning of charity. Jeremiah was handed over to his anxious host at a quarter to one in the morning, covered with mud, somewhat fatigued, but in great peace of soul, having settled the place of election in the prophecy of Habakkuk as he came down with his silent companion through Tochty woods.

Nor was that all he had done. When they came out from the shadow and struck into the parish of Kilbogie—whose fields, now yellow unto harvest, shone in the moonlight—his guide broke silence and enlarged on a plague of field-mice which had quite suddenly appeared and had sadly devastated the grain of Kilbogie. Saunderson awoke from study and became exceedingly curious, first of all demanding a particular account of the coming of the mice, their multitude, their habits, and their determination. Then he asked many questions about the moral conduct and godliness of the inhabitants of Kilbogie, which his companion, as a native of Drumtochty, painted in gloomy colors, although indicating that even in Kilbogie there was a remnant. Next morning the minister rose at daybreak, and was found wandering through the fields in such a state of excitement that he could hardly be induced to look at breakfast. When the "books" were placed before him, he turned promptly to the ten plagues of Egypt, which he expounded in order as preliminary to a full treatment of the visitations of Providence.

"He cowes (beats) a' ye ever saw or heard," the farmer of Mains explained to the elders at the gate. "He gaed tae bed at half twa and wes oot in the fields by four, an' a'm dootin' he never saw his bed. He's lifted abune the body a'thegither, an' can hardly keep himsel' awa' frae the Hebrew at his breakfast. Ye 'ill get a sermon the day, or ma name is no Peter Pitillo." Mains also declared his conviction that the invasion of mice would be dealt with after a Scriptural and satisfying fashion. The people went in full of expectation, and to this day old people recall Jeremiah Saunderson's trial sermon with lively admiration. Experienced critics were suspicious of candidates who read lengthy chapters from both Testaments and prayed at length for the Houses of Parliament, for it was justly held that no man would take refuge in such obvious devices for filling up the time unless he was short of sermon material. One unfortunate, indeed, ruined his chances at once by a long petition for those in danger on the sea—availing himself with some eloquence of the sympathetic imagery of the 107th Psalm—for this effort was regarded as not only the most barefaced padding, but also as evidence of an almost incredible blindness to circumstances. "Did he think Kilbogie wes a fishing village?" Mains inquired of the elders afterward, with pointed sarcasm. Kilbogie was not indifferent to a well-ordered prayer—although its palate was coarser in the appreciation of felicitous terms and allusions than that of Drumtochty—and would have been scandalized if the Queen had been omitted; but it was by the sermon the young man must stand or fall, and Kilbogie despised a man who postponed the ordeal.

Saunderson gave double pledges of capacity and fullness before he opened his mouth in the sermon, for he read no Scripture at all that day, and had only one prayer, which was mainly a statement of the Divine Decrees and a careful confession of the sins of Kilbogie; and then, having given out his text from the prophecy of Joel, he reverently closed the Bible and placed it on the seat behind him. His own reason for this proceeding was a desire for absolute security in enforcing his subject, and a painful remembrance of the disturbance in a south country church when he landed a Bible—with clasps—on the head of the precentor in the heat of a discourse defending the rejection of Esau. Our best and simplest actions—and Jeremiah was as simple as a babe—can be misconstrued, and the only dissentient from Saunderson's election insisted that the Bible had been deposited on the floor, and asserted that the object of his profanity was to give the preacher a higher standing in the pulpit. This malignant reading of circumstances might have wrought mischief—for Saunderson's gaunt figure did seem to grow in the pulpit—had it not been for the bold line of defense taken up by Mains.

"Gin he wanted tae stand high, wes it no tae preach the word? an' gin he wanted a soond foundation for his feet, what better could he get than the twa Testaments? Answer me that."

It was seen at once that no one could answer that, and the captious objector never quite recovered his position in the parish, while it is not the least of Kilbogie's boasting, in which the Auld Kirk will even join against Drumtochty, that they have a minister who not only does not read his sermons and does not need to quote his texts, but carries the whole book in at least three languages in his head, and once, as a proof thereof, preached with it below his feet.

Much was to be looked for from such a man, but even Mains, whetted by intercourse with Saunderson, was astonished at the sermon. It was a happy beginning to draw a parallel between the locusts of Joel and the mice of Kilbogie, and gave the preacher an opportunity of describing the appearance, habits, and destruction of the locusts, which he did solely from Holy Scripture, translating various passages afresh and combining lights with marvelous ingenuity. This brief preface of half an hour, which was merely a stimulant for the Kilbogie appetite, led up to a thorough examination of physical judgments, during which both Bible and Church history were laid under liberal contribution. At this point the minister halted, and complimented the congregation on the attention they had given to the facts of the case, which were his first head, and suggested that before approaching the doctrine of visitations they might refresh themselves with a Psalm. The congregation were visibly impressed, and many made up their minds while singing

That man hath perfect blessedness;

and while others thought it due to themselves to suspend judgment till they had tasted the doctrine, they afterward confessed their confidence. It goes without saying that he was immediately beyond the reach of the ordinary people on the second head, and even veterans in theology panted after him in vain, so that one of the elders, nodding assent to an exposure of the Manichæan heresy, suddenly blushed as one who had played the hypocrite. Some professed to have noticed a doctrine that had not been touched upon, but they never could give it a name, and it excited just admiration that a preacher, starting from a plague of mice, should have made a way by strictly scientific methods into the secret places of theology. Saunderson allowed his hearers a brief rest after the second head, and cheered them with the assurance that what was still before them would be easy to follow. It was the application of all that had gone before to the life of Kilbogie, and the preacher proceeded to convict the parish under each of the ten commandments—with the plague of mice ever in reserve to silence excuses—till the delighted congregation could have risen in a body and taken Saunderson by the hand for his fearlessness and faithfulness. Perhaps the extent and thoroughness of this monumental sermon can be best estimated by the fact that Claypots, father of the present tenant, who always timed his rest to fifty minutes exactly, thus overseeing both the introduction and application of the sermon, had a double portion, and even a series of supplementary dozes, till at last he sat upright through sheer satiety. It may also be offered as evidence that the reserve of peppermint held by mothers for their bairns was pooled, doles being furtively passed across pews to conspicuously needy families, and yet the last had gone before Saunderson finished.

Mains reported to the congregational meeting that the minister had been quiet for the rest of the day, but had offered to say something about Habakkuk to any evening service, and had cleared up at family worship some obscure points in the morning discourse. He also informed the neighbors that he had driven his guest all the way to Muirtown, and put him in an Edinburgh carriage with his own hands, since it had emerged that Saunderson, through absence of mind, had made his down journey by the triangular route of Dundee. It was quite impossible for Kilbogie to conceal their pride in electing such a miracle of learning, and their bearing in Muirtown was distinctly changed; but, indeed, they did not boast vainly about Jeremiah Saunderson, for his career was throughout on the level of that monumental sermon. When the Presbytery, in the gayety of their heart, examined Saunderson to ascertain whether he was fully equipped for the work of the ministry, he professed the whole Old Testament in Hebrew, and MacWheep of Pitscourie, who always asked the candidate to read the Twenty-third Psalm, was beguiled by Jeremiah into the Book of Job, and reduced to the necessity of asking questions by indicating verbs with his finger. His Greek examination led to an argument between Jeremiah and old Dr. Dumsday on the use of the aorist, from which the minister-elect of Kilbogie came out an easy first; and his sermons were heard to within measurable distance of the second head by an exact quorum of the exhausted court, who were kept by the clerk sitting at the door, and preventing MacWheep escaping. His position in the court was assured from the beginning, and fulfilled the function of an Encyclopædia, with occasional amazing results, as when information was asked about some Eastern sect for whose necessities the Presbytery were asked to collect, and Jeremiah showed clearly, with the reporters present, that the Cappadocians were guilty of a heresy beside which Morisonianism was an unsullied whiteness. His work as examiner-in-general for the court was a merciful failure, and encouraged the students of the district to return to their district court, who, on this rumor of him, had transferred themselves in a body to a Highland Presbytery, where the standard question in Philosophy used to be, "How many horns has a dilemma, and distinguish the one from the other." No man knew what the minister of Kilbogie might not ask—he was only perfectly certain that it would be beyond his knowledge; but as Saunderson always gave the answer himself in the end, and imputed it to the student, anxiety was reduced to a minimum. Saunderson, indeed, was in the custom of passing all candidates and reporting them as marvels of erudition, whose only fault was a becoming modesty—which, however, had not concealed from his keen eye hidden treasures of learning. Beyond this sphere the good man's services were not used by a body of shrewd ecclesiastics, as the inordinate length of an ordination sermon had ruined a dinner prepared for the court by "one of our intelligent and large-hearted laymen," and it is still pleasantly told how Saunderson was invited to a congregational soirée—an ancient meeting where the people ate oranges and the speaker rallied the minister on being still unmarried—and discoursed—as a carefully chosen subject—on the Jewish feasts, with illustrations from the Talmud, till some one burst a paper bag and allowed the feelings of the people to escape. When this history was passed round Muirtown Market, Kilbogie thought still more highly of their minister, and indicated their opinion of the other parish in severely theological language. Saunderson's reputation for unfathomable learning and saintly simplicity was built up out of many incidents, and grew with the lapse of years to a solitary height in the big strath, so that no man would have dared to smile had the Free Kirk minister of Kilbogie appeared in Muirtown in his shirt-sleeves, and Kilbogie would only have been a trifle more conceited. Truly he was an amazing man, and, now that he is dead and gone, the last of his race, I wish some man of his profession had written his life, for the doctrine he taught and the way he lived will not be believed by the new generation. The arrival of his goods was more than many sermons to Kilbogie, and I had it from Mains' own lips. It was the kindly fashion of those days that the farmers carted the new minister's furniture from the nearest railway station, and as the railway to Kildrummie was not yet open, they had to go to Stormont Station on the north line; and a pleasant procession they made passing through Pitscourie, ten carts in their best array, and drivers with a semi-festive air. Mr. Saunderson was at the station, having reached it by some miracle without mistake, and was in a condition of abject nervousness about the handling and conveyance of his belongings.

"You will be careful—exceedingly careful," he implored; "if one of the boxes were allowed to descend hurriedly to the ground, the result to what is within would be disastrous. I am much afraid that the weight is considerable, but I am ready to assist;" and he got ready.

"Dinna pit yirsel' intae a feery-farry (commotion)," but Mains was distinctly pleased to see a little touch of worldliness, just enough to keep the new minister in touch with humanity. "It 'ill be queer stuff oor lads canna lift, an' a'll gie ye a warranty that the'll no be a cup o' the cheeny broken;" and then Saunderson conducted his congregation to the siding.

"Dod, man," remarked Mains to the station-master, examining a truck with eight boxes; "the manse 'ill no want for dishes at ony rate; but let's start on the furniture; whar hae ye got the rest o' the plenishing?

"Naething mair? havers, man, ye dinna mean tae say they pack beds an' tables in boxes; a' doot there's a truck missin'." Then Mains went over where the minister was fidgeting beside his possessions.

"No, no," said Saunderson, when the situation was put before him, "it's all here. I counted the boxes, and I packed every box myself. That top one contains the fathers—deal gently with it; and the Reformation divines are just below it. Books are easily injured, and they feel it. I do believe there is a certain life in them, and . . . and . . . they don't like being ill-used," and Jeremiah looked wistfully at the plowmen.

"Div ye mean tae say," as soon as Mains had recovered, "that ye've brocht naethin' for the manse but bukes, naither bed nor bedding? Keep's a'," as the situation grew upon him, "whar are ye tae sleep, and what are ye tae sit on? An' div ye never eat? This croons a';" and Mains gazed at his new minister as one who supposed that he had taken Jeremiah's measure and had failed utterly.

"Mea culpa—it's . . . my blame," and Saunderson was evidently humbled at this public exposure of his incapacity; "some slight furnishing will be expedient, even necessary, and I have a plan for book-shelves in my head; it is ingenious and convenient, and if there is a worker in wood . . ."

"Come awa' tae the dogcart, sir," said Mains, realizing that even Kilbogie did not know what a singular gift they had obtained, and that discussion on such sublunary matters as pots and pans was useless, not to say profane. So eight carts got a box each; one, Jeremiah's ancient kist of moderate dimensions; and the tenth—that none might be left unrecognized—a handbag that had been on the twelve years' probation with its master. The story grew as it passed westward, and when it reached us we were given to understand that the Free Kirk minister of Kilbogie had come to his parish with his clothing in a paper parcel and twenty-four packing-cases filled with books, in as many languages—half of them dating from the introduction of printing, and fastened by silver clasps—and that if Drumtochty seriously desired to hear an intellectual sermon at a time, we must take our way through Tochty woods.

Mrs. Pitillo took the minister into her hands, and compelled him to accompany her to Muirtown, where she had him at her will for some time, so that she equipped the kitchen (fully), a dining-room (fairly), a spare bedroom (amply), Mr. Saunderson's own bedroom (miserably), and secured a table and two chairs for the study. This success turned her head. Full of motherly forethought, and having a keen remembrance that probationers always retired in the afternoon at Mains to think over the evening's address, and left an impress of the human form on the bed when they came down to tea, Mrs. Pitillo suggested that a sofa would be an admirable addition to the study. As soon as this piece of furniture, of a size suitable for his six feet, was pointed out to the minister, he took fright, and became quite unmanageable. He would not have such an article in his study on any account, partly because it would only feed a tendency to sloth—which, he explained, was one of his besetting sins—and partly because it would curtail the space available for books, which, he indicated, were the proper furniture of any room, but chiefly of a study. So great was his alarm that he repented of too early concessions about the other rooms, and explained to Mrs. Pitillo that every inch of space be rigidly kept for the overflow from the study, which he expected—if he were spared—would reach the garrets. Several times on their way back to Kilbogie, Saunderson looked wistfully at Mrs. Pitillo, and once opened his mouth as if to speak, from which she gathered that he was grateful for her kindness, but dared not yield any further to the luxuries of the flesh.

What this worthy woman endured in securing a succession of reliable housekeepers for Mr. Saunderson and overseeing the interior of that remarkable home, she was never able to explain to her own satisfaction, though she made many honest efforts, and one of her last intelligible utterances was a lamentable prophecy of the final estate of the Free Church manse of Kilbogie. Mr. Saunderson himself seemed at times to have some vague idea of her painful services, and once mentioned her name to Carmichael in feeling terms. There had been some delay in providing for the bodily wants of the visitor after his eight miles' walk from Drumtochty, and it seemed likely that he would be obliged to take his meal standing for want of a chair.

"While Mrs. Pitillo lived, I have a strong impression, almost amounting to certainty, that the domestic arrangements of the manse were better ordered; she had the episcopal faculty in quite a conspicuous degree, and was, I have often thought, a woman of sound judgment.

"We were not able at all times to see eye to eye, as she had an unfortunate tendency to meddle with my books and papers, and to arrange them after an artificial fashion. This she called tidying, and, in its most extreme form, cleaning.

"With all her excellencies, there was also in her what I have noticed in most women, a certain flavor of guile, and on one occasion, when I was making a brief itinerary through Holland and France in search of comely editions of the fathers, she had the books carried out to the garden and dusted. It was the space of two years before I regained mastery of my library again, and unto this day I cannot lay my hands on the service-book of King Henry VIII., which I had in the second edition, to say nothing of an original edition of Rutherford's Lex Rex.

"It does not become me, however, to reflect on the efforts of that worthy matron, for she was by nature a good woman, and if any one could be saved by good works, her place is assured. I was with her before she died, and her last words to me were, 'Tell Jean tae dust yir bukes aince in the sax months, and for ony sake keep ae chair for sittin' on.' It was not the testimony one would have desired, but yet, Mr. Carmichael, I have often thought that there was a spirit of . . . of unselfishness, in fact, that showed the working of grace." Later in the same evening Mr. Saunderson's mind returned to his friend's spiritual state, for he entered into a long argument to show that, while Mary was more spiritual, Martha must have been within the Divine Election.

Books and Authors

The Soul of a Philosopher[1]

It is only a limited information that thinks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge first of all as a poet. The mind that knows nothing of him beyond the fact that he wrote the Ancient Mariner may customarily think of him only as a poet, but that mind cannot be said to have any opinion about Coleridge that is worth our serious consideration. Coleridge's own title to fame lay in in his being a thinker, a philosopher. He was a poet because he was a philosopher. Yet it is not alone the books that he produced that makes Coleridge a portent in modern life. It is not his conversation, which was more important than his writings. It was the man, the strange, dynamic personality of the man. No one in the modern world of English thought has so pushed on that world as Coleridge—unless it be the late Charles Darwin. Yet all, or nearly all, that Coleridge did was fragmentary and unfinished. Indolence, the vice of the intellectual athlete, or else opium, indisposed Coleridge to carry his efforts to completion. Yet the most fragmentary of his poems, "Kubla Khan," is inspiring. De Quincey incurs contempt when he attempts to excuse his own opium habit by accusing Coleridge of self-indulgence and infirmity of will. Coleridge was habitually a dreamer of dreams; his thoughts were too large for him or for any one to adequately express in a lifetime. His mind embraced almost the whole circle of human knowledge. He perceived by intuition, and is one of the best illustrations that we can find of genius as distinguished from talent. Yet in every way he thought of his world in its spiritual and ethical aspects. First of all, Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a theologian and a metaphysician. One time he said to Lamb, "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else!" was the retort. Such was the rôle in which Coleridge always appeared to his contemporaries, and so he appears to us in the extracts from his Note-Books now first published by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge. It was a mistake to entitle the book The Soul of the Poet, "*Anima Poetæ;*" it is really the Soul of a Philosopher.

In 1801 Coleridge read some of the books of Giordano Bruno; they made a deep impression upon his mind. To the Italian philosopher may be traced the identification of matter and spirit, God and the world, which has been mistaken for pantheism in poetry, theology, and philosophy. It has been adopted by materialist and idealist alike, by Clifford, Romanes, and Carus, as well as our own Professor Royce. It is safe to say that of the modern English thinkers Coleridge was the first monist. To him was due whatever philosophy lay under the Oxford Movement. But the Oxford Tractarians, by accepting in a fashion the *regula auctoritatis*, were withheld from carrying out this philosophy to its logical extremes. In theology there has recently appeared a recrudescence of this identity of the sacred and secular, of the divine and human, in "Christian sociology" as expounded by Principal Gore, Professor Herron, and others. In fact, Broad Church theology of the present day in all the churches may be traced back to the mind of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. In the year 1805 the problem of the identity of the One and the many he had worked out into this expression: "Space is the name for God; it is the most perfect image of *Soul, pure soul*, being to us nothing but unresisted action. Whenever action is resisted, limitation begins—and limitation is the first constituent of body; the more omnipresent it is in a given space, the more that space is body or matter; and thus all body necessarily presupposes soul, inasmuch as all resistance presupposes action. Magnitude, therefore, is the intimate blending, the most perfect union, through its whole sphere, in every minutest part of it, of action and resistance to action." This is truly abstruse, though not altogether unintelligible. Later he reflected upon the mystery of the Incarnation in these words: "A bodily substance, an unborrowed self-God in God immanent! The Eternal Word! that goes forth yet remains! . . .

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[1] *Anima Poetæ.* From the Unpublished Note-Books of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $2.50.

> "Great genial Agent in all finite souls;
> And by that action puts on finiteness.
> Absolute Infinite, whose dazzling robe
> Flows in rich folds, and plays in shooting hues
> Of infinite finiteness."

Verily these things are too high for common clay. Let us then carefully descend. In keeping with this philosophy we find in one note a quaint conceit of metempsychosis: "In the next world the souls of dull good men serve for bodies to the souls of the Shakespeares and Miltons, and in the course of a few centuries, when the soul can do without its vehicle, the bodies will, by the advantage of good company, have refined themselves into souls fit to be clothed with like bodies." Sometimes blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized beset our poet-metaphysician, and he cries out, "Good heavens! that there should be anything at all, and not nothing. Ask the blunted faculty that pretends to reason, and, if indeed he have felt and reasoned, he must feel that something is to be sought after out of the vulgar track of Change-Alley speculation." This diction echoes the great Jean Paul, and his disciple Thomas Carlyle. From the notes herein given us it does not appear that Coleridge exercised himself over social and economic questions. His opinion of the human race was that occasionally occurred a man who amounted to 1, while the majority would equal 0000... to any extent, good for nothing if they came before the 1, but signifying vastly if they followed after the 1. The discrepancy between this dictum and the following note is more superficial than substantial: "A time will come when passiveness will attain the dignity of worthy activity, when men shall be as proud within themselves of having remained in a state of tranquil emotion, whether in reading or in hearing or in looking, as they now are in having figured away for an hour."

It must not be supposed that all these notes are of distilled reflections. Many are bald comparisons, crude material for poems, and tales that never got written. Only these similes justify the title that has been affixed to the book. Of such similes we shall furnish a few with which to close: "A rosemary tree, large as a timber tree, is a sweet sign of the antiquity and antique manners of the house against which it groweth." "A man who marries for love is like a frog who leaps into a well. He has plenty of water, but he cannot get out." "I have several times seen the stiletto and the rosary come out of the same pocket." "Lie with the ear upon a dear friend's grave." "The sun at evening holds up her fingers of both hands before her face that mortals may have one steady gaze—her transparent crimson fingers, as when a lovely woman looks at the fire through her slender palms." "Hypocrisy, the deadly crime which, like Judas, kisses hell at the lips of Redemption." We do not find in this book, even in the extremest notes that we have quoted, that Coleridge was amenable to the charge of pantheism. He was not a dualist, that is to say, a materialist; no poet, no philosopher, ever is a dualist. At a few points he approaches Emerson's doctrine of the Oversoul; at others he symphonizes with Tennyson's "Higher Pantheism." S. T. Coleridge saw farther than most men of his day or of ours, and his mind was consistent with itself. The vision of human lives in this world that he saw may be described in the lines—

> As souls immerse in space,
> Ideals rise and idols fall.

Carefully and reverently as the compiler has selected these notes of Coleridge, it would sometimes seem almost as if one had drawn his frailties from their dread abode. They are fallen leaves from a mighty intellect—rather shall we not say,

> These are but the shattered stalks
> And ruined chrysalis of one.

Harnack's History of Dogma[1]

Dr. Harnack's volume on the "History of Dogma," in its English dress, is not easy reading. How far this is due to difficulty inherent in Dr. Harnack's style, how far to a too literal fidelity in the translator, we will not undertake to determine. There are two conceptions of translation not clearly discriminated, for either of which there is much to be said. According to the one conception, the translator is to present the thoughts of the author as far as possible in the very form in which the author himself presents them. He must, indeed, have some regard to differences of idioms in the two languages, but, with this exception, his translation cannot be too exact a reproduction of the original. According to the other conception, the translator is to present the thought of the writer in the form of the language into which he is translating it. He is to reproduce the spirit of the original, but in a new incarnation. Literary accuracy is not, according to this conception, the desideratum, but rather thought-transference. Of such translations, Jowett's "Plato" and Professor Palmer's "Odyssey" are well-nigh perfect illustrations. Neil Buchanan appears to us to have followed the former method. His book is not English, it is a German book done into English, and to one unaccustomed to German structure it is difficult reading. On the whole, recognizing the perils of either conception, we prefer the latter, even for a treatise in theology.

The first half of the present volume is taken up with Prolegomena and Presuppositions; the former defining the subject and giving some account of the literature upon it, the second presenting truth in its undogmatic forms as found in the Gospels and the early preaching, before as yet that preaching had been formulated in dogma. For between truth and dogma Professor Harnack draws a sharp distinction. "Every dogmatic formula is suspicious, because it is fitted to wound the spirit of religion; it should not, at least, be put before the living experience in order to evoke it; for such a proceeding is really the admission of the half-belief which thinks it necessary that the impression made by the presence must be supplemented. The essence of the matter is a personal life which awakens life around it, as the fire of one torch kindles another." The general statement of the preaching of Christ and the Apostles appears to us admirable; as is the statement of the element common to all Christians in the first century, out of which grew and on which was based the subsequent development of dogma. This common element includes the Gospel as a revelation of the Supreme God; the message of the resurrection and eternal life mediated by Jesus Christ, the unique son of God; the renunciation of this world; the proclamation by chosen men of the Gospel of the Son of God; Christian worship, not yet formulated in any established ceremonies, and the brotherhood of all Christians in a religious organism which embraces the whole of humanity—as the religious truths to be proclaimed and which concern the whole of humanity. From this as a starting-point Dr. Harnack traces out the development of dogma, bringing it down to the rise of Neo-Platonism, "which assimilated the elements of most of the previous systems, and embodied the results of the history of religion and civilization in the East and West." The key to the understanding of Dr. Harnack's history is his frank recognition of the principle of evolution as applied to the growth of doctrine. He assumes the direct reverse of the doctrine of Lord Macaulay and Dean Burgon that "in divinity there cannot be a progress analogous to that which is constantly taking place in pharmacy, geology, and navigation." We shall reserve the attempt to show how Dr. Harnack applies this principle in tracing the development of doctrine until the next volume is issued, and a better opportunity is afforded to do this with justice.

Novels and Tales

Mr. Hopkinson Smith's latest story, *Tom Grogan*, is distinctly the strongest piece of work which has come from his hand. It was read with growing interest by a host of the readers of the "Century Magazine," who felt its vitality and appreciated its humor. It is a study of local life under exciting conditions, a chapter torn from the history of the labor agitation and the industrial revolution. The writer's interest centers, not in the revolution or the agitation, but in the plucky, very human woman who admirably fulfills the duty of the heroine, and in the group of men with whom she contends and whose plots and antagonism she successfully meets. There are, of course, many other sides of the question which come to the front in this story. Mr. Smith has seized one side, but he has shown the characteristic quality of the artist in keeping the question subordinate and the concrete fact to the front. He is dealing with persons and incidents, not with abstractions or with general propositions. The peculiar quality of the story is its vitality, its first-hand portraiture of life. The men and women who figure in the tale are drawn with a few vigorous and sharply defined strokes. Every one is clearly realized and stands out before the reader without any wavering or uncertainty of outline. As for Tom herself, it must be frankly conceded that, whatever view one may take of labor unions and walking delegates, she has won the hearts of all her readers, and their sympathies as well. She is both brave and real. She not only might have happened, but she actually did happen. It is such portraiture that makes literature. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Lovers of the fiction of adventure and romance have no cause to complain just now of lack of wherewithal to suit their literary appetite. To the long list of recent writers of this class of romance must be added the name of Mr. A. F. W. Mason, who bids fair to achieve marked success in the field occupied by Anthony Hope, Weyman, Quiller-Couch, Doyle, and others. *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler* (we see, by the way, no great aptness in the sub-title, "Being the

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[1] *History of Dogma*. By Adolph Harnack. Translated from the third German edition by Neil Buchanan. Vol. I. Roberts Brothers, Boston. $2.50.

Record of the Growth of an English Gentleman during the Years 1685–1687," etc.) is not only full of action and stimulating to curiosity, but tells a quite original plot in a clever way. Perhaps in its literary kinship it approaches more closely to "The Prisoner of Zenda" than to any other recent novel, but there is no evidence of imitation; the resemblance is in the spirit and dash of the narrative. The merit of this awkwardly named story is not solely in its grasp on the reader's attention and its exciting situations; it is written in excellent English, the dialogue is natural and brisk, the individual characters stand out clearly, and the flavor of the time is well preserved. As a story-teller, pure and simple, Mr. Mason is sure to receive recognition. The scene of the story shifts from England after the Monmouth rebellion to a wild part of the Tyrol. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Mrs. Hinkson (Katharine Tynan) is at her best in those sketches in *An Isle in the Water* which deal with every-day Irish character and talk. These are truly charming; they reproduce nature with mingled realism and imaginative quality. The tales which have a basis in the supernatural appeal less strongly to us; they are so somber as to be a little disagreeable and fantastic, and the note seems at times a little forced. There is, notwithstanding, much of the author's best work in this book, and the literary quality is distinctly of a high order.

All lovers of the Irish peasant in literature will be pleased that William Carleton's *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry* have been republished in two tasteful volumes. A memoir of Carleton and excellent notes have been furnished by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue. Carleton may be classed as falling half-way between the excessive joviality of the Charles Lever style of Irish writer and the minute realism of the recent school. He is sometimes a little prolix, but he knew his subject thoroughly, was steeped, so to say, in Irish folk-lore and character, and he may be read to-day with both profit and entertainment. Both Mrs. Hinkson's volume and the Carleton sketches are published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

Mr. W. Pett Ridge, in *The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst*, gives us a successful, middle-aged literary man who is happily married, but sometimes thinks that if he could live his life over he could do more with it, a chance to try the experiment. It results in moral, intellectual, and financial disaster, and Mr. Staplehurst is only too happy to obtain from Jupiter (who has manipulated the transformation to youth as a reward for Mr. Staplehurst's very handsome references in type to his Olympian Majesty) a quick return to his original status. The idea is humorously worked out, but the lesson is rather too obvious, and the story is but a clever trifle. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. Robert Barr tells a lively and entertaining story in *A Woman Intervenes.* An American woman reporter, an ingenuous mining engineer and his partner, an equally ingenuous skilled accountant, an English "promoter" of the fraudulent type, a rich and business-wise English girl, and other characters are deftly managed, but have little real solidity of existence as characters. The tone is cheerful and the story holds the attention fairly well. (F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

Mr. George Gissing's *Sleeping Fires* is a short novel, simply constructed, and with a good deal of real feeling. The methods are those with which his more extended novels have made the reading world familiar, but in this case the atmosphere of hopelessness and realistic oppression is less dense than usual. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Mr. S. Baring-Gould has so many of the qualities of a good novelist that one earnestly wishes that he possessed that of making his characters talk and act more naturally. In *The Broom Squire* he has a strong plot, faithful local color, decided originality, and an interesting interplay of motive and character, but the dialogue is artificial and dull. Mr. Hardy would have made a great novel out of this same material. (F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

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Messrs. Ginn & Co. are doing an admirable work in putting a large and choice selection from the best literature and the best thought in forms especially adapted for the reading of children. The abridgment of Long's translation of *Epictetus* addresses itself, of course, only to the most mature boys and girls. It cannot be said in any way to belong to the literature of childhood, and there is some question whether it will be attractive even to youth of an older growth. It is, however, so noble a work that one is glad to see it reproduced in any form. About Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*, which is also published in an abridged form with an introduction by Mr. Edward S. Morse, there can be no question. Boys and girls who have a love for nature and for the observation of natural life can hardly fail to be interested in this pioneer of out-of-door literature. The volume contains a brief introductory sketch. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

Lovers of Dr. Johnson will find a special pleasure in the large, clear type and the convenient form of the new edition of the *Lives of the Poets* which is now coming from the press of the Messrs. Scribner, and which, when completed, is to fill six small volumes, compact in form, well bound, and admirably printed. The notes and introduction by Mr. Arthur Waugh will add to the value of this excellent edition by helping readers to understand the place in Johnson's life of his most mature and in some respects his most extended literary work. In no other work are the strength and weakness of Johnson more clearly indicated. His sound sense, his practical sagacity, his sanity, on the one hand; on the other, his lack of imagination, his deficient sense of melody, his failure to appreciate the spontaneous elements—all these are strikingly illustrated in this group of brief biographies.

A volume of infinite delight and resource to lovers of English verse is Mr. A. S. Martin's comment *On Parody.* (Henry Holt & Co., New York.) Mr. Martin has made a collection of the best parodies in English, and prefaced them with a very interesting introduction on the general subject, in which he points out the different kinds of parodies and gives the reader some account of the development of the parody. The selections of verse are in many cases accompanied by prose comments describing the occasion, presenting historical and personal facts, and containing critical comment. The selections are made with admirable taste, and the book is an addition not only to the literature of literary study, but also to the literature of pleasure.

The fourth edition of Mr. John Addington Symonds's translation of *The Life of Benvenuto Cellini* has recently come from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, and presents in an admirable form, both as to size and typography, one of the most interesting books of its kind in the literature of the world. The volume contains the mezzotint portrait of Cellini and sixteen reproductions of characteristic works from his hand. It contains also the extremely valuable and interesting introduction from the hand of Mr. Symonds. Of the translation at this late date it is unnecessary to speak.

Those who are looking for a brief manual of ecclesiastical history may find *Outlines of Church History*, by Rudolf Sohm, translated by Miss May Sinclair, the book that suits their want. It is brief, but it is not a mere outline. The author has chosen to treat only the greater events and personages, omitting matters of lesser interest. In this way he has produced a book that is readable. His standing-point is that of evangelical faith and liberal culture. He discusses the doctrinal movements of the past in a calm and impartial spirit. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Literary Notes

—Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, has placed in the hands of his publishers the manuscript of his new book. It will bear the title "The Ambassador of Christ."

—Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus," is now living at Nottingham. Although in his eightieth year, he is wonderfully hale and hearty. It is considerably over half a century since "Festus" appeared.

—One of Victor Hugo's grandsons was a sailor for three years, and is soon to publish his first book, "The Recollections of a Sailor," some of the chapters of which have already appeared in one of the Paris newspapers.

—The fresh transcription of part of the Sinai Gospels, which was brought by Mrs. S. S. Lewis from Mount Sinai in the spring of last year, will be published by the Cambridge University Press in the course of this month. It will be accompanied by a new and complete edition of her translation, and will take the form of a reprint of about one hundred Syriac pages hitherto defective.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Charles, who died on March 28, at the age of sixty-eight, at Hampstead, England, was born in Tavistock, Devonshire. The list of her works is a long one, and foremost among them stands the famous "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family" (which appeared in 1864). Others of her writings are "The Victory of the Vanquished: A Tale of the First Century," "Against the Stream: The Story of an Heroic Age in England," "Joan the Maid," "Three Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century," and "Martyrs and Saints of the First Twelve Centuries."

—A new edition of "The Question of Copyright," compiled by Mr. George Haven Putnam, Secretary of the American Publishers' Copyright League, is in press for immediate publication. The book has been thoroughly revised and brought down to date, and new material has been added. An important feature is the full text of the copyright law of the United States, with the amendments adopted and considered up to March 1, 1896, and a summary of the copyright laws at present in force throughout the world.

—The "Westminster Gazette" says: "Every effort is being made to secure that the forthcoming Burns Exhibition to be held in Glasgow during the summer months shall be a success. A sum of upward of £2,500 has already been subscribed to the guarantee fund. The Committee, of which Lord Rosebery and Lord Provost Bell are respectively President and Vice-President, desire, however, that the guarantee fund should amount to £5,000, and they now appeal for further subscriptions, and also for loans of pictures, manuscripts, relics, books, and other articles likely to enhance the interest and the value of the exhibition. What, one wonders, would the bard himself think of it all?"

—Mr. Clarke, of Apia, Samoa, who conducted the late Robert Louis Stevenson's funeral service, is now in England. Speaking of the novelist in an interview, he said:

> "I met Mr. Stevenson the first day he landed at Samoa, and our friendship dated from that time. Rarely a day passed but some member of his family was at our house." Mr. Clarke said he did not think the religious side of Mr. Stevenson's character had received due recognition. "Every Sunday night he conducted family worship. A chapter from the Samoan Bible was read verse by verse by the members of the household; Mr. Stevenson followed with a collect and the Lord's Prayer from the English Prayer-Book, and then one of the Samoans prayed in the vernacular; finally, Mr. Stevenson read a prayer which he had composed during the week for this service; and the prayer read at his funeral was the one that had been offered the preceding Sunday." Mr. Clarke stated that Mr. Stevenson was a regular attendant at the English church, and, speaking from most intimate acquaintance, characterized him as "a deeply religious man."

[For list of Books Received see Table of Contents]

For the Little People

Marble Time

By Clinton Scollard

Hurrah! hurrah! it's marble time!
And every boy who's got a dime
Or nickel somewhere stored away
Will, after school, be out at play.
What if the wind blows chill?—it's fun!
And there are corners in the sun.

Now bring your "allies" bright, and bring
Your bag of "mibs," and make a ring,
And if it's little or it's big,
There's not a *feller*'ll care a fig;
But if you "hunch," no boy in town
Will play, and you must "knuckle down."

Oh, don't I wish that I might go
Unto the land where marbles grow
Upon the trees like fruit, and pull
Them off, and fill my pockets full!
Though I can't find that country, I'm
Just jolly glad it's marble time.

April Sunbeams

By Mary H. Fisk

If there was one thing Father Sun loved, it was the beautiful world where happy boys and girls lived, and where his Sunbeams went every day to work and play.

April was coming, and the dear little April Sunbeams were wild with delight to think it would soon be their turn to go to work.

"Please, Father Sun, let us go first," said some bright Sunbeams.

"You!" said Father Sun; "why, you are hot little Sunbeams, and ought to go last."

"Yes, Father Sun, we know that, but we want to go the very first day of April. The children have such fun on April Fool's Day, and we love to hear them laugh, and see the jokes they play on each other, and then we want to fool them, and make them think summer has come."

And the children were fooled.

"Mother," said one little boy, "I can't keep my coat on another minute; it's as hot as summer out."

The Sunbeams just danced up and down on the wall when they heard that, and could hardly wait till night came to tell Father Sun what a good joke they had played on the dear little boy.

"Now we must go to work," said Father Sun. "Who wants to shine on the trees and call to the buds softly and gently that Jack Frost has gone home, and that April has come, and that it is time they took off their overcoats and began to grow?"

So many Sunbeam Fairies wanted to go to visit the trees that Father Sun's heart was filled with joy at the sight.

Some were dressed in green—such a dainty tint of green—and they spoke lovingly to the leaf-buds, and helped them awaken from their long winter nap. Some were dressed in red, and they whispered their secret to the tiny red flower-buds on the maple and elm trees, and laughed to think such great big trees should have such little flowers. Some went to the willows and called the "pussies" out. I cannot begin to tell you all the different trees they visited, there were so many; but to each one there came a troop of Sunbeam Fairies, and not one little bud was overlooked.

Another set rested lovingly on the ground. Do you think they were going to make the ground grow? "Such funny children to think that!" said these Fairies. "Let us not tell them about it, but make them wait and see what comes up out of the ground after a while, and then see if they can guess why we worked and played there every day."

"I am afraid," said one thoughtful little Fairy—but so softly that the children on the porch could not hear her—"that I am shining so hard on my spot of ground that it will be baked hard, and the dear little seed will never be able to send its stalk up into the air."

"Never mind," said another, "Father Sun told us to shine just as hard as we could, so it will all be right."

"I wish he would send a shower," said another.

"I know what the children would say if he did," said a third. But before the fourth could say anything, down came the rain, and all the children shouted, "April showers make May flowers."

The Sunbeams were so anxious to hear what the children were saying that back they came before it had stopped raining.

"There is the sun, and it is still raining," said one little girl with bright eyes. "There ought to be a rainbow."

"I was so afraid they would not see it," whispered a Sunbeam.

"But they did," said another. "Let us ask Father Sun to send a shower and a rainbow every day—it makes the children so happy."

As Father Sun watched his April Sunbeams, his heart glowed within him.

"They are brave little workers," he said. "The world will soon be ready for the beautiful May flowers."

Gyp

He is a Skye. You wonder, when you look at him, how he can ever see to walk, his hair is in such a tangle over his eyes. His tail is the most amusing part of him. It really seems as if his constant wagging would wear it out. It is never still. When he is glad, you can hardly see it—it goes so fast that it is like a yellow streak. He is full of tricks. He jumps as high as your shoulders when you go to see him. If he has had his bath, he seems to say, "Just see me! Am I not handsome?" Perhaps he has found out how handsome he is from the mirror in the house where he lives. It reaches from the ceiling to the floor; and he has learned, in some way, that this is not another dog he sees jumping about, but a reflection of himself.

Gyp has his trials. One of them is that he cannot run out in the street alone. He stands by the window and sees the other dogs run up and down the block, playing with the children and having a delightful time, but he is not allowed this freedom. Then he has to have a bath every day, and he hates it. He struggles and cries and whines, though he must know by this time that it is useless, that he must submit. Not the least of his trials is caused by the little boys and girls. Why is it that they should do the very thing to Gyp that they hate to have done to them? When Gyp stands in the window, feeling very unhappy because he cannot run out and play, those children lean on the iron fence in front and bark and jump at him until he is nearly frantic. If they would only remember how they feel when all the other children on the block are out playing, and they cannot go, they would not torment dear Gyp as they do. Now what has happened is that Gyp hates little boys and girls. He cannot bear to have them come in the house. The moment one comes in he growls and scowls, and looks as fierce as if he were a big lion instead of a tiny dog about twelve inches long. He thinks all boys and girls are his enemies. They miss a very great pleasure, for Gyp is so affectionate that he is worth having for a friend. If you were his friend, you would not give up the friendly wag of his tail for a large sum of money. How much happier Gyp would be, and the boys and girls on his block, if, when he saw them, he barked in joy as he does at his friends, and wagged his ridiculous tail to show how much he loved them! Now his tail stands out in anger, and he growls and barks his hateful bark the moment a small boy or girl appears.

The Accident

She is such a dear little girl that you cannot resist the temptation to watch her. She is the most loving little mother you can imagine. She pushes before her, as she comes down the street, a beautiful baby-carriage. Some big folks who do not understand little girls might be cruel enough to say that it is a doll-carriage. The little girl avoids all the rough places in the sidewalk, so that her darling baby will not be jarred or annoyed by the roughness. When the sun shines, she carefully adjusts the white silk parasol so that the sun will not shine in her baby's eyes. It is certain that if she knew how very bad for the eyes a white parasol is she would not use one. This little mother and her precious baby are in charge of a big nurse. The nurse is one of those disagreeable big people who will not see what a precious baby a doll is, and she calls the carriage a doll's carriage.

Yesterday there was a sharp cry of distress, and then a sweet little voice full of tears saying, "Save her! save her!" In the street, just over the curb, was the baby-carriage. The beautiful baby in her long white dress lay in the gutter; the lovely little mother stood wringing her hands on the sidewalk. The nurse picked up the baby by her skirts, and jerked the carriage back on the sidewalk, and threw the baby in it, saying to the little mother, "Stop crying! your old doll is not broken." The little mother could not believe it; she cried harder than ever as she smoothed out the pillow and straightened out her baby comfortably in the carriage. She felt her all over, and put her cheek down on her baby's face. Then the nurse, big and coarse and strong, like an ogre in the fairy stories, shook the little girl and said, "Stop your noise," and the little girl gave a frightened sob and pushed the carriage as far from the curb as she could roll it.

Perhaps some good fairy will tell the little mother's mamma how disagreeable the nurse is, and then she will have a good nurse who will believe that little girls' dolls can be just as dear to them as real live babies are to their real mothers. If the fairies would only wave their wands over all the nurses in the land, and make them gentle and kind and good, what a lovely world this would be for children!

Mournful Jane and Happy Sue

By Ruth Underhill

Once on a time there were two twins
  Whom everybody knew,
And one of them was Mournful Jane
  And one was Happy Sue.

And Happy Sue would laugh and sing,
  And run about and play,
But Mournful Jane would mope and groan,
  And cry all through the day.

A stranger coming to the town
  Was struck by this, and said
To Sue, "What are you thinking of
  That makes you laugh, my maid?"

And Susan smiled, and happily
  And gayly made reply,
"I think of all the cakes and pies
  To-morrow will supply."

And then the stranger turned to Jane
  And said, "My little one,
What do you think of all the time
  That makes you sob and groan?"

Jane answered with a burst of tears
  And face all woebegone,
"I think of all the cakes and pies
  That are forever gone!"

⁂

An exchange says a gentleman invited some friends to dinner; and as the colored servant entered the room, he accidentally dropped a platter which held a turkey. "My friends," said the gentleman, in a most impressive tone, "never in my life have I witnessed an event so fraught with disaster in the various nations of the globe. In this calamity we see the downfall of Turkey, the upsetting of Greece, the destruction of China, and the humiliation of Africa."

The Religious World

A Noteworthy Conference

The wish for a closer fellowship between the Congregational churches and those of the Christian connection seems to be in process of realization. On the 14th and 15th of this month, at Piqua, Ohio, a joint Conference, consisting of representatives of two local Conferences of Congregationalists and two of Christians, gave to this movement a strong impetus. The Christian church at Piqua entertained the Conference, and a good delegation from both denominations was in attendance. Two presiding officers, the Rev. J. B. Weston, D.D., of the Christian Biblical School at Stamfordville, N. Y., and the Rev. Washington Gladden, divided the direction of the assembly between them, and the secretaries were the Rev. J. J. Summerbell, D.D., editor of the "Herald of Gospel Liberty," and the Rev. R. S. Lindsay, of Columbus. The opening sermon was delivered by the Congregational president, upon the mission of the Church as the promoter of unity and peace in society. Such questions as "Are Congregationalists Christians?" "Are Christians Congregationalists?" and "How Can we Help Each Other?" and such topics as "The Essentials of Christianity," "Converging Lines," "Unity a Product of Life," "Unity a Condition of Growth," and the gains of unity in the nineteenth and in the twentieth centuries, were discussed in admirable papers and addresses, and the voluntary speaking was extremely vigorous and effective. The spirit of the whole meeting was the very best. From the beginning to the end not one discordant note was struck. The purpose of all seemed to be to find a way of closer fellowship and more practical co-operation. The fact of the essential unity of the two bodies was made so plain that a wayfaring man could not help seeing it. The only obstacle in the way of the complete unification of the two bodies appears to be the question of name; and there were few who were inclined to put emphasis upon this. No attempt was made, however, to secure organic unity. Such action would have exceeded the powers of the local bodies represented, and it was the unanimous feeling that the unity ought to come as the product of life, and not as the result of any well-contrived agreements. The Conference unanimously resolved that meetings similar to this with a larger constituency should be arranged for in the future, and appointed a committee to take the matter in charge. It also recommended that local Conferences of either body should take pains to invite to their meetings members of the other living in their neighborhood; that, when practicable, the local Conferences of the two bodies should be held at the same time and place, and joint sessions arranged for; that fellowship be promoted by exchange of pulpits; and that the home mission boards of the two bodies be requested to confer for the maintenance of comity and co-operation.

A Good Union Work

One form of Christian activity which knows no division into orthodox and heterodox in Massachusetts is what is called "The Convention of Congregational Ministers." It has issued its annual appeal in behalf of its charitable fund. The income of this fund it distributes, with such additional sums as may be intrusted to it, to the widows and unmarried daughters of the Congregational ministers in Massachusetts who died without pastoral settlements. About thirty such persons are receiving assistance. Last year the amount which could be given each one was only $34. The committee are anxious to lift it to $100, and to do this they need to have the income considerably increased. The appeal is made to both Trinitarian and Unitarian churches, which for years have united in this work. On the committee we see the names of such a Congregationalist as Dr. Alexander Mackenzie, and such a Unitarian as Dr. E. E. Hale. The treasurer of the fund is the Rev. Henry F. Jenks, of Canton, Mass. Are there not other ways in which not only these churches but all others could co-operate in what surely should be regarded as common work?

Professor H. P. Smith and the Cincinnati Presbytery

The "Evangelist" of April 16 contains a courteous and generous-spirited article by the Rev. Rollin A. Sawyer, D.D., in which he makes an appeal to the Cincinnati Presbytery to rescind its action in regard to Professor Henry Preserved Smith. Dr. Sawyer says the sentiment, in brief, is this: The trial was hasty and impassioned, and the sentence was on something which Professor Smith was presumed to represent rather than upon himself. The vote by which sentence was given does not to-day represent the judgment of the Presbytery nor of the Church at large. Why, then, should it be suffered to stand?" He then goes on to show that the Presbytery has the initiative; that the fact that judgment was affirmed by Synod and Assembly does not take from the Presbytery the privilege of reversing the sentence. He then shows that the confidence of the members of the Presbytery of Cincinnati in Professor Smith is unimpaired and freely confessed; that they have urged him to accept a certificate of good standing to be taken to a Congregational church; he shows that the Professor is believed and trusted everywhere; and that his friends in the Presbytery of Cincinnati who are ready to move for a reversal of his sentence, if not in the majority in the Presbytery, surely have the majority of the people of God with them. The article then shows that the feeling throughout the Church is in favor of the action suggested. Dr. Sawyer says: "The good sense of our whole Church demands a change. It would hail such action by the Presbytery of Cincinnati as would show a consciousness of the presence and rights of their brethren." The article is written in the peculiarly strong and vigorous style characteristic of the author. He speaks as a Presbyterian. We have no doubt, however, that in his appreciation of Professor Henry P. Smith he voices the sentiment not only of the members of his own denomination, but of most Christian people who are familiar with the facts.

A Silver Jubilee

The Mount Vernon Church of Boston, of which the Rev. Samuel E. Herrick, D.D., is the pastor, has long been one of the landmarks of that city. In recent years it has been removed to the Back Bay, and a new church edifice has been erected. The twenty-fifth anniversary of the settlement of Dr. Herrick as its pastor was celebrated on the 11th of April. Dr. Herrick is one of the most eminent and scholarly as well as one of the manliest and truest men in the ministry of our country. He succeeded the Rev. Dr. Kirk in the pastorate of the Mount Vernon Church. The position was a difficult one, but the work has steadily advanced, and to-day is most encouraging. On Sunday, April 12, Dr. Kirk preached an anniversary sermon, and on the following day numbers of his friends gathered in Mount Vernon Hall to offer him and to the church their congratulations. Professor J. W. Churchill, of Andover, presided. Dr. George A. Gordon declared that the grandeur of Dr. Herrick's ministry lies in the fact that he has saved Mount Vernon Church from the doom that awaited it in its old location. Other speakers were Dr. A. S. Twombly, General F. A. Walker, of the Institute of Technology, Judge Chamberlain, of Chelsea, Dr. Alexander Mackenzie, Dr. Winchester Donald, of Trinity Church, Dr. Edward Everett Hale. The work which Dr. Herrick has accomplished is worthy of all the good words spoken concerning it. After listening to his friends, he said: "These lovely things you have been saying about me are not true, but that you should think them true touches me very deeply."

Dr. Herrick's Sermon

One part of Dr. Herrick's sermon on the anniversary mentioned above is particularly worthy of being reproduced in our columns. We quote from the report as it is given in the "Congregationalist:" "The most masterly portion of the discourse, however, was his review of the changes in fundamental conceptions and ruling ideas which he believes have taken general and permanent possession of the thinking of mankind. Formerly men said: Christ died, therefore God is our Father. Our belief now is just the reverse: God is our Father, and therefore Christ died. In the same way men held that the Bible is an inspired book, and must therefore be accepted from beginning to end. Not so; the Bible is a book full of profound truths which appeal to the judgment and conscience, and therefore must be given of God, inspired. The ethical relations of God and man are as parent and child who stand with mutual rights and mutual duties, while the cross is the supreme expression of God's eternal altruism in relation to his children. Heaven and hell are here. 'I have been in both,' said the preacher, solemnly. With a new conception of the corporate unity of mankind, theology has become more altruistic, and a new theory of preaching, which holds that man must be a follower of Christ not merely to save himself, but to be a savior in his own place and measure, has been adopted of inward necessity."

Missionary Policy

The meeting of the Vermont Congregational Club recently held in Bennington had an open discussion on the subject of Missions, in which there was greater freedom of utterance than is common in the consideration of that subject. The Vermont Congregationalists have opened a door through which we imagine many others will soon pass. The question of missionary policy demands instant and serious consideration. The Rev. George W. Phillips, D.D., for instance, in the discussion at Bennington emphasized the duty of concentration upon fewer fields. That is important. The previous policy has been to extend as rapidly as possible, but Dr. Phillips argued that if one country could be evangelized at a time, in the end the work would be more swiftly accomplished. Finish Japan, China, and India, and then go on to other countries. But really there need be no undue concentration if there is only proper co-operation. This is the point which we would emphasize. The missionary treasuries are embarrassed, and many of them deeply in debt, and one reason is because there is so much competition between societies and so little co-operation. The missionary work in its present proportions could be administered with far greater economy both of men and means. If all individual societies would concentrate and co-operate, at least so far as to advise with one another as to what fields they should enter, there would be better service in all the fields, and few if any would long be without the leaven of missionary influence. One of the sad things of the present embarrassed condition of the treasuries of the various Boards is the fact that there has been so little mutual consultation as to how the work might be conducted more economically. Instead of that, a new force of agents has been put into the fields to raise the debts. Possibly no other course could have been followed, but we should like to see the experiment tried of all the American societies meeting with but one object in view, and that the consideration of the question how the whole work might be conducted with greater efficiency and economy. The result would be some very revolutionary changes, no doubt, but we believe that among them would be no contraction of salaries on the field and no reduction of appropriations. Does not denominationalism stand in the way of the wisest administration of the great and glorious missionary enterprises of the Church? And why should not the denominations co-operate?

Forward Movement in Australia

About thirty-five years ago the Wesley Church in Melbourne was erected, and was intended to be a kind of Methodist Cathedral. It was regarded as the finest church building of the denomination in the world. At the present time there are few that are finer. It is a Gothic structure of imposing proportions, and accommodates about two thousand people. As a church for the "classes" it was never a success. Recently, however, it has been utilized in the interests of a movement similar to that which is led by Hugh Price Hughes in the West End Mission of London. Its location is favorable, being near to the center of the city and also near to many of the worst localities. The need in that city is great for something which, in the best sense, shall be a forward movement. For this work the Rev. A. R. Edgar has been secured. He is a famous open-air preacher, and is said by the writer in the "Christian World," from which we take these facts, to be hated by the publicans, or saloon-keepers, more than any other man in Victoria. He is about six feet six inches in height, and as large every other way as he is physically. Under the new order the great building is thronged both winter and summer. The subjects considered are level to the comprehension of common people. Manifestation of approval is welcomed as in a public hall, and all are made to feel at home. About four hundred are enrolled as members of the "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Club." The "Sisters of the People" are of great service in visitation. On Sunday evenings a brass band plays in front of the church, and sometimes marches round the neighborhood leading a procession to the church doors. Occasional stereopticon services are held, to the great delight of the people. Among the agencies used none render better results than what is known as the Sisters' Department. Four Sisters are in constant service. "One attends the police court daily to look after women and children who may be 'run in.' She also leads a large class, gives Christian instruction in a day-school, and visits among the sick and poor. Another looks after the converts who give in their names, and also speaks at evangelistic meetings. Another is employed in rescue work, living in a refuge for unfortunate women." In such ways these Sisters are proving themselves the true friends of the people. Another branch of work is the Relief Department, which uses a large warehouse as the center of its activity. There is a night shelter, for those who are out of work, in which are seventy beds, and any man, sober and destitute, can obtain one for the asking. Many are fed there, and it is a center of charitable work. The bakers and produce-dealers of the city have become so interested in this movement that they regularly contribute, and we read that "only once has a half-crown been spent in meat since the place was opened." These centers of the forward movement in London, Birmingham, Melbourne, and other places are more like the service originally rendered by Wesley and his followers than anything to be seen elsewhere in the world. The need of such a movement in Melbourne was as great as in London. It was far more sensible to utilize that great church for such a purpose than it would have been to sell the building and move the church to a neighborhood where it would be surrounded by the homes of the rich and well-to-do. The example could be followed with profit in many other cities.

Foreign Missions Again

The "Review of the Churches" for the month of April contains a Round Table Conference on the subject of a commission to examine into the way in which foreign mission work is conducted. The Conference is the outgrowth of a suggestion made at the Parliament of Religions. Among the writers is Mr. Arnold White, who has traveled widely, and who is quite severe in his criticisms. "What we want to know," he says, "is whether it is worth while to spend another hundred millions sterling on Protestant missions as they are now conducted, or can we do better with the money?" He says: "We have spent seventy millions already, and are keeping up fifty-four societies at a cost of a million sterling a year." He thinks the public are not well informed as to the results of mission work as a whole. He says: "We have spent seventy millions sterling in teaching a lesson we have not begun to learn ourselves." By that he means to say that the churches at home have not reached the standard of the teaching of the missionaries abroad. Another writer is Dr. Cust, of the Indian Civil Service, who supports the views advanced by Mr. White. On the other side Mr. Eugene Stock, Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, and Mr. Wardlaw Thompson, of the London Missionary Society, defend the missionary policy with great earnestness. The former says that the character of the missionaries is steadily improving; that the annual expenditure of all Protestant missions is only equal to the cost of a single Cunarder. Mr. Thompson grants that in some respects the positions of missionaries are preferable to those who minister among the poorer classes at home, but claims that so far as that may be true it is a reflection on the home churches rather than on the foreign field. Most of the discussion concerns India, and is, as we said before, largely from the point of view of the Anglican missions. It has been our privilege to study mission work on other fields, and we are able to say that, however it may be in one or two lands, the statements of Mr. White and Dr. Cust are not true in all lands. The missionaries whom we have seen are devoted and self-sacrificing. Most of them could do better at home, if they were actuated by selfish motives. They are earnestly seeking the welfare of the people, and are tireless in preaching the Gospel. They live with the greatest frugality, and have proved their heroism in ways that do not need to be recounted.

Another Criticism

Another criticism of the same kind as that to which we have referred is in an article published in the "Far East" by Professor Ukita, of Japan. Like Dr. Cust, he arraigns the nations which are only nominally Christian for sending missionaries to the "heathen." If sending missionaries assumed that all the people in the lands from which they were sent were Christian, there would be an absurdity in the whole missionary enterprise; but the Christians from among whom missionaries are sent are equally faithful at home. They are tireless in the great cities and on the frontiers. Foreign missions are only one branch of the whole service. The theory of foreign missions is that the people must hear and know the Gospel before they can have the strongest motives for living righteous lives. We do not send missionaries to Japan because we are entirely Christian in the United States, but in order that Japan may know the Christian Saviour. The missionary enterprise in Japan and India is only a small part of what the Church is doing. It is easy for the Japanese professor and the English official to sneer at England and America as unchristian nations. No one knows what truth is in that statement better than the Christian people who are not relaxing their efforts at home because of what they are doing abroad; but America and England know the Gospel as some other nations do not, therefore missionaries are sent.

Brief Mention

Last week the Rev. W. H. Davis, D.D., formerly of the First Congregationa Church of Detroit, was installed pastor of the Eliot Church in Newton, Mass. The church is one of the strongest suburban churches in New England, and its new pastor is a man who has been well tried in other fields of labor. During his ministry in Detroit a new and beautiful church edifice was erected and nearly eight hundred new members were received.

American and English Christians, among whom he is widely known, will sympathize with the Rev. Henry Loomis in the loss of his home at Yokohama by fire. Mr. Loomis is no longer a missionary of any Board; he represents the Bible Society in Japan. His denominational connections are with the Presbyterians, but almost all Christians who visit that Empire have received courtesies from his hands. His hospitality is large, and his position in the leading port of the nation gives him peculiar opportunities for meeting and greeting those who come from England and America. We extend to him our hearty sympathy.

The Rev. George Leon Walker, D.D., of Hartford, Conn., has been selected this year to deliver the course of lectures annually given at the Hartford Theological Seminary on the Carew foundation. Dr. Walker is well known for his historical studies, and his subject is "Some Phases of the Religious Life of New England, with Special Reference to Congregationalism." The titles of the individual lectures, with the dates on which they will be delivered, are as follows: (1) "The Religious Life of the Puritan Period" (approximate time, 1620–1660), on April 15; (2) "The Decline of Religious Feeling in New England" (approximate time, 1660–1735), on April 20; (3) "The Great Awakening and its Sequels" (approximate time, 1735–1790), on April 22; (4) "The Evangelical Reawakening" (approximate time, 1790–1859), on April 27; (5) "The Current Era" (approximate time, 1859–1896), on April 29. The lecturers in other years on this foundation have been such men as the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., on "Qualifications for Ministerial Power;" President E. Benjamin Andrews, LL.D., on "Wealth and Moral Law;" and Maurice Thompson on "The Ethics of Literary Art."

The Home Club

The Parlor Lecture

The day has really come when the American woman would be justified in praying to be delivered from the parlor lecturer. The parlor lecturer now almost equals in number the insects that plagued Egypt. This is especially true during Lent. It may be that there is a desire to increase the gloom of the season that is supposed to be spent in sackcloth and ashes; certainly many women feel that sackcloth and ashes would be light penance in comparison with that which they pay sitting in overheated, unventilated parlors listening to rambling talks on subjects in which they have no interest, or one only just awakening. True, they are responsible for their own sufferings, and it is rather a curious state of mind, for they usually pay a large price for their experience. Every year this plague of parlor lectures increases in number; would that we could say in the dissemination of knowledge! Why is it that a woman who is kind-hearted, honest, and fair-minded will become sponsor for some woman—usually the parlor lecturer is a woman who has failed in everything else—and introduce her to her friends as a lecturer, when the woman has no equipment or training, nor is there any justification in her appearance in public in the light of a teacher, except her financial need, or her love of prominence. Now, in the first case, she is entitled to all that generosity can give her, but why in the world should this generosity be disguised by giving her the title of lecturer? Why cannot her friend, who wishes to help her, state the woman's needs to her friends, and make up a purse of money and give it to her? We all give away during the winter a great deal of money that does no good, and it surely is a pleasant thought that one has saved a gentlewoman from being hungry or cold or barefooted, or even unfashionable. But why should a hundred gentlewomen be tortured in order that one may meet a measure of protection? Is it not time that the intelligent American woman should rise in her might against this form of pseudo-charity? Is there anything more unkind than wrapping the cloak of pretense of learning about ignorance? What does it mean when a half-trained woman dares to appear in public with a series of lectures on subjects that are beyond her capacity to understand, about which she has never had, and never can have, an original thought? Why should we have women who are unequipped giving lectures? There are women who have something original to say about a subject to which they have given years of time, of study, of thought, and investigation; and the world owes them a debt of gratitude, in this day of rush and hurry, for digesting their subject thoroughly, and giving their thoughts to the people who will not take the time to read, and hardly the time to think. Honesty demands that a woman should be very cautious when she assumes the duty of sponsor. It is no light or trifling matter to get an audience of women together in these busy days, nor should it be done except when the sponsor knows that they will be paid for the time they give. The lecture season is practically over for '95, but '96 lies before us, with scores of men and women ably equipped to arouse new thought and ambition for learning, and to widen and deepen the culture of the women of a young nation; but back of them are hordes of men and women poorly equipped who will be paid for giving out ideas that are not their own, for they never had any, their need being the only reason advanced for afflicting the public. The pity of it is that the very class of people who need the very best teachers (for the parlor lecturer is a teacher) have not the standards which enable them to judge of good work. This it is which makes the unequipped lecturer possible and enables women to eke out a miserable existence in what they call a profession—but which is rapidly becoming a procession, to see which the audience grows smaller as we grow more intelligent. The parlor lecture has an office, and a noble one, but it can maintain it only as the projectors have personal ambition to stand before the public as its protectors against poor work. This mixing of charitable impulses and general sympathies with educational opportunities is nearly always disastrous. It is not the lecturer who is guilty, but the women who place her in the wrong position.

Physical Culture

The American Association for the Advancement of Physical Culture is, as its name indicates, an organization having for its purpose the awakening of a wider and more intelligent interest in physical education. This Association was organized in 1885 at the Adelphi Academy in Brooklyn, and while its growth has in no measure been phenomenal, it has been a steady one that indicated the earnestness with which the members were working to accomplish the ends for which they organized. Without doubt there is a wide field for this organization, for much that is termed physical culture is not so. This is especially true of much of the work done for children and working-girls, and very much of the work that is done by so-called professionals is conducive to harm, and establishes false standards—not the least of the great evils with which the American people at the present time must contend. The Association declares as its object the increasing of interest in physical education and the spread of accurate knowledge as to what physical education is, and to further a knowledge of the best athletic pastimes in the education of children and youth. Active membership is possible only to those engaged in physical education, but the Association has created an associate membership which will include all who are interested in the cause of physical education and who desire to be associated with the society. This Association has decided that branch organizations must be established. Any persons interested can secure copies of the constitution and by-laws, and such information as they need, by addressing George W. Fitz, Corresponding Secretary, Cambridge, Mass.

Child Study

The awakening interest of our readers in the subject of child study justifies the unusual space given in this column to this subject. The Department of Psychology of the University of Wisconsin has done and is doing practical work. A syllabus issued by it is of great value. The subject is, "Studies in the Moral Development of Children." The object, as stated, is to get the attitude of young children toward authority, with a view to determining what sort of discipline, instruction, and appeal is best calculated to develop in children a proper recognition of authority and readiness to submit to it. To get these data close observation must be given to the expressions of anger or willfulness when the child's voluntary actions are interfered with; the first acts of voluntary obedience, and the motives that promoted them. What kinds of punishment affect the child? Does he submit as without will, or is he made angry or sulky by interference with his plans? Is he affected by the manner in which a command is given? Does he yield to the authority of others than his parents? Does the form of command affect his obedience? Does the child disobey because of a strong, self-assertive spirit? Does he play and work harmoniously with other children? Does he lead or follow best? Keep the records of each child separate; nationality, age, condition of health, and peculiarities of temperament should be recorded. The condition of the child at the time of the act should be recorded. A child nervous or angry, irritated or calm, ill or well, will not in each condition act the same; justice requires that his condition should be known. This syllabus of child study can be obtained by addressing J. F. Morse, Wisconsin University, Madison, Wis.

Mothers' Club in St. Paul

Dear Outlook: I read with interest in the Home Club an article on "Child Study," and an account of the Mothers' Club of Buffalo. We have had a Mothers' Club in this city for two years, not for scientific child-study alone, but taking up the special physiology and psychology of woman, the kindergarten idea, the "new education," and all the difficult problems of child-rearing, from ante-natal influence to the perilous "age of transition."

Our method is in general that of the literary "Woman's Club" of the day, including courses of reading, papers and discussion by members, and frequent lectures by outsiders—physicians, clergymen, educators. This year we have had a course of twelve lectures on Applied Psychology by a Normal School ex-president, and look forward to another course upon Chemistry of Foods and Household Sanitation. You see we do not propose to neglect either the mind or the body.

I am glad to be able to add that three other Mothers' Clubs have lately been established in other parts of the city, through the efforts of our Board of Directors, including at present over one hundred women, and an Executive Board is about to be formed, consisting of representatives from all four clubs. We hope to extend this work very largely during the coming year. Will not others who are doing similar work correspond with us?

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Notes and Queries

I have had a discussion by letter with an esteemed friend on the matter of religion. I want to submit a few questions to you and a page of his letter, where he speaks of his father, now between seventy and eighty, who has always been moral and strictly honest, but who is not a church member, and refuses to believe in the fall of man and many things found in the Bible. Kindly tell me if what he lays down as to his father's liability to endless punishment is correct according to Christianity as taught nowadays. Also if we are to take literally the account given of the creation of woman out of the rib, and what we are to understand in the matter of the sun standing still for Joshua; and, finally, if a man acts honestly in all his dealings, is charitable toward other people's failings, has sympathy for the poor and unfortunate, and detests the methods by which the rich by usury and purchased legislation pile up wealth created by others' labor, and legalize their thefts (allowing also that by bathing and by proper thinking he keeps himself clean physically and mentally), but withal fails to believe that Jesus Christ was miraculously conceived by the Holy Ghost, refuses to believe in the fall of man, and holds that no good God would ever write or have written in *his* book that verse in the Bible, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"—must he, according to the Christian religion as now taught, be doomed after death to eternal torment or be "lost"? S. W. B.

Your friend writes: "Morality is not Christianity, and God requires more than the virtues named." We hold that in the truly spiritual view the two are one. His father's difficulty is threefold: 1. He regards Christian faith as essentially more than mere loving obedience to Christ, as our Saviour from sin rather than from punishment. 2. He regards morality as something apart from the spirit of loyalty to the Eternal Goodness, for he has not cured himself of swearing. 3. He imagines God to be responsible for the truth of everything ascribed to him in the Bible—especially in the Old Testament. False church-teaching has probably set him wrong on these points. The New Testament says that "the Father judgeth according to *each man's* works." Consequently God discriminates what is strictly a man's own from what his parents or teachers have put into him. In the case before us, this principle rules out all despair. Salvation is not getting into a place called "heaven," away from a place called "hell," but getting into a state of moral soundness and spiritual health. This is a thing of many degrees, from the most imperfect to the most perfect. So far as not completed here, it must be completed hereafter. But, in whatever degree, its vital principle is in the subjection of conscience to the law of God, with faith in God's saving power through our discipleship to his dear Son. Of course, we must see something of this saving process going on here, in order to hope that it will be completed hereafter. Not what a man believes about the birth of Christ, but the yielding of his conscience to Christ as Master and Guide, is of consequence to his real salvation. Christianity is no set of opinions, but a life of sonship to God in fidelity to Christ. The story of woman's creation and the fall is imaginative. The story of Joshua and the sun came from the fragment of a Hebrew war-song.

1. Please give me the distinction between the deity and divinity of Christ. Does the Bible teach the former or the latter? Do any churches hold to the deity of Christ? 2. Is faith an impulse or a certitude? 3. Is it possible to explain the existence of the spiritual nature of man as an expression of what is potential and prophetic of what is to come, and that its indefiniteness and obscurity are due to the fact of the imperfection or immaturity of this nature under material conditions? In other words, is not the spiritual nature of man in strict accordance with evolution and development and its laws, but limited under present conditions from this fact? 4. Is the intellect egoistic and the heart altruistic, and is it possible to bring these together so as to preserve the authority of both? J. W. B.

1. So far as any make this distinction, which not all do, the "deity" of Christ signifies that he was "very God of very God." His "divinity" denotes his godlikeness as above that of any other. In the various points of view which the Scriptures take, they teach both, in consonance with the underlying truth of an essential identity of nature between deity and humanity. The deity of Christ is an article of orthodox belief. 2. Incipient faith is an impulse; when fully developed, it is a certitude (see Heb. xi., 1). In the New Testament faith is the fellowship of love, trust, and endeavor with Christ, in entire self-committal to him. 3. By "spiritual nature" understand moral nature; then the indefiniteness will clear up. History shows a moral evolution going on, but at present it is largely in the embryonic stage. 4. We are not thus built in compartments. The raw material of our nature is feeling, and intellect is always involved in it. At first unreasonable and egoistic, as in a young child, it becomes reasonable and altruistic by culture. The authority ascribed to intellect over feeling is nothing but the authority of reasonable feeling over unreasonable.

1. I was asked the other day how Christ could be free from all conceit when he said, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly." What should have been the answer? 2. Is the age of Christ at his death known? 3. Is it believed to be really true that when man was created, the serpent had the power of talking to Eve, and that God walked and talked in the flesh in the Garden of Eden? 4. In the many passages of the Bible where Christ speaks of coming from heaven, as John vi., 38, does it mean that he really was in heaven before he came to this earth? A SUBSCRIBER.

1. "Professors" of any branch of learning profess their qualifications, and are not deemed conceited, as they state what it is important to know. Conceit is in thinking or professing above one's measure—which Christ did not—and in a self-regarding way. Christ's spirit in his profession was not self-regarding, but philanthropical. 2. As he was thirty years of age (see Luke iii., 23) at the beginning of his three years' ministry, he must have been thirty-three at his death. 3. Scholars generally regard the Eden story as "a spiritualized legend," *i.e.*, the product of the religious spirit, which worked up primitive traditions for the illustration of moral and spiritual lessons. 4. This and similar expressions (see John iii., 13; viii., 58) show that Jesus regarded himself as having been with God before he came into the world.

1. Can you tell me if there is a large printed and illustrated edition of the Bible for children? I want the Revised Version, and the illustrations the productions of the great masters. 2. What papers of an illustrated nature, both general and religious, are there that would be good to have in a family where there are children? Do you think such papers would be a good educational force for children? 3. What magazines and papers are the best to keep one posted in the affairs of the world—political, scientific, and religious? 4. What is the best New York daily for a minister? What the best Boston? C. L. S.

1. There is no illustrated edition of the Revised Version. 2. "Harper's Weekly" is our preference for an illustrated newspaper. "The Christian Work" is a valuable religious journal, which not only deals instructively with general news, but devotes a number of pages to illustrated articles. "Our Dumb Animals" (Boston) is an illustrated monthly of special educational value in a family. 3. "The Review of Reviews," "The Popular Science Monthly," "The New World," and "The Missionary Review of the World." 4. The only way to find out is to take a vote by postal card.

On Easter Sunday, April 2, 1893, Dr. Abbott preached from the text, "If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead" (Phil. iii., 11), taking the ground of conditional immortality. Is it fair to make this text look in that direction, when we know from other passages (*e. g.*, Acts xxiv., 15) that Paul believed in "unconditional" immortality, or the immortality of all men? A. S.

Entrance into life after death is resurrection. This is what Paul's saying in the Acts is limited to. Continuance of life after resurrection is immortality. This Paul never refers to as unconditional. Such continuance of life most probably depends on power to live, and this depends on living obediently to the divine laws of life. The effort to "attain unto the resurrection," which Paul makes, has regard to something more than man's natural survival of death. Paul is striving for "the resurrection of the just," in that soundness of spiritual life to whose immortal continuance thought can set no limits. This idea is indicated by the peculiarly emphatic word he uses (*exanastasis*), whose intensive signification we can hardly reproduce in any one English word.

1. Please give me the name of an able book—not a large work—on theology from the standpoint of the school of theology known as the Progressive as distinguished from the Conservative. Would prefer a book by a Congregationalist, and by a moderate, rather than a radical or extremist. 2. Is there a book by Dean Stanley called "The Body and Blood of Christ," and, if so, by whom published and at what price? L. P. A.

1. See the essay on "The New Theology" introductory to Dr. Munger's volume, "The Freedom of Faith." 2. See chapter on that subject in Stanley's "Christian Institutions" (Scribners, New York).

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Can you tell me the proportion of the population of the large cities who are regular or occasional church-goers? Also the classes which are most negligent in this respect. I. S.

There are no statistics available. Canvasses of particular cities are occasionally made and the results published in the newspapers at the time, but that is all.

What is the authority for Unitarians to affirm that the doctrine of the Trinity as now formulated was unknown till the second or third century after Christ? A SUBSCRIBER.

All church historians agree that the first Trinitarian creed (though some orthodox writers call it only semi-Trinitarian) was formulated by the Council of Nicæa, A.D. 325.

We are very glad that the following has been called out:

In your issue of April 11, page 683, in a notice of Tufts College, it is stated: "We doubt if there is another college in America, at least in the Eastern States, where it is possible for a student to take up the study of Greek after admission." I desire to state that from my own very limited observation there are two (at least) Eastern colleges where a student can take up Greek after admission; viz., Bryn Mawr College of this place, and Haverford College, within a mile of my house. In the former institution the "Beginning Greek" class is a regular course, and at Haverford such a course is always given when requested by three or four students. C. J. R.

Please tell who wrote the eighteen lines beginning:

> "O that mine eye might closèd be
> To what becomes me not to see;
> That deafness may possess my ear
> To what concerns me not to hear!"

I have just met the lines alluded to in a manuscript written about 1809. That writer attributed them to Dr. Ebenezer Gray, who lived from 1697 to 1773. I suspect that Dr. Gray quoted, and the author of the manuscript made a mistake. I should very much like to know. E. S.

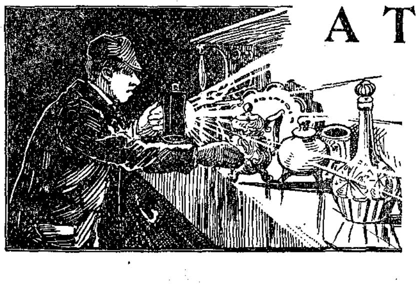
Where can I find the lines ending

"But in the ways of men I find him not"?

I think they are by Tennyson. A. P. A.

I want to know of the services of Romaine's Battery, from New York State, War of 1812. Can any reader refer me to a history or records that will give this information? A. R. A.

H. E. B.—I refer you for a history of the "Doomed Man" to the "Life of Dr. J. Addison Alexander," Chapter XIII., p. 415, and to "Forty Years' Familiar Letters of J. W. Alexander, D.D.," Vol. II., p. 285, edited by my father, the Rev. Dr. Hall, Trenton, New Jersey. C. K. J.



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The Spectator

The Spectator saw it stated in a paper the other day that there is an English "Society for the Prevention of the Desecration of Rural Scenery by Advertising"—or a society with that object, whether or not it is actually known by this cumbrous name. It is a most worthy society, certainly. The Spectator only wishes that it would establish a branch here in America, where there is a field for its activity as wide as the continent. But why, asks the Spectator, should this English society be exclusively "rural"? Certainly no city in the world is more obtrusively afflicted with the nuisance of staring advertising than is the city of London. "'Buses," for example, are so completely covered with placards in the interests of various shops, shows, nostrums, and wares that it is next to impossible to make out their destination. Again, in traveling by the Underground, the stations seem to be filled with announcements of everything conceivable except their own names. One is at a loss where to get out unless one has learned the trick of looking at the lettering of the small globes of the inconspicuous station lights. It struck the Spectator, fresh from a recent visit to London, as typically English to start a society to save rural scenery from vulgar advertising, but to grant to that same vulgar advertising the unrestrained license of excess in London, apparently without protest.

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The English objection, then, is not to vulgar advertising in itself, but to vulgar advertising in certain places and under certain conditions. This explains to the Spectator, apropos of certain current comments he has noticed on the striking difference in head-lines between American and English newspapers, why it is that English journalism has failed to develop that end-of-the-century development of American journalism, the "head-line artist." English newspapers are ready enough to advertise their special "attractions" by all sorts of staring placards—like those which advertise shops, shows, nostrums, and other wares. Indeed, they do this more generally than do American newspapers. But they practice a commendable self-restraint in "heading up" these attractions in their own columns. In short, English newspapers do not take advantage of their own advertising space. This kind of self-puffery is apparently regarded as "bad form." It has been truly said that the absence of the American kind of head-line in English newspapers has much to do with their non-sensational character. This difference, the Spectator may note in an aside, has also much to do with the complaint of Americans in England that they can find "no news" in English newspapers. Missing the familiar signboards on which they have learned to rely, they cannot pick their way intelligently through long columns of type.

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To illustrate the difference in sensational effect due to the difference in head-lines, the Spectator ventures to relate a little experience of his own. While in London he stumbled upon (such an "item" or "story" would never have been "stumbled upon" in an American newspaper) the evidence in a divorce suit brought by a well-known woman, a novelist. The head-line over it was of the most conventional sort: "Divorce Court; Blank, Judge; So-and-so vs. So-and-so." The fact that the plaintiff was a public person, at least a person in whom the public took an interest, was simply mentioned incidentally in the body of the article. On the other hand, the abhorrent details of the woman's unfortunate married life were given with a brutal frankness of speech impossible in any American newspaper of the same class. They might, perhaps, have appeared in a medical or sociological journal. Hardened by the American habit of taking newspaper horrors with his breakfast, the Spectator was able to digest these details without a qualm between chipping eggs, munching muffins, and drinking coffee. At the next table to his in the Metropole sat a clergyman and his daughter, a young woman of about twenty. Before them lay, spread open, a copy of the same paper. Between glances at his own copy the Spectator glanced occasionally at father and daughter. He pictured to himself the shock that good man would experience could the conventional British head-line over that divorce suit be suddenly changed into a "spicy" American head-line—to attract to it the daughter's attention.

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"The truth of the matter is," said the journalist with whom the Spectator was discussing the subject, "that few people, even among newspaper men, appreciate the extent to which its head-lines determine the character of a newspaper, or how largely newspaper reform is a matter of reforming head-lines. Of course everybody of refinement is shocked by a vulgar or coarse head-line, whose words are startlingly shameless. Their obtrusiveness challenges attention. I recall a case of only the other day, where the death of a well-known college president was announced in his home paper by a 'scare head' reading 'He Has Gone Above,' and running across a double column at the top of the page. But there are many other examples of misused head-lines by no means so obvious. For, as pose and arrangement of drapery make the difference in painting between the 'naked' and the 'nude;' as the art of suggestiveness determines in writing the degree of lasciviousness; so the skillful use of head-lines in newspaper editing predisposes to a certain point of view and subtly instills a bias before a single word of the article is read." And then the journalist paused and gave the first two examples which came to mind.

⁂

Said a man well known in public life, in speaking of an editor of his own party with whom he had quarreled: "He never 'heads' me but to be-head me." The point of the matter was this: The editor always gave the public man "his say," printing his letters of protest, but seldom deigning to reply to them editorially. The editor's answer, an all-sufficient one, was the head-line that "beheaded." "Let me wield the scissors of a newspaper, and I care not who writes its editorials," is the dictum of an influential metropolitan editor. By "scissors" this editor is far from referring solely to the selection of articles to be reprinted. He includes as well the form of their reappearance, the head-lines introducing them. "The evolution of the head-line peculiar to American journalism," said the journalist, resuming the thread of his comment, "is entirely—one might almost say inevitably—the result of the evolution of the news page itself into what we know it to be to-day—so well described by Max O'Rell when he said, 'The American newspaper is a huge collection of short stories.' As you know, everything is called a 'story' in newspaper slang, however important, however serious, from a funeral to a murder trial. This word 'story' is more than a bit of exaggerated slang, for it states a fact. The 'story' quality dominates all others in American newspaper-writing. The American head-line adds the artistic finishing touch. The completed whole accentuates the deeply truthful comment of an observing philosopher—Balzac, was it not?—that 'there are in the newspapers no such things as principles—there are only events; there are no such things as laws—there are only circumstances.'"

⁂

The Spectator entirely agreed with the journalist in his serious view of the significance of the head-line. For himself, he confessed, however, to a weakness for American head-lines. He said that he should miss the occasional cleverness and humor of the "head-line artist" were the American head-lines reformed to conform to the staid English pattern. Especially did the Spectator recall a certain hearty laugh he once had over the ingenuity of this head-line: "875 Tongues Short." It introduced the account in a Monday's paper of a service in a once famous church whose congregation had been reduced to a handful by quarrels over the pastor—the account beginning something like this: "A congregation of just 125 worshipers opened their service yesterday morning in the Rev. Dr. Blank's church by disconsolately singing the hymn, 'O for a thousand tongues to sing!'"

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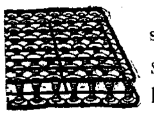

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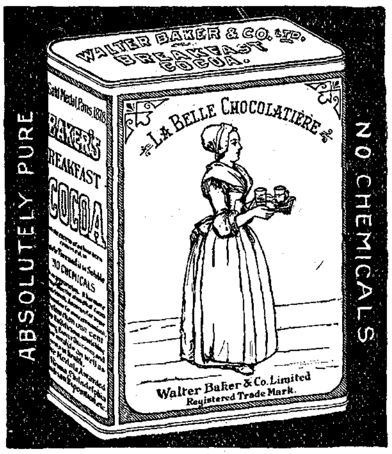

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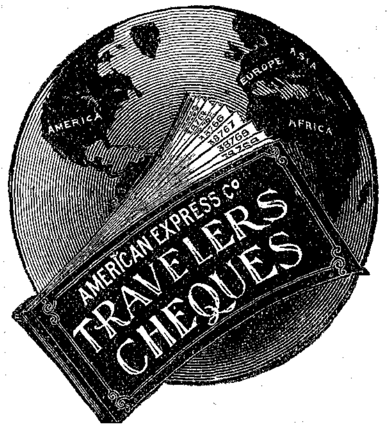

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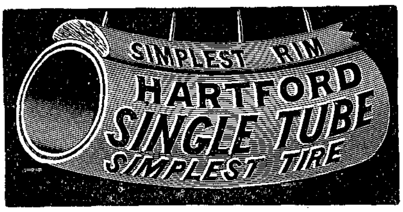

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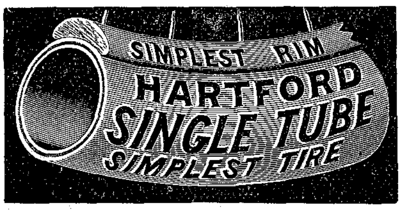

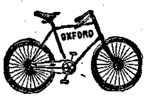

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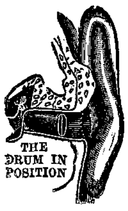

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The Business World

The Official Crop Report Last week the Weather Bureau issued its first weekly telegraphic crop report of the season. It states that cotton-planting is now quite general in the northern portion of the Cotton Belt, is well advanced in the southern portion, and the early planted is coming up; in Florida planting is nearly finished. Winter wheat is reported as in excellent condition in Nebraska and eastern Kansas, and is much improved and looking well in Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, and northern Illinois. Less favorable reports are received from Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and portions of New York, in some of which States it has been badly winter-killed, and is generally in poor to fair condition. No corn has yet been planted north of the Ohio River. In the Southern States corn-planting is practically completed.

Trade Conditions The reports of last week show a natural spring increase in general trade and a distinct gain in sales over the previous week. Imports are smaller and exports much larger than a year ago at this time. In the West the volume of business done is encouraging. The bank clearings are 6 per cent. larger than last week. The expected activity in iron and steel to follow the recent combination of manufactures has not yet come. There has been a slight general rise in the price of staples. Dun's Report quotes the Silk Association as stating that 40 per cent. of the machinery and hands in the country are idle, partly because of increasing Japanese competition. It adds that several more woolen-mills have shut down and some have reduced wages 10 per cent., while many are working only half-time, but recent advances by appraisers not only disclose heavy undervaluations in the past, but tend to check future imports. There is a slight decrease in the number of business failures as compared with the corresponding week of a year ago.

The Stock Market The week saw a considerable activity in the New York Stock Exchange dealings, with a general upward tendency varied by fluctuations. In part this was doubtless due to evidence of a better feeling about American securities in the London market and increased orders from English investors. The money market was decidedly easier, and the shipment of some gold to Europe had little or no disturbing effect. The sensational feature of the week was the rapid advance of sugar stock from 119 to 125⅞. This was all speculative, based on rumors of increased dividends and advances in price. There was a marked decline in General Electric stock. In the railway stocks, the St. Paul, Louisville, Manhattan, and Missouri Pacific shares all rose noticeably.

The Pennsylvania Railroad's Centennial A noteworthy event in the history of railroading in this country was the celebration last week of the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the Pennsylvania Railroad. At the commemorative exercises held in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, on April 13, addresses were made by President Roberts, Governor Hastings, Mayor Warwick, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, and others. The growth of this railway system has been extraordinary even as compared with the enormous general expansion of railways throughout the country. It now operates or controls about 9,000 miles of road, and the many different companies it controls have in the aggregate 834 million dollars of capital and a revenue of about 133 million dollars. These roads employ about 97,000 men, have a pay-roll of $36,000,000, and possess 3,400 locomotives and 141,000 cars—enough, as an exchange points out, to make a solid train of cars extending from New York to beyond Chicago. The wonderful material prosperity of the Pennsylvania road has followed sound business management and a high standard of service to the public. Its bonds have always been eagerly sought by investors; and stockholders and bondholders alike have received fair and liberal treatment from the directors. The management of the road is entitled to praise for the high standard maintained in equipment and service, for the care shown as to the safety and comfort of patrons, and for the financial conduct of the immense interests involved.

The Elevated Railroads and the Brooklyn Bridge The "Engineering News," of New York, makes the following shrewd and pertinent comment on the proposed lease of the Brooklyn Bridge railway to the elevated roads:

> So much public approval has been expressed of the proposition made by the Brooklyn elevated railways to lease the Brooklyn Bridge railway and run their cars over it that the promoters of the scheme have been encouraged to propose terms for the lease, which ought by no means to be granted, and will not be, if ordinary business principles are followed by those responsible for protecting the cities' interests. The bill to enable the lease of the Bridge to be made, as introduced in the Legislature, provides that the lease shall be for the term of fifty years, and may be renewed for the same length of time. The annual rental is to be a sum equal to the average net earnings of the Bridge railway for a period of three years preceding the date of the lease.
>
> That is to say, the cities owning the Bridge are asked to turn it over to these companies to operate for what it is now earning, regardless of the fact that the growth in the cities of New York and Brooklyn is absolutely certain to increase the traffic over the Bridge railway; so that the average traffic during the life of a fifty-year lease would probably be at least double that on which the rental is based. Moreover, doubling the traffic, as every railway manager knows, will far more than double the net receipts. It is an axiom of railway operation that it is additional traffic that pays profits. The expense of operating the Bridge railway will not be very much greater when it is used by 90,000,000 passengers per annum than at its present rate of about 45,000,000 passengers per annum. The gross receipts, however, will be practically doubled.
>
> The fact is that not one valid reason can be assigned for leasing the Bridge for any such long term. Who is competent to say to-day what New York and Brooklyn will be fifty years hence? Were the New Yorkers of 1846 as good judges of the needs of the New York of to-day as are the present residents of the city? As a matter of fact, it is not a score of years ago since New Yorkers were giving away for a song valuable public franchises which, if their term had been limited, as it should have been, would to-day be returning the city millions of dollars of revenue.

Platinum The development of precious minerals in Alaska during the past few years has directed the attention of many pioneers of commerce and industry to that region. Just now the interest centers in gold, but it may be remembered that another source of wealth also exists there which will probably be an important factor in the development of our great Territory. It has long been known that platinum exists in Alaska, but it is only recently that any serious attention has been given to the matter. Platinum is generally found associated with free gold. At present the best known sources of platinum are in the mines of the Ural Mountains. Four-fifths of the world's production comes from this source. Three-quarters of the remainder comes from the gold-washings of the Pinto River in Colombia. The very great advance in the manufacture of chemical apparatus and of incandescent electric lights gives an increased use and value to platinum.

Cocoa, Tea, and Coffee For the past five fiscal years the average imports of crude cocoa have been about 20,000,000 pounds; of imported prepared cocoa, 2,250,000; and of chocolate, more than 500,000 pounds. It has been estimated that the present consumption of cocoa, taking one pound as producing one gallon, is about 22,000,000 gallons; as against 540,000,000 of tea, supposing one pound to produce six gallons, and a consumption of 930,000,000 gallons of coffee, supposing one pound produced two gallons. The rate of increase, however, is wholly in favor of cocoa, its consumption having been doubled during the past decade. The use of cocoa is constantly increasing, and as a result its cultivation has been much extended, Central and South America feeling the benefit. The tree blooms almost continuously, and yields two crops annually. The beans are removed from the pulp and are then fermented by being piled under sheds or buried in trenches before they are dried in the sun. This fermentation is supposed to remove the natural bitterness of the bean. The greatest use of the cocoa-bean of the finer sort is in the manufacture of chocolate.

Competition Between China and Ceylon Tea The "London Grocer" says that the tea trade at Canton is steadily declining. The export has been lowered from 10,000,000 pounds in 1891 to 6,500,000 pounds in 1893–4. This falling off is attributed, not to any deterioration in the teas themselves, but to the competition of Indian and Ceylon teas in the English market. So far there is not much competition in our own. The exports of Indian tea to the United States in 1893 are placed at 1,100,000 pounds; Ceylon tea, 900,000 pounds—not a very large proportion of the 93,000,000 pounds imported into the United States, of which China furnished 50,000,000 pounds, and Japan 8,000,000 pounds. Thus the American consumer prefers the tea of China, with less tannin to that of India and Ceylon. In these latter countries it is estimated that $130,000,000 of British capital is invested in the tea industry—$75,000,000 in India, $55,000,000 in Ceylon. The question now is, Will English enterprise be as successful in displacing China and Japan tea in the United States as it has in the United Kingdom? In this connection it is interesting to note that we consume annually only about one and a half pounds per head, while Great Britain takes five and one-half.

The Utilization of Aluminum Aluminum launches are to be tried in the French navy. An order has just been given by the Government to the Aluminum Company of Neuhausen, Switzerland, at present the largest manufacturer of the metal in the world. The utilization of this lightest of metals in the construction of small craft is steadily expanding. The two great drawbacks are, first, its cost, and, second, its liability to corrosion. The production of the metal has increased at a remarkable rate during the past decade—namely, from 150 to 340,000 pounds. The price in this time has fallen no less remarkably—namely, from $9 to 75 cents per pound.

Old Prices and New There has been a great change in the steel business from the time when, thirty years ago, Sheffield steel made from Swedish iron cost $250 a ton. Now, owing to the Bessemer process, it costs $25 a ton. In 1868 the price paid for paper in New York City was from twelve to fourteen cents per pound. To-day it is two and a half cents—a reduction due almost entirely to the introduction of wood in paper manufacture.

Electric Power on French Canals In the application of electric power to canals France leads the world. The latest successful trial has been on the boats of the Havre, Paris-Lyons Company. In these boats a transferable electric motor and rudder is used, while the motor is driven by current from storage batteries. The result has been an increase of two-fifths over the speed formerly attained with two horses.

Ship-Building The Cleveland "World" is authority for the statement that the year 1896 promises to be one of the greatest in the history of ship-building on the great lakes. The lake ship-yards will, in 1896, turn out over $9,000,000 worth of new tonnage of all sorts. These crafts vary in size from a seventy-five-foot tug to a 438-foot freighter. The greatest number will be of the largest sort.

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Correspondence

"Ought All to be Paid Alike?"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your correspondent "T.," in The Outlook for March 21, has been "delivered from a very subtle and dangerous fallacy" only to fall into a greater one. He says, "Each man is entitled to receive the product of his labor, or its equivalent."

All life consists of a balanced receipt and expenditure of energy, physical or psychic. If the two be not balanced, the life is imperfect. The expenditure is as essential as the receipt. The rejection of carbonic acid gas from the lungs is as necessary as the supply of fresh air to the nostrils. Excretion is as wholesome as accretion; congestion as dangerous as starvation. Life cannot but breathe out activity; otherwise it chokes.

Labor is a vital necessity, to free the system of accumulated energy. Too little activity is as bad as too little food. The nation's danger lies in its unemployed more than in its overworked or its underfed. The tramp and the idle rich, instead of lying at the extremes of social difference, constitute a single class; occupation would be a boon to either alike.

Next: for a man to attempt to retain the results of his own labor, of the activity which he has just rejected, is as a dog returning to his vomit. Christianity and biology agree in proclaiming it unwholesome. All schools of morality teach that labor can bring the laborer happiness only when he is indifferent as to who may derive the benefit from it. Consider the lilies of the field, how they must continually reject what is food and breath for us, and how they thrive on that which, if insanely retained in our own organisms, must lead to convulsions and death.

This is the law of Life and Love, of beauty and strength, individual and national—that we must labor or suffocate; that when our activities are freely distributed to those about us, they bring happiness and repose, that when they are selfishly hoarded their nectar turns to gall upon the lips.

We all agree to this as abstract truth. Socialism dares to adopt it as a concrete policy of social law; for it is plainly true to-day that the choice between idleness and industry, or between wholesome and pernicious activity, is not free to the individual.

So, as long as we attempt to have a wage system at all, on whatever scale, we shall have pecuniary temptation to unconscious suicide by economic constipation; just so long we shall have wide questioning as to the goodness of life, convulsions individual and national, and final death. Wholesome national life we shall have only when its katabolism is unimpeded, when the Nation spreads before its members its store of riches in the same way that a university offers to its students, without fear of loss, its great treasure of knowledge, or as Nature arrays before her children her bounty of foods and poisons—for each to take free choice therefrom, to absorb what he may, and to live or die in consequence. And we shall then find, as nature and the universities have already found, that every abstraction increases the store, and that there is no temptation or possibility of the substitution of individual abuse of the privilege for the present incalculable waste of wealth and opportunity through strife, ambition, and the worst passions engendered by the tension between gluttony and starvation side by side.

This is scientific socialism. S. A. R.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

If the suggestion given by your correspondent "T." in your issue of March 21 delivered him from the "subtle and dangerous fallacy" of the doctrine of equal wages, I must say that his mental processes are beyond my comprehension. In the highly specialized labor of modern society it is manifestly inconvenient that each should have the product of his own labor. The products of the labor of President Cleveland, Dr. Storrs, or Dr. Calomel, undoubtedly would not prove nourishing for a daily diet. And it is in the settlement of the equivalents of labor product that the whole question rests. Society settles this, the Socialist believes, unjustly. What honest work is superior to other honest work? The object of all honest work is the good of society. The good of society rests upon physical well-being, and without this there can be no other good, intellectual, moral, or spiritual. It is therefore evident that the laborer who repairs a sewer, the surgeon who sets a broken bone, the college professor who imparts knowledge, and the clergyman who converts souls, are equally working for the good of society, and the labor of one is equivalent to that of another. There is no superior or inferior work, and if education were more widely diffused than it is this would be readily seen.

M. B.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your correspondent "T." says, in issue of March 21, regarding the question whether all honest endeavor should receive the same wage, "Each man is entitled to receive the product of his labor or its equivalent. To give him more is charity; to give him less, robbery."

Let me ask: Under a Socialism based on the brotherhood of man, would not those incapacitated for work, the invalids and injured, receive their share of the total product as a right, not as charity? If so—and the thought of the true relation of members of a family shows the reasonableness of such provision—would not the mentally unsound be similarly treated? Then why not the man who does his best, even though he be not so gifted as his neighbor? Again, the farmer whose efforts have been brought to naught by a hail-storm, for example, according to "T." should receive nothing but charity. Certainly this is unfair.

It should be remembered that the accompaniments of superior ability under Socialism would not be material in their nature. The incentive to improvement and the best work would be such as secure the best work now—viz., promotion in accordance with proven ability. There would be an increase in responsibility and scope of work required of those able to take higher rank. C. H. L.

Pomona, Cal.

An Appeal

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Many, if not all, of your readers doubtless know of the Jerry McAuley Cremorne Mission, which for over fourteen years has been located at 104 West Thirty-second Street, New York. For the past four years the Rev. and Mrs. Charles E. Ballou have been the superintendents in charge, and a nobler work was never undertaken or more faithfully prosecuted than by these two consecrated people. For many years I have been deeply interested in this Mission, and for a year have been one of its trustees, and am now its treasurer. Prevailing "hard times" have seriously affected its finances, and the necessary income to maintain the work is most difficult to obtain. I write you in the earnest hope that you will give the letter a place in your valuable paper, and that it will be read by those whose sympathy will be stirred, and generous donations made.

Time or space will not permit me to give a detailed account of the results of the work. Suffice it to say that great numbers of men and women have been helped, uplifted, and saved. Characters wrecked by dissipation have been purified, and untold blessings received. Who dare affirm that this is not God's work? Unless Christian men and women aid in its support, the work will be seriously crippled, and may have to be given up, so I make this appeal through The Outlook, knowing the interest it takes in all practical work, and believing that help will be given.

Donations may be sent to the following address:

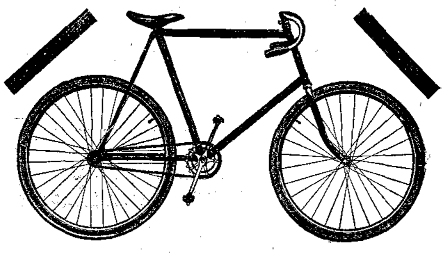
CHARLES M. JESUP, Treasurer,
37 Wall Street, New York.

The Single Tax

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I protest against The Outlook's allowing a contributor to inform its readers about the single-tax campaign in Delaware, who is capable of saying that the "main proposition" of "the single-tax doctrine," "as expressed in its own newspaper, 'Justice,'" is this: "In round numbers, about $1,300,000 is raised in Delaware by the present system of taxation. The United States census gives the total valuation of Delaware real estate as $129,182,087. As a rule, it has been found that land values are about equal to the value of the improvements, and therefore Delaware land values amount to about $65,000,000. A tax of 2 per cent. on the land values of Delaware would, therefore, raise $1,300,000, which is almost exactly the amount raised under the present system." This is not the main proposition of the single-tax doctrine, and every one who reads "Justice" knows that it is not the main proposition of the single-tax doctrine as expressed in "Justice."

A true statement of the main propositions of the single-tax doctrine, as expressed in "Justice" and elsewhere, might run somewhat as follows: Taxes on personal property discourage industry and saving, besides encouraging dishonesty and perjury. Taxes on buildings and other improvements on real estate discourage building and improvement. A tax on the value of land discourages nothing but speculation. It tends to prevent the holding of valuable land idle, and to induce every landholder to put his land to its best use. Taxes on personal property and improvements diminish the demand for labor and make wages lower. The tax on land values tends to increase the demand for labor and to make wages higher. Moreover, all things which are produced by labor belong of right to the producer, and no part of them ought to be taken from him by force or by the power of the State. But the land, which the Creator provided, and which no man has made, belongs of right to no man, but to all in common; and out of the value of it justice requires that the common expenses be paid. C. E. E.



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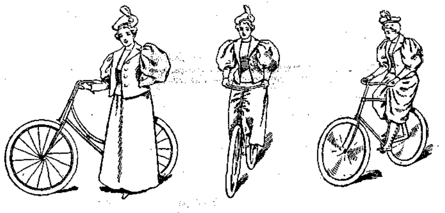

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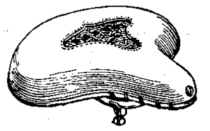

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The Manassas Industrial School

Mrs. Burton Harrison, who has for the past two winters been serving as treasurer in New York for the Manassas Industrial Schools, is to be succeeded in that capacity by Mrs. Henry E. Howland, 14 West Ninth Street, New York City, who has consented to take Mrs. Harrison's place during her coming absence in Europe. Mrs. Harrison reports for the work of 1896 in New York a total of $723.62 subscribed by friends of the schools, and passing through her hands to the treasurer in Washington. To bring this sum to one thousand dollars now would be to lift from the schools a burden of debt from which it is most desirable that they should be relieved in order to enable them to go on to their goal of independence, and any contributions sent to Mrs. Howland will be forwarded, as before, to the treasurer in Washington.

Books Received

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Mairet, Jeanne (Madame Charles Bigot). La Tâche du Petit Pierre. Arranged by Edith Healy. 35 cts.

Nodier. Le Chien de Brisquet, and Other Stories. Edited by L. C. Syms. 35 cts.

CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY PRESS, CHICAGO

Gilbert, George H., D.D. The Student's Life of Jesus.

CIVIC CLUB, PHILADELPHIA

Civic Club Digest of the Educational and Charitable Institutions and Societies in Philadelphia. Introduction by S. McCune Lindsay.

HENRY T. COATES & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Lillie, Lucy C. Ruth Endicott's Way. $1.25.

COPELAND & DAY, BOSTON

Cawein, Madison. Undertones. 75 cts.

T. Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Rod, Édouard. The White Rocks. Translated from the French. $1.25.

J. H. DEWEY PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Dewey, J. H., M.D. The Open Door; or, the Secret of Jesus. 50 cts.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK

Rutherford, Mark. Clara Hopgood. Edited by Reuben Shapcott. $1.25.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Stimson, F. J. (J. S. of Dale). Pirate Gold. $1.25.

Miller, Olive Thorne. Four-Handed Folk. $1.25.

Torrey, Bradford. Spring Notes from Tennessee. $1.25.

Smith, F. Hopkinson. Tom Grogan. $1.50.

Wiggin, Kate Douglas, and Nora A. Smith. Froebel's Occupations. $1.

HUNT & EATON, NEW YORK

Ritter, Eli F. Moral Law and Civil Law. 90 cts.

McAllister, Agnes. A Lone Woman in Africa. $1.

GEORGE W. JACOBS & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Lewis, Rev. W. P., D.D. The Life to Come. 75 cts.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., CHICAGO

Lewis, Eugene C. A History of the American Tariff, 1789–1860. 25 cts.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Hamlin, A. D. F. A Text-Book of the History of Architecture. $2.

Sewell, Elizabeth M. Conversations Between Youth and Age. 75 cts.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. Vol. IV. (Field—Fish). 60 cts.

Carleton, William. Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry. Edited by D. J. O'Donoghue. $1.50.

Channing, Edward. The United States of America, 1765–1865. $1.50.

Bishop of Ripon, Prebendary Webb-Peploe, Dean of Canterbury, and Others. On Sermon Preparation. $1.

Tennyson, Alfred, Lord. Idylls of the King. I. (People's Edition.) 45 cts.

Tennyson, Alfred, Lord. The Brook and Other Poems. (People's Edition.) 45 cts.

Hume, Martin A. S. The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth. $3.50.

MAYNARD, MERRILL & CO., NEW YORK

Kotzebue, August von. Die Deutschen Kleinstädter. Edited by Rev. J. H. O. Matthews and W. H. Witherby. 40 cts.

Souvestre, Emile. Le Chirurgien de Marine. Edited by Arthur H. Solial.

PRESTON & ROUNDS, PROVIDENCE

Rogers, Horatio. Mary Dyer, the Quaker Martyr.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LTD., NEW YORK

King, Rev. James. Dr. Jameson's Raid. 50 cts.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Fisher, George Park, D.D. History of Christian Doctrine. $2.50.

Hoffmann, E. T. W. Weird Tales. Translation from the German. Biographical Memoir by J. T. Bealby. 2 Vols. $2.50.

Johnson, Samuel. Lives of the Poets. With Notes by Arthur Waugh. Vol. I. $2.50.

Locker-Lampson, Frederick. My Confidences. $5.

Goodwin, Maud Wilder. Dolly Madison. $1.25.

Hefele, Rt. Rev. Charles J., D.D. A History of the Councils of the Church. Vol. V. Translated and Edited by William R. Clark. (Imported.) $4.50.

Field, Eugene. A Little Book of Western Verse; A Little Book of Profitable Tales; Second Book of Verse; Poems of Childhood; The Holy Cross, and Other Tales.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., NEW YORK

Setoun, Gabriel. Robert Urquhart. $1.50.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK

Fowler, A. Popular Telescopic Astronomy. 60 cts.

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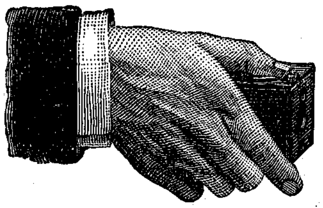

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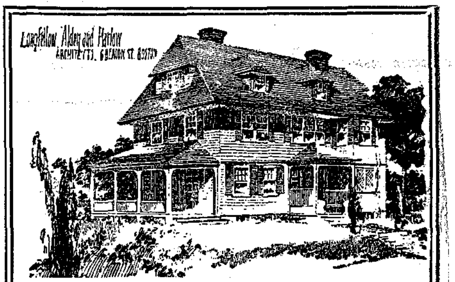

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NOTICE
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Stewart Hartshorn
ON LABEL
AND GET
THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

About People

—It is stated in Royalist circles at Paris that the Pope will present the golden rose this year to the wife of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

—According to the latest official statistics, Herr Krupp, the gunmaker, of Essen, is the wealthiest Prussian subject. He pays taxes on a declared income of nearly $1,800,000.

—It is stated that King George of Greece said to one of the American athletes at the recent Olympic games that he lived in hope of visiting this country at a date not far distant.

—The last survivor of those who rode on Stephenson's first locomotive died recently in New Zealand. His name was Crawford Marley, and he was eighty-three years old. He was a small boy when the trial trip of the locomotive was made, and secured permission to ride as a reward for helping to carry water to fill the tank.

—Mr. Gladstone recently made a long speech at the opening of the North Wales and Liverpool Railway, which, though only fifteen miles long, for the first time connects Wales directly with Liverpool, running over the Dee and under the Mersey. He explained that though his doctors had strictly forbidden his speaking at public meetings, he did not consider the opening of a railway to be a public celebration. Hawarden is on the line of the road.

—Dr. Samuel Wilks, the new President of the Royal College of Physicians, is a clinical physician and pathologist of great repute. He entered Guy's in 1843, qualified in surgery in 1848, and was graduated M.D. in the London University in 1850. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society and a member of the Senate of the University of London. His lectures on diseases of the nervous system and his articles in the reports of Guy's Hospital are of world-wide celebrity.

—Manuel Garcia, the once famous singer, lately celebrated the ninety-first anniversary of his birth. Garcia was born in Madrid in 1805. With his father he went to Naples, where he became a pupil of the tenor Anzani. In 1825 he came to New York, where he sang, among others, the part of Figaro in "The Barber of Seville." Later he became professor at the Paris Conservatory, and also at the Royal Academy of Music in London. Jenny Lind was one of his pupils.

—As Queen Victoria was in France recently when the French census returns were taken, her name will be included among the residents of France. So, at least, it is asserted by a London paper, which points out that many other royal persons will also be registered in the schedules. Among them are the Prince of Wales, Princess Beatrice, the King of the Belgians, Princess Clementine, the Dowager Empress of Russia, the Czarowitz, the Grand Duke Michael, the Grand Duke Alexis, the Grand Duchess Olga, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenberg-Schwerin, and several others.

—"Our readers will remember," says the "Westminster Gazette," "accounts that have appeared in this paper of 'Another Father Damien,' Don Unia, the lepers' chaplain at the lazzaretto of Agua de Dios. After partial recovery from apparently hopeless illness, he resumed his work among the lepers, again fell sick, and was sent to Italy, but only to die. He passed away peacefully a little while ago at the mother house of his order (the Salesians), at Turin, having lived, indeed, few years, but a superabundantly full life. He did not die of leprosy. He succumbed to a complication of maladies contracted in the arid and sorching mountains of Colombia."

—A writer in the "Youth's Companion" recalls a story that illustrates Bismarck's magnanimity in his earlier days. Count Rechberg called on him once to show him a dispatch from his Government instructing the Count to vote with Prussia at the next meeting of the Diet. Bismarck read the document and returned it to the Count, saying: "This is evidently a mistake." Rechberg, in his turn, looked at the sheet and changed color. Instead of the official letter, he had, by mistake, handed to Bismarck the secret instructions he had received concurrently, calling upon him, while openly countenancing Prussia, to use his utmost endeavors to cause the other German States to vote against the measure. For a moment both statesmen looked at each other in silence. Then Bismarck said: "Don't be upset! You never intended giving me the letter. Ergo, you never gave it to me; ergo, I know nothing about the whole matter."

—A recent unfounded statement that Jean Ingelow was at the point of death has brought out the following talk about her quiet life: She lives with her bachelor brother in a quaint little house in Kensington, where she indulges in her special passion and pastime—the cultivation of flowers. Although her home is minute in size, the conservatories attached to it are worthy a mansion, and the roses which bloom all the year round in the glass-covered summerland are unrivaled in splendor of color and beauty of growth. Another hobby of Miss Ingelow's is birds. She has an aviary built out of the conservatory, which in its turn opens into the drawing-room, and nothing delights the old lady more than to set the birds free among the flowers, and to watch them as she sits writing at her desk. Perhaps this taste for two of the loveliest things in nature has something to do with the freshness and youth that are characteristic of her most successful poems.

All Souls' Free Historical Lectures

The fifth annual series of Free Historical Lectures under the auspices of All Souls' Church (Brooklyn, N. Y.) are being given on Friday afternoons in April and May in All Souls' Church, South Ninth Street, near Bedford Avenue. The marked success of these lectures in previous years hardly need be recited. Large audiences of the children of the public schools have filled the church, and the admirable essays presented in competition for the prizes each year have testified to the impression made upon the young people. The subjects for the present year are as follows:

Four Early American Statesmen: Samuel Adams, by the Rev. S. A. Eliot; Benjamin Franklin, by the Rev. E. C. Bolles, D.D.; Thomas Jefferson, by Thomas G. Shearman; Patrick Henry, by the Hon. F. W. Hinrichs.

Scholars in classes averaging fifteen years and upwards are invited. Tickets are given to all who desire them. The acceptance of a ticket is a virtual pledge to attend faithfully all the lectures. A limited number of tickets to seats in the gallery will be furnished to adults at fifty cents for the course. At least three prizes will be offered this year to the scholars preparing the best essays on the subject to be announced. One of the prizes is offered by the Mayor of Brooklyn.

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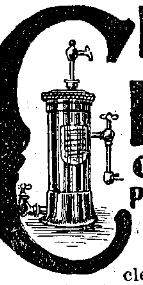

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Pamphlet giving valuable information and card showing samples of colors free; also cards showing pictures of twelve houses of different designs painted in various styles or combinations of shades forwarded upon application to those intending to paint.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.,
1 Broadway, New York.

Dr. Rainsford on Mission Work

A correspondent of The Outlook having sent us the following newspaper extract asking whether it correctly reported the views of Dr. Rainsford, we referred it to Dr. Rainsford himself, who has kindly made a statement concerning it which we gladly print herewith. We do not need to say that Dr. Rainsford and his parish are doing as much for the unchurched masses as any Protestant religious organization in New York. His opinion, with which we heartily agree, is that systematic work among the children and families with children is more important and more productive of good results for the same amount of effort than attention devoted exclusively to the lowest outcasts. In other words, it is better that the crowding into missions of the young and growing should exclude the most dissolute than that the attracting of the dissolute should crowd out those who have greater possibilities in them, and therefore greater needs. The extract is as follows:

> Unless strangely misquoted by the New York daily press, the Rev. Dr. Rainsford stands committed to a remarkable statement of facts. He is credited with declaring, at a recent meeting of philanthropic workers, that, after eight years of untiring mission work and the expenditure of thousands of dollars, he has not seen as the reward of his labor three men saved from the lowest strata of the slums. The immense machinery of the great and active parish of St. George's, the devotion of all its workers, lay and clerical, the money poured by rich men into its coffers for this especial end of saving and uplifting, not merely the poor and destitute, but the outcast and criminal as well—all these, he tells us, have been thrown away, and the only hope for the mission priest and worker in this deepest slough of all lies in snatching the children from its foulness while their minds are open and impressionable, and the habits of their environment not yet hardened into fixity.
>
> Surely this is a very terrible truth, if truth it be—a matter which moralists will do well to ponder seriously. But is it true that a hardened sinner cannot be saved from his evil life through the instrumentality of any machinery of church ordinances, or the prayers and self-sacrifice and passionate zeal of good men and women who love their neighbors as themselves?—*Leslie's Weekly*, February 13, 1896.

The following is Dr. Rainsford's letter:

The Editor of The Outlook has called my attention to the above quotation from "Leslie's Weekly" of February 13, 1896, which paper, no doubt without intention, does not state correctly what I said on the occasion it refers to.

For many years a part of the activity of my parish went to the maintenance and development of a Rescue Mission on Avenue A. At first the work carried on there was purely rescue work. We tried to reach the lowest class of "bums" and outcasts. Gradually the work of the mission underwent a change. The people in the immediate neighborhood began to come to the mission and their children to come to the Sunday-school, and as they came the waifs ceased coming, unless on those evenings when food was provided. I do not, of course, mean that all ceased to come, but that this class had very slight representation. We did not, however, at all cease our efforts to reach them. The methods we used I did not always approve of. They were largely the emotional methods still too much in vogue in rescue missions.

In the early years of my ministry in New York I felt the inadequacy of these methods. I feel it much more strongly to-day. I think the common plan of wringing testimony from supposedly saved drunken men is a terribly wrong and false plan.

However, I pass on to speak of results. This phase of our mission, as I said, grew less and less important. It is, therefore, quite inaccurate for any one to say that any considerable part even "of the immense machinery of a great and active parish was devoted to this special class of our poor neighbors." Still, we did devote to them a great deal of time and work, and money too. The details of working among them I had to leave to those who carried on that work. If you cannot do a work yourself, I always think the best thing you can do is to let those whom you employ to do it work their own way.

Year by year, I gathered together as well as I could such results as were obtainable among this class of destitute loafer, and grew increasingly dissatisfied with the whole business. I felt that, for me at least, duty lay in another direction. I must ask myself the question, Where could such work, such energy, such money as were at my disposal be used so as to produce the best results for Christ and his Church in our neighborhood? And I soon came to the conclusion that far more could be accomplished by working among those families who had passed away from church influence and whose very often neglected children—children forced to leave school too early, forced to work for their own bread—were all the time in danger of going to recruit the abandoned and outcast class.

Looking back on all our work in Avenue A Mission now, and summing it up, I would say that by far the greatest results obtained are among the young people who join the Sunday-school; next after this, among the fathers and mothers of the neighborhood. In this case several have been saved, I believe, from drink and from descending into the lower class of outcasts; and among the outcasts themselves and tramps and "bums" little or nothing of permanent good, so far as I can learn, has been done. Of course, when I say this, I do not for a moment mean that good has not been done; I merely mean that we are not in a position to judge of it. Once a man becomes a wanderer, it is terribly hard to stop the wandering propensity. Once he has let go of work, and the family tie exists for him no longer, he is a hard man to save.

Where the Rescue Mission is surrounded by carefully prepared machinery and by well-trained workers, whose whole attention is devoted to this class, of course better results may be hoped for. But my work in St. George's has been to reach a neighborhood in which very few of the working class—scarcely any, indeed—went to a Protestant place of worship.

W. S. RAINSFORD.

St. George's Rectory, New York City.

A Metal $10 Bill

Something quite remarkable came into the redemption division of the Treasury at Washington a short time ago. It was a thin plate of silver, about two feet long, into the surface of which a $10 silver certificate had been pressed in such a manner as to incorporate its substance actually with that of the metal. It was a brand-new bill, and in the process had been squeezed out to about twice its original size. Nevertheless, it was perfectly recognizable. A statement accompanied it to the effect that a workman in a silverware-factory had dropped the bill accidentally upon a plate of silver as the latter was passing through a rolling-machine. This explanation being satisfactory, a fresh $10 certificate was returned to the loser.—*Exchange.*

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CORRESPONDENCE

NOTES AND QUERIES

In Aid of Armenia

Miss Clara Barton, President of the Red Cross, cables to the National Armenian Relief Committee as follows:

Constantinople, April 17.

Trask, New York. Hubbell in charge of the Red Cross Relief Expedition at Marash reports April 13: "Three thousand sick of typhus, including the English Consul." On the 15th he reports: "Sickness at Zeitoun increasing, with forty to fifty deaths daily. Great and immediate need for funds." General condition for relief work favorable. Barton.

The National Armenian Relief Committee in giving out this appeal from Miss Barton adds that it cannot refrain from reminding the American people, of all classes and sections, that Miss Barton undertook this sacred work of relief only in response to the urgent request of the public, and the assurance that the work would be generously maintained to the end. "Not one-fifth of the $500,000 needed to carry on the relief work, on the smallest calculation made, has yet been given, and yet the need and facilities for carrying on the relief are greater now than ever. In fact, unless the people are aided until the next crop is secured, all the money thus far spent through the various agencies will be practically thrown away, and thousands will inevitably perish of pestilence and starvation. The Christianity and honor of the American people are at stake, as well as the lives of the survivors of the massacres, most of whom are helpless and innocent women and children."

THE ARMENIAN FUND

Previously acknowledged	$5,688 66
E. M. N	500 00
W. L. A., Ninety-six, S. C	5 00
H. E. D., University, N. Dak	5 00
K. B. G	5 00
G. G. W., Lincoln, Neb	5 00
G. A., London, England	5 07
"Savin Hill"	5 00
A Subscriber	1 00
M. B., Brunswick, Me	10 00
S. H., Brunswick, Me	10 00
D. H. C., Middletown, Conn	3 00
A Friend, Englewood, N. J	5 00
M. F. B., Johnson, Vt	2 00
Senior Y. P. S. C. E., Durand, Wis	2 50
Junior Y. P. S. C. E., Durand, Wis	1 50
Miss C. N. T., Charles City, Iowa	10 00
Anonymous, Milwaukee, Wis	1 00
C. A. B., North Lansing, N. Y	1 00
Total to April 20	$6,265 73

Correction.—In our issue for April 4 we credited $5.00 to A. S. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.; it should have been A. S. L., Brookton, N. Y.

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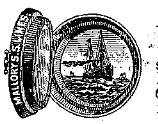

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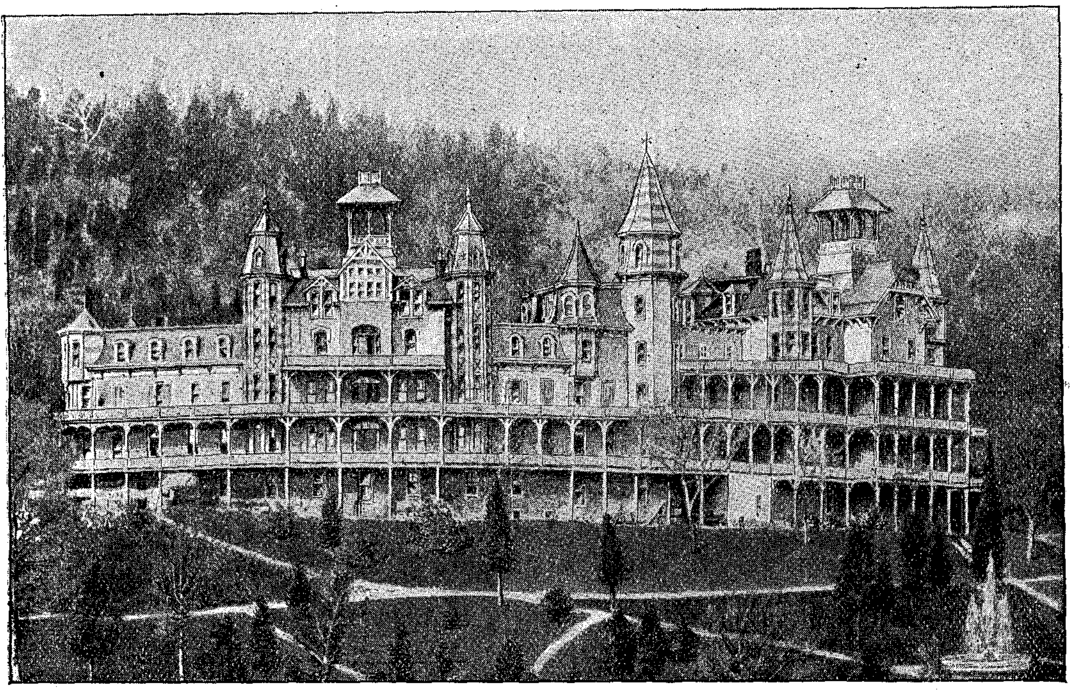

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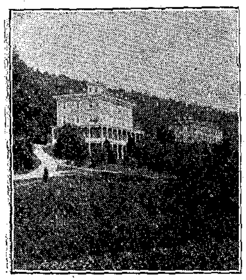

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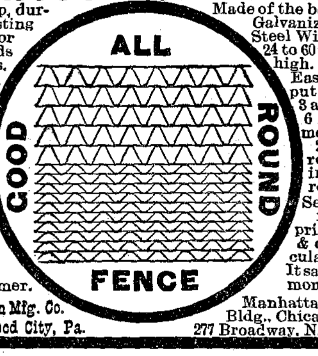

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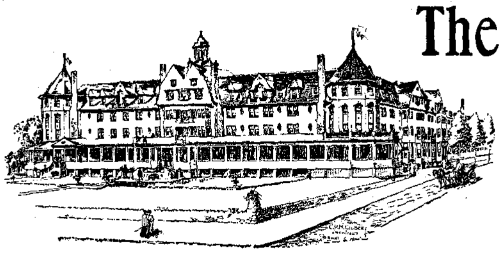

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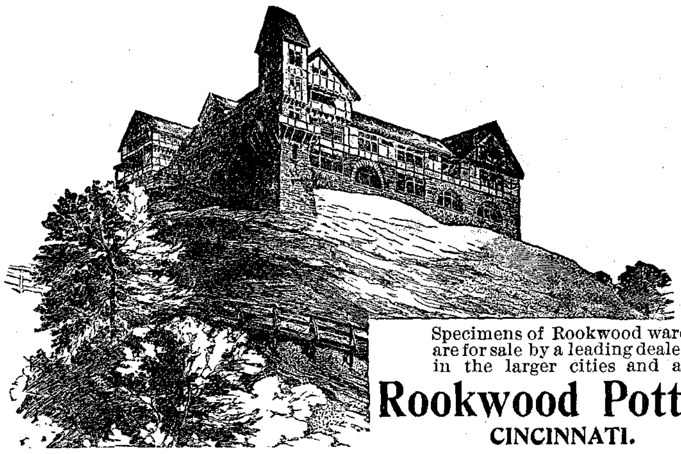

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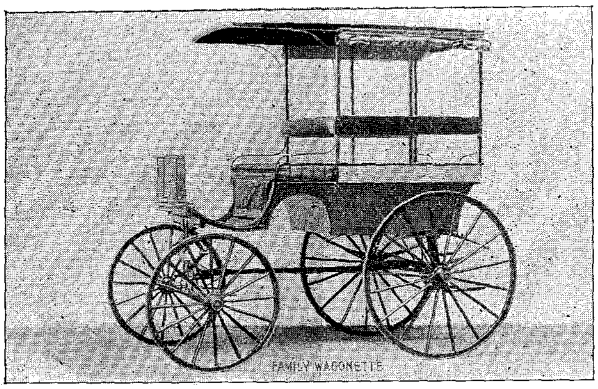

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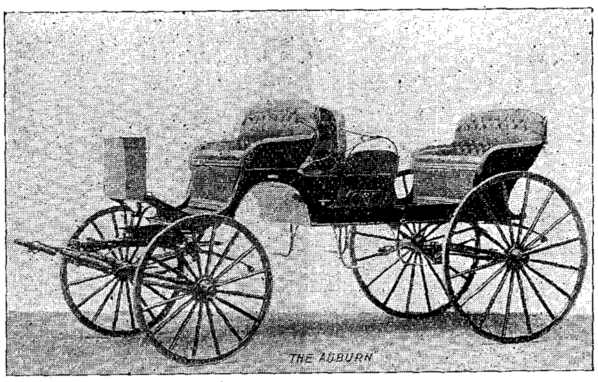

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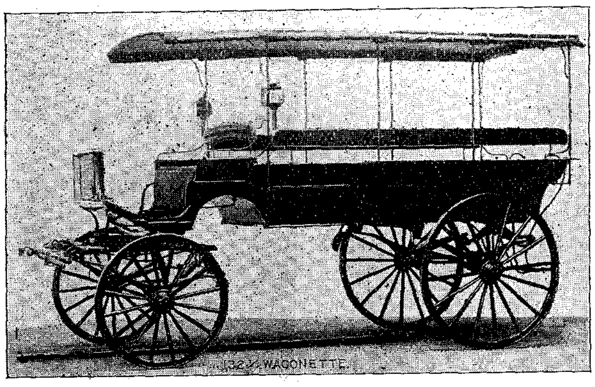

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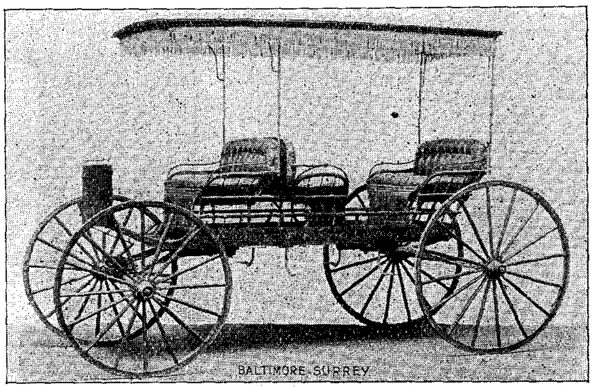

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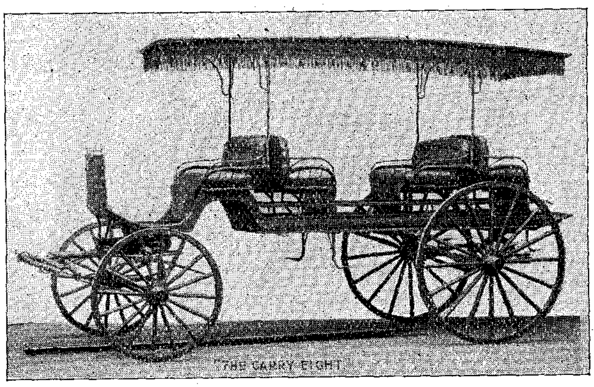

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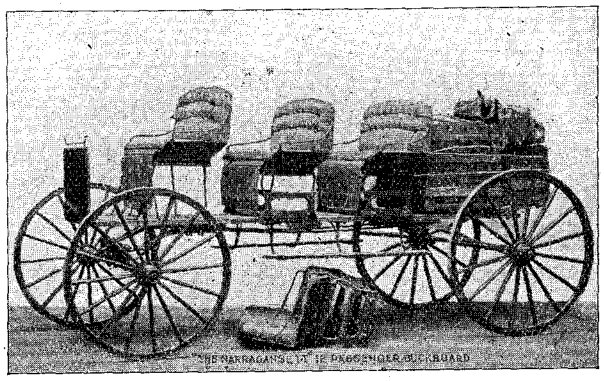

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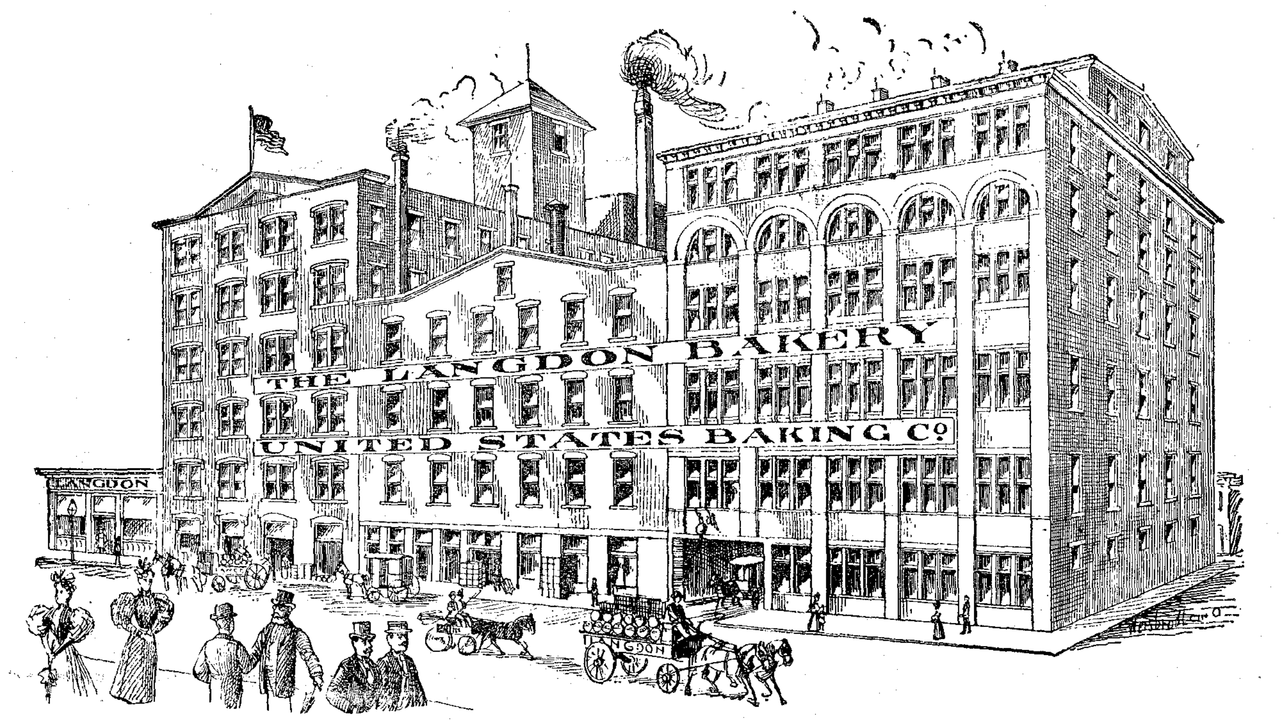

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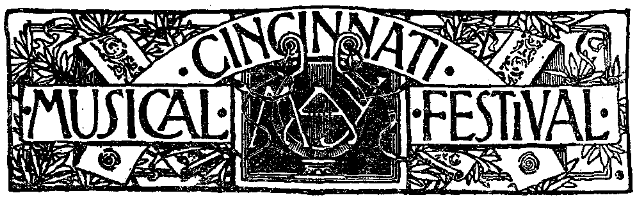

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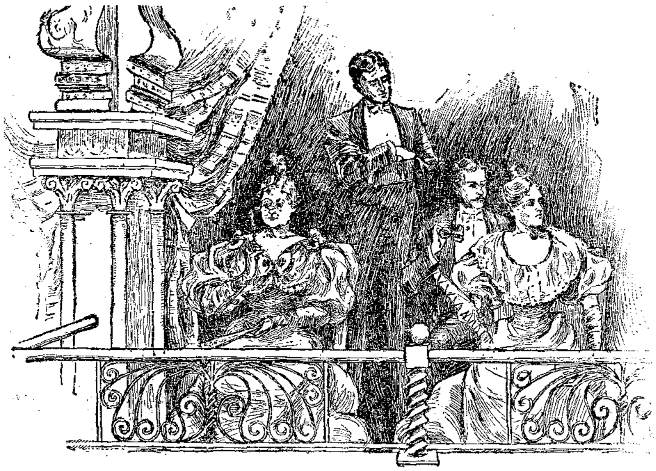

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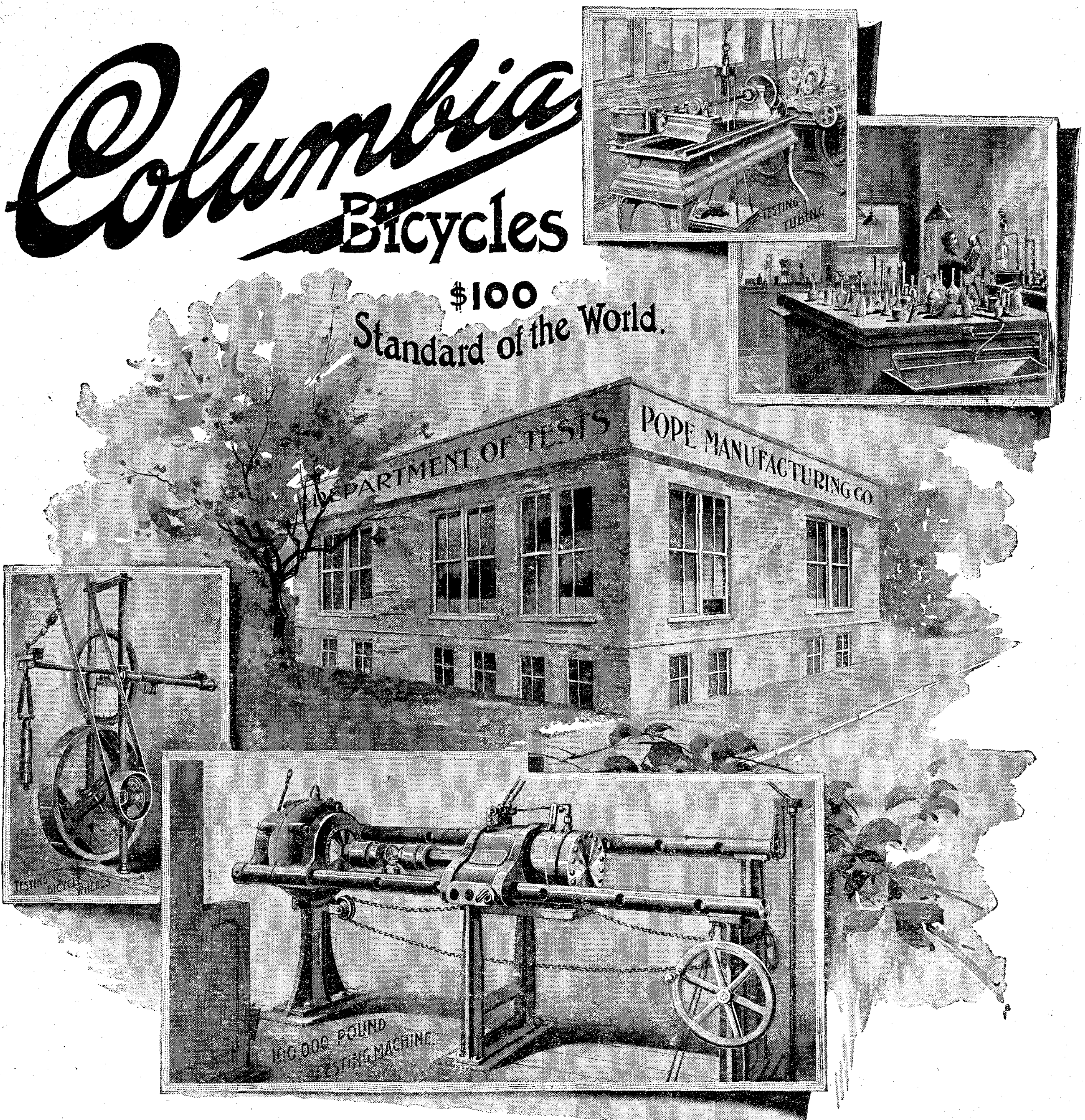
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